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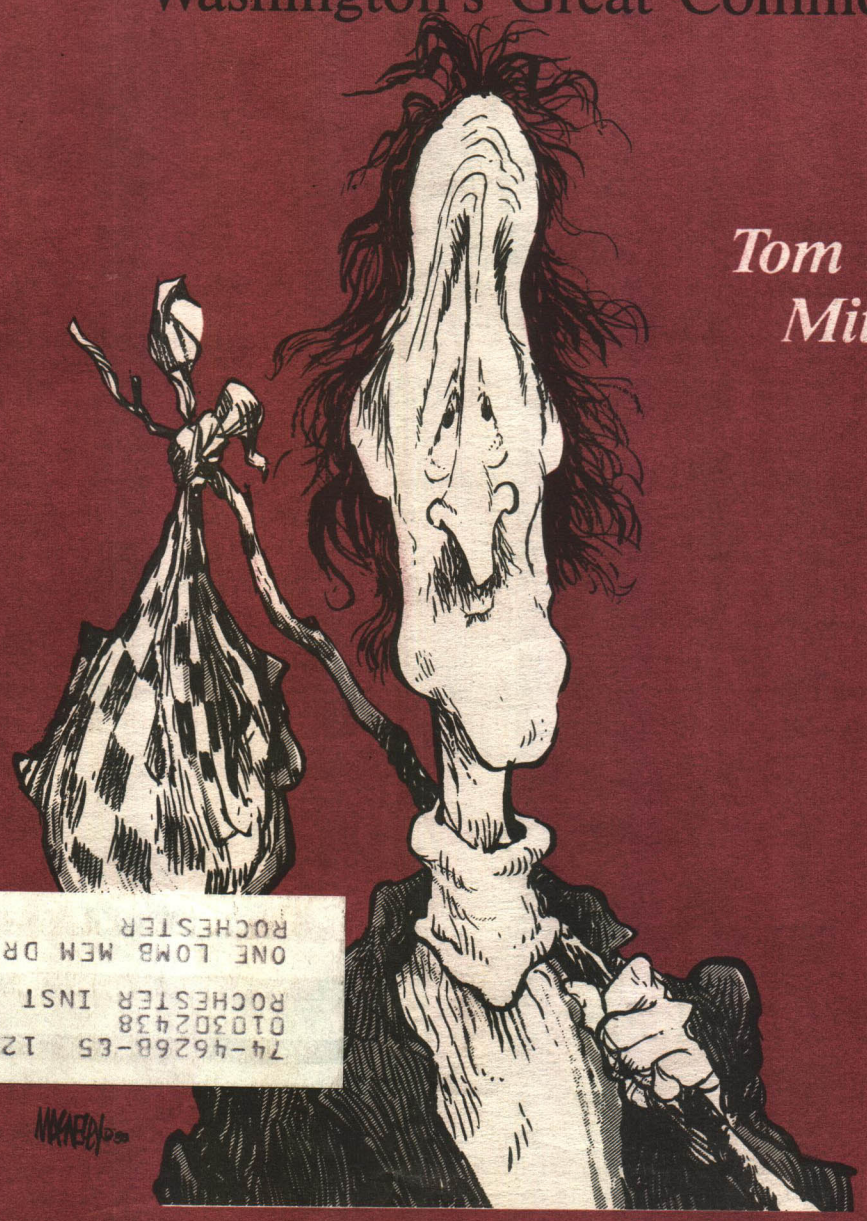
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

P.J. O'Rourke • Bernard Nathanson, M.D. • Gregory Fossedal

Peregrine Worsthorne Against Neocons

Washington's Great Commoner



Tom Bethell on Mitch Snyder

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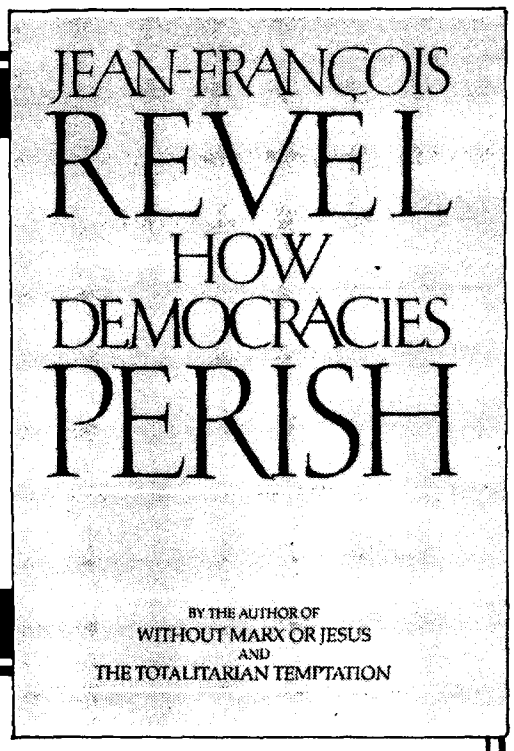
This is the book Jeane Kirkpatrick quoted in her stirring address to the Republican convention



Do you remember her words? "The American people know that it is dangerous to blame ourselves for terrible problems we didn't cause. They understand, just as the distinguished French writer, Jean-Francois Revel, understands the danger of endless self-criticism and self-denigration. He wrote: 'Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.' "

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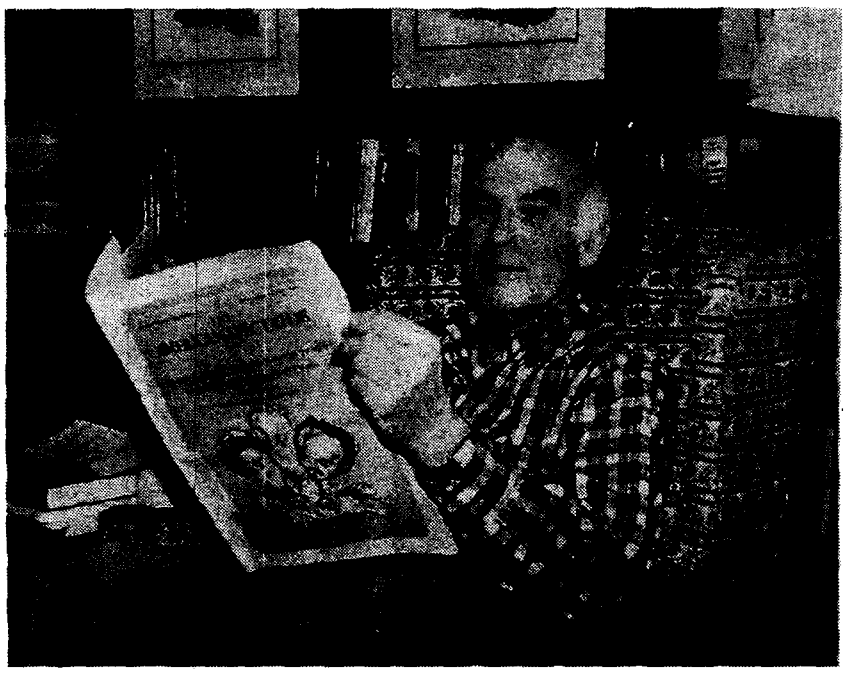

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•August marked the 40th anniversary of our dropping the A-bomb on Hiroshima—an event which has caused untold suffering. September, however, marks the 40th anniversary of our *not* dropping the A-bomb on Moscow—another event which has caused untold suffering. (Just a joke, kids, don't go chaining selves, frisbees, to *Spectator* door handles.)

•Actually, anti-nuke dipsticks might note August was also the anniversary of forty years without a major power conflict (if you don't count one small fracas on the Yalu). Said Richard Burton (famous Victorian explorer, not puffy dead actor): "He who renders warfare fatal to all engaged in it will be the greatest benefactor the world has yet known." So chop that up on your mirror and snort it.

•South Africa continues to raise idealist ire—the condition of black people there being so much worse than in Uganda or Ethiopia, for instance. Ah, but there are fashions in repression just as there are in hats. No rational person will ever understand why the strictly organized horror of Communism is so voguish while the loosely organized horror of racism is so despised. What the hell, self-government is worth any price—ask the Lebanese.

•Those "Rock Hudson AIDS Victim" headlines gave a secret boost to short flabby (but at least we're heterosexual) guys the world over. This writer won't be personally satisfied until Nick Nolte gets it too. And he might. Latest news has contagion possible through contact with girls, even cute ones. Perversion, promiscuity, intravenous drug use—here's a disease that promises to punish every kind of sin. And it comes along just as we baby-boomers are turning forty. What more edifying spectacle could middle-age desire?

•Speaking of plagues, dozens of field mice somehow got into the federal budget, and they ate all the deficit reductions. At least this is how the White House is telling it.

•Montgomery Ward has discontinued its catalogue, leaving rural families wondering what to use for toilet tissue in the outhouse. Let me be first to suggest that government document named in the preceding paragraph.

•To add insult to improvidence, David Stockman has signed a $2 million book contract. Of course it will be turned into a mini-series, but will Jack Nicholson do the nude parts?

•There's been a grave reversal in U.S.-Soviet relations. American Secretary of State George Shultz arrived in Helsinki actually wearing a *worse* suit than Russian Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze. No one has ever worn a worse suit than a Russian Foreign Minister before, and experts agree it sets a grim precedent. The Shultz fashion disaster was a three-piece model. (*Nobody* wears them anymore, George, and especially not in August.) Color was fridge-mold gray with horrible multicolored stripes and cut resembled a carnival tent. State Senate-style shiny cravat and cheap dress shirt completed the ensemble. Shevardnadze, on the other hand, looked every inch the preppy banker in tidy blue pinstripes and regimental tie. Score the Summit Conference Round 1 to the Soviets.

•Plutonium has been found in the New York City water supply. Deadly radiation will probably turn New Yorkers into some kind of weird mutants who congregate by night in bizarre locales, wear their hair in blue mohawks, and eat strange substances like tofutti.

•India and Afghanistan have signed a cultural exchange pact. Presumably Afghanistan will send bombed-out villagers to India, and India will ship a touring group of Sikh terrorists to Kabul.

•The "Affair of the President's Nose Blemish" proves we've reached that milepost in the history of free speech where there is finally more news media than there is news. It's time for a seventh-inning stretch, fellows. America's newspapers, magazines, and T.V. stations should stand up and take a load off their minds.

•Meanwhile the award for News Story with Most Dullness per Amount of Importance goes to the Latin American debt crisis. This issue may have us all selling pencils on the streets (and even those will be made in Singapore), but the subject still works quicker on the eyelids than a quart of Jim Beam. Come on, Don Greaser, pay up or we'll translate three years of *U.S. News & World Report* debt crisis stories into Spanish and make you read them standing on one leg.

•The Teamsters' president, the governor of Alaska, and traffic felon Ed Meese are all off the hook. Chalk it up to post-post-Watergate morality.

•The English language needs a word which means "producing or tending to produce a mysterious satisfaction that is not wholly in good taste." Viz. this item from the Associated Press wire, datelined New Orleans, August 1: "A guest at a party for lifeguards celebrating their first drowning-free swimming season drowned."

•Jimmy Carter was back in New York this summer, butchering wood on the same low-income housing project as last year. It's still not finished. Apparently he's no faster at carpentry than he was at figuring out what to do about the hostages in Iran. Said the Millard Fillmore of the 1970s: "Roz and I both get a lot of satisfaction out of doing something tangible." As opposed to, say, impalpable, vague, phantasmagorical stuff like running the country.

•The Soviets have proposed a nuclear-weapons testing moratorium, and the U.S. is being criticized for nixing the suggestion. Well, fair's fair, and the U.S. should propose a moratorium on jailing people for publicly advocating freedom of conscience.

•Whoops. Strike that last paragraph. The Helsinki Accords flat slipped my mind. First Amendment rights are fully recognized in the Soviet Union now and everybody can say what he wants. My mistake. I forgot.

•Bombing of the Greenpeace ecology scow, "Rainbow Warrior," is still under investigation. Some say French security agents were in on the deed. But, if factional in-fighting among nature-loonies is anything like it is among the rest of the world's left wing, attack was probably launched by a splinter group of disaffected sea mammals.

•And here's further proof that former Interior Secretary James Watt was underrated, also a visionary: The Beach Boys failed to post bond to cover the cost of their 4th of July concert on the Washington Mall, and the National Park Service was stuck with a $98,000 bill for staging, security, and garbage removal. The balding, partly dead, no longer harmonious Senior Surf Citizens promised the Park Service 10 percent of the concert's profits, but since the concert was free and had no T.V., video, or album tie-in . . .

•On his recent visit to Chicago, President of China Li Xiannian requested the following perks in his $1,200-a-day hotel suite:

—Custom-made bed,
—Room temperature set at 77°,
—A copious supply of Perrier and green tea,
—Arrangements of red roses and yellow lilies in every room,
—1,000-year-old duck eggs for breakfast.

"Oppose extravagant eating and drinking and pay attention to thrift and economy," says Chairman Mao in his Little Red Book. But who asked him?

•Some recent news stories have come and gone so fast that if you took an afternoon nap you may have missed them. The great baseball strike, for example. Those of us who follow the tougher, more manly, full-contact sports (such as Senate confirmation hearings) had trouble telling the strike from the rest of the dull pauses which punctuate this national time-waster. The kidnapping of an American peace group by pro-American contra rebels was more interesting. This news came out the same day the *New York Times* announced that the National Security Council had been giving the contras advice. Would Shultz hold Shultz responsible? Would he call in an air strike on NSC HQ? Alas, the storm

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blew over. The contras gave the peaceniks back. (A "Ransom of Red Chief" sort of thing, surely. They were much too horrid to keep.) And the advice turned out to be as useful as advice from the National Security Council usually is. (In all, something of a dud month for trouble fans—unless you enjoy airline crashes. We'll have to fill the rest of this column with brief, cute feature stories.)

Animals in the News

•Connecticut has declared the rattlesnake an endangered species. But environmentalists needn't worry. Nearby Manhattan is still full of the things. And they are fully protected, too—by lawyers, accountants, executive secretaries, chauffeurs, and household help.

•A New York Air DC-9 struck and killed two deer at Washington's Dulles airport. The names of the deer have not been released, but neither Donner nor Blitzen has shown up at North Pole pre-season practice scrimmages.

•Killer bees have arrived in California. But experts say they are not likely to breed there—high pressure movie deal-making and attempts to launch Top 40 recording careers are expected to destroy family life in the hive.

•Elsewhere in the big nut grove, the Fish and Game Department says California is suffering from an over-population of wild pigs. No kidding.

•And while we're on the subject, what can one *possibly* say about the U.N. Women's Conference in Kenya? I mean, besides, "Sooo-eeee!!! Sooo-eeee!!!" (*Quick, Bob! Wlady! get the cable-cutters, they're chaining themselves to the door handles again!*)

—P.J. O'Rourke

CORRESPONDENCE

Humanist Resentment

We at the *Humanist* resent being called a "gray magazine" ("Theocracy in America: Campaign '84 Revisited," by Richard Brookhiser, *TAS*, August 1985). We always endeavor to use one bright color, and often use four on our covers, although that is expensive (as you must realize). And wasn't that *your* production manager who called *our* production manager to ask advice on redesigning your pages?

If you are speaking editorially, we have been called a lot of things, but never "gray." Incidentally, your headnote for the article in question—"Who did He vote for?"—wouldn't it be correct and more accurate if it read, "For whom did He or She vote?" This is how it would have appeared on our gray*ish* pages.

Not to get gray, but Brookhiser's statement that we "subsist on anti-religious propaganda" is a good indication that he has not read our magazine but gets his information from Jerry Falwell's direct mail letters. The quote by Stephen Mumford was taken out of context; for the complete picture we recommend his *American Democracy and the Vatican: Population Growth and National Security* (available from the *Humanist*), which will also go a long way in showing why the stands against the Church's power structure of a Catholic such as Geraldine Ferraro do not make her a "clumsy hypocrite" but rather one who possibly understands quite clearly both her religion and the United States Constitution.

—William J. Harnack
Associate Editor
The Humanist
Amherst, New York

Richard Brookhiser replies:

Sorry. Any magazine that thinks "For whom did He or She vote?" is a joke, as by definition gray.

Born Again

John O'Sullivan ("Czarists and Pink Leather Boots," *TAS*, July 1985) certainly seems to know much about Radio Liberty, but not about American pornography. Although he correctly observes how men's magazines have been attempting to purchase "redeeming social merit" by the inclusion of "political theory" within their pulsating pages, he is not convincing when he says that such theory has been getting more liberal and more anti-conservative.

For one thing, this incorrect assessment is probably due to his "occasional" and "furtive" perusals of such literature. To be sure, he can't be faulted for not reading pornography on a regular basis. But recent issues of *Penthouse* have in fact been dignified by the likes of Claire Sterling on the perils of terrorism or William F. Buckley, Jr. on the antics of Jesse Jackson. An argument can be made, of course, that such inclusions are either simply gratuitous (mere ploys to obtain a reputation for editorial balance, if not objectivity) or plainly derisive: We all remember the Jerry Falwell episode.

But more importantly, O'Sullivan seems to think there was a time way back in the good old days of the fifties and sixties when girly magazines at least represented a vision which was truly compatible with "American political ideas of both [the] left and right," a vision philosophically expressive of "a sort of libertarianism." This is nuts. Libertarianism is a sickness of the left, not an option among many views on the right.

This becomes clear when we remember that libertarians have, in the words of Russell Kirk, a "fanatic attachment to a simple solitary principle—that is, to the notion of personal freedom as the whole end of the civil social order, and indeed of human existence." This view of the world is by nature friendly to the left which incessantly works to obliterate any notions of absolute standards the rest of us may have. The conservative view of freedom, on the other hand, is aptly phrased by Hastings Rashdall: "A certain kind of liberty is an essential condition of Well-being, but it is not Well-being itself. To aim at liberty rather than Well-being seems . . . irrational." Is it any wonder, then, that our many social "liberation" movements have withered in importance in comparison to the reassertion of traditional values successfully heralded by none other than Ronald Reagan?

Contrary to O'Sullivan, smut magazines and their peddlers have enjoyed their respective "freedoms" because of the agitations of the New Age Knaves and their kinfolk, not because conservatives have worked for their right to pander. The peculiar sickness of the pornographers is that they inculcate the anti-human notion that people can and ought to enjoy life's pleasures without paying the price for them. This kind of thinking, broadly applied in our time by the kooks on the left, has given us all kinds of trouble: a populace addicted to credit cards and incapable of amassing personal savings, a staggering federal deficit, federal social welfare programs outrageously named "entitlements," a generation of girls only one in five of whom can claim to be virgins by the end of their teens, the greatest incidence of teenage pregnancy anywhere in the world, a festering lot of broken marriages and single parent families, and, of course, the ever-growing use of abortion as a means of birth control.

O'Sullivan may find *Penthouse* tortuous as to its lately leftish political slant, but his own understanding of political philosophies is equally so.

—John S. Meyer
Boulder, Colorado

John O'Sullivan replies:

I agree with almost all the views in Mr. Meyer's letter except those that he attributes to me. He misunderstands my point that the libertine libertarianism of *Playboy* was compatible "with American political ideas of both left and right" in the fifties. I was not referring to the philosophies of Toryism, socialism, and liberalism, but to the intellectual stock in trade of practical politicians in the major parties, both of which at the time tended to an unreflective liberal centrism.

Mr. Meyer makes one other important error. He is wrong in believing that libertarianism can be classified neatly and incontrovertibly as a left-wing idea. There is no clear philosophical basis for the left-right spectrum which muddles together a number of political ideas. Where one places a particular party philosophy upon it is largely a matter of taste. My own decisions in this are lightheartedly empirical. I notice that libertarians are generally in strong opposition to socialists on economic questions. Since socialists are on the left and commonly accepted to be so, I conclude that for practical purposes libertarians may sensibly be classified as right. On moral questions, I classify them as left by similar reasoning. Then I go to the movies. (*Next month John O'Sullivan answers readers' queries on how we know that we exist.—Ed.*)

How Deep the Conservative Tide?

I read with avid eyes RET's review essay, "Liberals, Conservatives, and History," (*TAS*, July 1985). The reviewer's perplexity with the paralysis of conservative resolve strikes home. The political crack-up of liberalism is a fact of life; why then the abiding dispiritedness and diffidence among conservatives? His admonitions about timorousness, smallness, lack of imagination are not without effect either. While the resulting prick of conscience might not suffice to make a lion of a lamb, it does stimulate a bit of soul searching, some probing for an explanation.

I wonder if the heart of the problem might not be this: The crack-up of liberalism thus far encountered has been principally a matter of the poor showing of its candidates in elections; but New Age liberalism is only secondarily a phenomenon of electoral politics. Essentially it is a cultural movement; and in all the indexes of cultural influence, it still weighs in as champ. . . .

(continued on page 54)

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EDITORIALS

BUDGETARY CHAOS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It was in 1974 that Congress passed the Congressional Budget and Impoundment Control Act, vouchsafing the instrumentalities for finally getting a grip on the budget. Since then, alas, spending has fattened from 1974's $267 billion to 1985's $959 billion. Moreover, approximately one-fourth of that corpulent sum is unfunded. Congress is leaving a tab of some $222 billion for others to pick up, sometime, somehow. Obviously, the Congressional Budget and Impoundment Control Act of 1974 failed to get a grip on the budget.

Cognizant as we all are of the occasionally extraordinary strength of our many fine public servants on Capitol Hill, we can rest assured that all of them are duly distressed by this budgetary chaos. But in these slumbrous summer days, as they tour their districts, will any of them take responsibility for it?

Think of it: The present deficit is practically equal to the entire 1974 budget! With deficits like this today and other equally gaudy deficits prophesied for the future those puny tax increases and budget cuts prescribed by our contemporary Jeffersons and Lincolns are true howlers. New tools are needed to cut spending and to render someone responsible to the voters.

The inescapable fact of the matter is that growing spending is the root cause of the budget's blowsiness, and no one in Washington is in a proper position to be held accountable. The budget grows under the reign of liberals and conservatives alike. It grew at an inflation-adjusted rate of 17.5 percent during the reign of the gentle Jimmy Carter, and it grew at the same rate during the first term of the heartless Ronald Reagan.

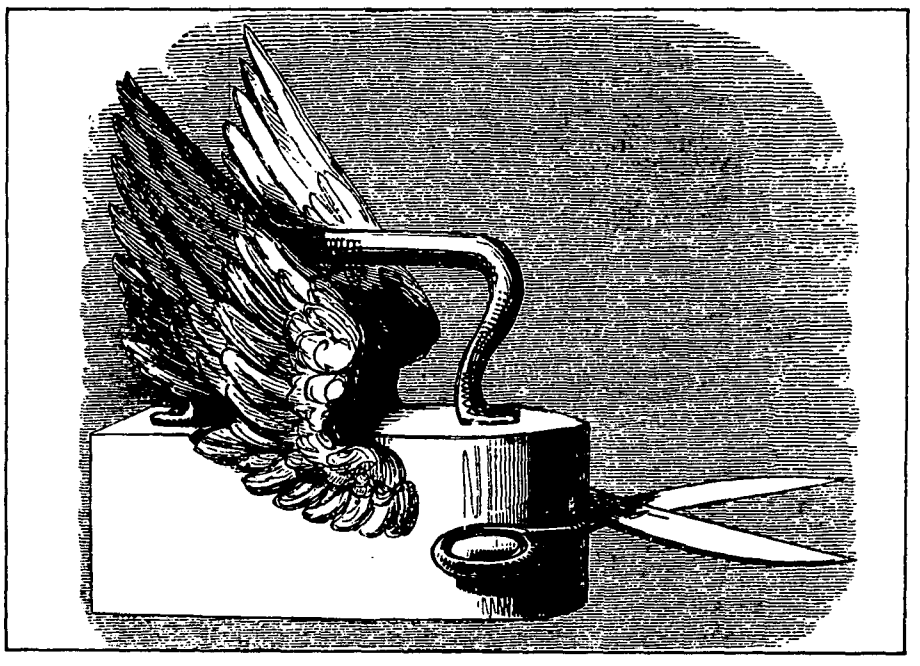
The budget grows because Congress spends. It underfunds new programs as well as old programs. Then as the year passes and the money runs out, it quietly approves a budget-busting supplemental appropriation. It lumps pork barrel in with the necessities of government and hopes that the President will accept the bad with the good. It solemnly passes low-priority bills early in its session and holds high-priority bills for later when pressure has built to pass them whether or not they are in breach of budgetary resolutions.

Some in Congress charge that deficits are a consequence of Ronald Reagan's 1981 tax cuts. They seem to have forgotten that the following year he welcomed a tax increase with the understanding that he would be getting a two dollar spending cut for every dollar in new taxes. The cuts were not made. Only the taxes became law.

Ronald Reagan's 1981 tax cuts merely brought federal taxes down to the level of a decade ago, 19 percent of the Gross National Product. In those days, federal spending was at approximately 20 percent of GNP. It grew to 23 percent of GNP under Jimmy Carter and to a colossal 25 percent under the arctic Reagan Administration. Clearly spending is the problem, and to get federal spending back to 20 percent of GNP Congress would have to cut more than $120 billion over and above its present promised cuts. Nor is this the spending of good Samaritans with big hearts. Rather it is the spending of incompetents. Over the past five years Congress has outspent its own budget resolutions by an average of $28 billion yearly. Even in this year of lamentation over deficits, federal spending will probably exceed the fiscal 1985 budget resolution by more than $20 billion. What we have here is a Congress abounding with Warren Gamaliel Hardings or worse. We are told that the late Harding could not say no to the dubious schemes of his cronies. Not only can our Hardings not say no, but into their august chambers they often bring their own dubious schemes. No one ever accused Harding of this sort of innovativeness.

In all of Washington, the only elected official eager and competent to oversee the budget is the President. He wants Congress to grant him the line-item veto, allowing him to scotch specific items in bloated appropriations bills rather than accept them, fat and all. Congress did give the President a limited version of the line-item veto in its 1974 Budget Act. I suggest that all the liberals and conservatives on the hill would prosper if the President were granted this simple tool. Liberals could brag of their generosity; conservatives could brag of their frugality. Meanwhile, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue someone would be in charge: King Ronald I, the natural consequence of democratic leaders who will not lead. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



CLINT EASTWOOD, *AUTEUR*

If there is a more obvious poseur practicing his devious arts in the Republic today than the critic of the popular arts I am unaware of him, and I have agents stationed everywhere. The critic of pop art spoils things for everyone, from high brow to low brow. And he is at his most arsenious when he claims to be a sophisticate, that is to say when he covers a rock concert and brings in the contrapuntal Bach, or when he goes to the movies and returns babbling about *auteurs*.

Actually the highfalutin pop critic is usually a dreadful show-off. He is an egotist, incapable of sitting back and appreciating someone else's work for what it is. Rather than scoffing at it or applauding it in terms that are relevant, he tries to hog the show by bringing in some elephantine theorizing utterly irrelevant to the popular piece of entertainment at hand but extremely useful in attracting attention. Unfortunately, the pretentious pop critic is not without his influence, and when a popular entertainer falls under the critic's spell the results can be unedifying. Is it possible that the sensible Clint Eastwood—actor, producer, director—has become susceptible to the moonshine of these frauds? I fear he has.

Eastwood recently did something quite daring. He made *Pale Rider*, a Western. For the past decade or so the Western was scorned by the critics, who often appraised it as too boyishly innocent and straightforward. Moreover, it was disdained for representing Yankee Manifest Destiny at its worst. It was an insult to the Indian, insensitive to the aspirations of General Antonio Lopez Santa Ana (1794-1876), and it stereotyped cows. Well, Americans liked it anyway, as John

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Wayne proved to his dying days. The fact is that the Western has always been a lot of fun, and that is about all one should ever expect from the popular arts.

Among the Western's assets is that, along with actors and actresses, it usually features the noble horse. These can be gorgeous creatures thrilling to the eye, especially if one is not concerned whether they win, place, or show. Throughout history, the horse has frequently served mankind loyally and far more usefully than the dog or the inscrutable cat. Yet, unlike them, history has passed the horse by. The Western reminds us of his previous eminence, and some of Hollywood's horses have not been bad actors, at least when compared with the rest of the cast.

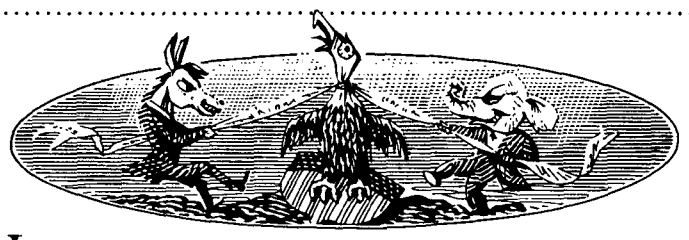
Another of the Western's assets is the scenery. The Western allows us to see its lovely purlieus without actually being there, for which many civilized people should be grateful. All those trees and all that dust make some people sneeze.

Finally, the Western is usually refreshingly straightforward. There is good and there is evil; and usually even the anarchists in the audience end up pulling for the good to triumph in the sunshine and open air of the great West.

Pale Rider offers the struggle between good and evil. Like a true Western it is concerned with individual dignity and freedom. But there is no sunshine. In fact the movie is somber to the point of being depressing. Some say Eastwood did this to emphasize the struggle between good and evil, the pervasive darkness suggesting the hushed shadows of a Gothic cathedral. Well, what in tarnation does a Gothic cathedral have to do with the old West? All that darkness merely put me in mind of the grim interior of a Manhattan celebrity joint like Mortimer's, places whose interiors have to be darkened lest the high-toned clientele glimpse the food congealed on its plates.

Eastwood errs again when he portrays the supernatural as being utterly humorless. The gods laugh, at least occasionally, as when they peer down on the *Homo sapiens* disporting below. *Pale Rider* has great strengths. There is action, romance, and Eastwood brings us plenty of yokels. Yet all this gloom and symbolism goes too far. It is the kind of stuff snooty pop critics insist on if they are going to certify a popular entertainment as duly "serious." Only another fraud needs their certification, and past behavior suggests that Eastwood is no fraud. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



MITCH SNYDER IN HELL

by Tom Bethell

It was a hot summer afternoon on Euclid Street and Mitch Snyder of the Community for Creative Non-Violence was working on a legal brief. Three or four cats were stretched out two-dimensionally on the wooden floors. A black youth in a white T-shirt was stretched out on the sofa. Entropy was on the increase. The decor was Volunteers of America, with Salvation Army recycling. Everything seemed to be run-down, except for the plants in the window.

Mitch Snyder, whose goal is the transformation of society as we know it, came sleepily down the stairs. His heroes are Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, and the Berrigan Brothers, having befriended the last at the Federal Penitentiary in Danbury in the early 1970s. (Mitch was charged with transporting a stolen vehicle across state lines, but he maintains that he was merely an innocent passenger in the car. Nonetheless, he was given a three-year sentence, serving two-and-a-half years. He speaks with rare affection for his time in prison, which he spent reading books, organizing work stoppages, enjoying the inmates' company, and discussing tactics with the Berrigans.) He is 41 years old, divorced with two teenage sons (whom he has not seen for years), and the veteran of more nights spent in vagrant-solidarity on steamy grates, and more well-publicized fasts, than he can offhand recall.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

By fasting he did persuade the U.S. Navy to change the name of a submarine, which had been "obscenely" christened *Corpus Christi.* But he failed to persuade Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown to spend its money on the poor rather than tapestries and organ repairs. The fashionable congregation, perhaps surprisingly, grew tired of being confronted by this gaunt, accusatory presence looming over the pews, and in the end Mitch Snyder, switching from ideology to pragmatism, gave up his fast.

Now he has the homeless as his all-absorbing cause, and he is suing the federal government in U.S. District Court. We can be sure that *they* won't get rid of him so easily. Mitch means business. He gets his media attention from Mike Wallace and "60 Minutes"; his *pro bono* legal assistance from Covington & Burling; his docudrama offers from Hollywood (a $50,000 advance to date); and now he has this huge, dilapidated federal building a few blocks from the Capitol full of social outcasts to use as his Diggers, his Manichees, his gnostic army (his "constituents," as a *Washington Post* reporter put it without irony) in his relentless crusade against Western Civilization.

"No-o-o-ooo, I'm not a Communist," said Snyder, as though responding for the hundredth time to the same obtuse question (which I hadn't asked). He said he was a Christian and by way of corroboration he pointed to a quotation from Pope Paul VI on a wall banner: "Private property does not constitute for anyone an absolute and unconditional right." The Euclid Street building was rented by the community, he said. "We don't believe in owning property. It's not a relationship we wish to reinforce." His voice was low and monotonous, his eyes weary and baleful. He conveyed a sense of patient resignation, as though enduring the weighty burdens of time and existence.

Mike Wallace notwithstanding, Snyder's press often tends to be critical—surprisingly so considering how attuned he is to the *Zeitgeist.* (But of course he goes too far.) He is called arrogant, self-indulgent, a publicity hound. The *Washington Post* accused him of throwing "suicide tantrums." All no doubt true, but somehow beside the point. (Snyder told me that "getting your face on television or yourself written about usually is painful," and I believe him.) What is interesting about Mitch is that he is a fanatic. How many people feel strongly enough about anything to stop eating for fifty-one days in the hope of bringing it about?

He ended his most recent (fifty-one day) fast when the Reagan Administration agreed to repair the federal building that CCNV has been permit-

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ted to run as a shelter for the homeless since January 1984. A couple of days before the 1984 election President Reagan surrendered. As one writer put it, when CCNV's "tactics became more sophisticated and their demands more concrete, the administration tried a different response: appeasement."

It turned out that Susan Baker, the wife of Reagan's then chief of staff, had been holding Snyder's hand during the fast and she exerted influence with the Administration. "She's been touched by homelessness and feels need," Snyder told me.

More recently Mitch and his assistant Carol Fennelly had "tea" with Mrs. Bush and various Cabinet wives at the Vice President's residence. Characteristically, he brought along an urn containing the ashes of a man who had died of exposure, setting it down amidst the tea cups. Mitch told me it had been not so much a "tea" as a "workshop." Later Barbara Bush drove over to Euclid Street a couple of times with "donations of clothing," and told Mitch she would like to get more involved, but, you know, what with the Secret Service and all . . .

Mitch said Mrs. Bush is a nice lady, but by now he was hopping mad at the Reagan Administration because they had failed to deliver on their promise to renovate the shelter. These were "vicious, cruel people," and "perjurers" to boot. They had offered only a "ridiculous patch job," when earlier they had promised a "model shelter." CCNV rejected the offer, the General Services Administration said the building would have to be vacated (the Hyatt Regency Hotel was offering $11 million for the site), and at that point Snyder got on the phone to Covington & Burling. "They want to do socially relevant work," he said, explaining the ease with which he can attract normally high-priced legal help. "We're exciting people to work with and we don't bring irrelevant cases. We're always on the cutting edge of things, including the law." He added that CCNV had at one time or another been represented by all the major Washington law firms, including Wilmer Cutler & Pickering and Arnold & Porter.

In July, U.S. District Judge Charles Richey stayed the eviction order and now there's a possibility of a full-scale trial. Over the horizon, of course, is the possibility of a massive increase in federal welfare programs.

"If we have a model shelter in the nation's capital, they know they will have to provide them in all fifty states," Snyder candidly admitted. "And we will encourage that." He added: "Remember, this is Washington, D.C., and there are 3,000 journalists in this town."

I went to the Federal Courthouse for one of the hearings. Mitch Snyder came sauntering down the hall with a small contingent of his homeless "constituents." A TV reporter asked him where she should station her camera crew. "What we used to call the Watergate entrance," he replied. The man from Covington & Burling looked like Seymour Hersh with a haircut. A lady lawyer was assisting him and hanging around them were interns and activists spending a fashionable summer. By contrast the team from the Justice Department seemed, well, lacking in compassion.

Mitch told me in the corridor that he had grown up in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and that his parents had been "devout agnostics." His mother was Jewish and his father a nominal Catholic who "despised organized religion." He had been in the entertainment business, at one point working as a singer with Eddie Cantor. "When he died he was the president of a corporation somewhere," said Mitch in a tone indicating that he had pretty much exhausted that topic of conversation.

Judge Richey (a Nixon appointee) looked a bit like Earl Warren. He was circumspect, judicious, obviously an

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intelligent man, but one point he wanted us all to know was that he was "sensitive to the needs of the people involved—I hope there isn't any question about that." Hearing him discuss the case in terms of "need" and "sensitivity" made me wonder if we were not now a society whose immune system had broken down in the face of assaults mounted on behalf of the poor, the homeless, the deprived, the needy, minorities, the "underprivileged."

Mitch Snyder leaned forward intently in his seat, like a hungry virus probing for soft spots in the body politic.

The jury box was reserved for media, appropriately enough, and seated therein was Mary McGrory, the left-wing columnist. After the hearing she interviewed the assistant counsel Florence Roisman outside the courtroom, telling her at one point how thrilling it had been to see her (a woman, no less!) presenting arguments to the judge.

"I can't tell you how much I admire you," Roisman vouchsafed in return.

On two nights I went to the 185,000 square-foot four-floor shelter, which has been described as "a model of anarchism in action," "more like a turn-of-the-century insane asylum," and a "hell hole" in which its "800 or so residents raise hell." It's not that bad, and certainly better than the open air on a freezing night. Currently about 500 people a night stay there—about four-fifths of them men and the great majority black. By concentrating the homeless in one spot Snyder has succeeded in dramatizing a state of affairs hitherto decentralized and dispersed. He has, as it were, put a lens on the homeless, bringing them into focus (a boon for the media).

Some of the men and most of the women are mentally abnormal and they are in the shelter as a result of the great emptying out of mental hospitals in recent years—"deinstitutionalization" as it has been called. Snyder is correct in saying that most of these people have simply been discarded and left to die on the streets. The willingness of CCNV members to look after them without financial remuneration is surely commendable.

Most of the men in the shelter are normal and able-bodied (although some are old), but a good many of these are indirect victims of a welfare system which works perniciously to dissolve families by depriving men of an unavoidable provider role. With a generous package of welfare benefits available, women with children know they don't absolutely need men, and in turn the men know they are dispensable. Thus, in a society in which Judeo-Christian values are weak, the (ubiquitous) forces of familial dissolution are liable to prevail over the (occasional, optional) ties of matrimony. The result is demoralized males who take to the bottle and the street. The problem is severe with blacks because welfare "benefits" have been aimed particularly at them, and blacks have not yet found the leadership necessary to escape this destructive bombardment in the guise of compassion.

Mitch Snyder gives a grudging assent to this anti-welfare analysis, but he is not happy with it because it singles out the welfare state for criticism when in his opinion "nothing works" and therefore the entire society has to be transformed. Nonetheless, Mitch is correct in perceiving that the welfare bureaucrats have no interest in doing anything about these demoralized males who prowl the streets. They just don't want to be bothered with them because they are difficult and intractable. Welfare employees in Washington in their tens of thousands have things so arranged that, like university faculty without students, they really only have to deal with filing cabinets, charts, meeting-boredom, and budget numbers—not actual people at all.

(continued on page 57)

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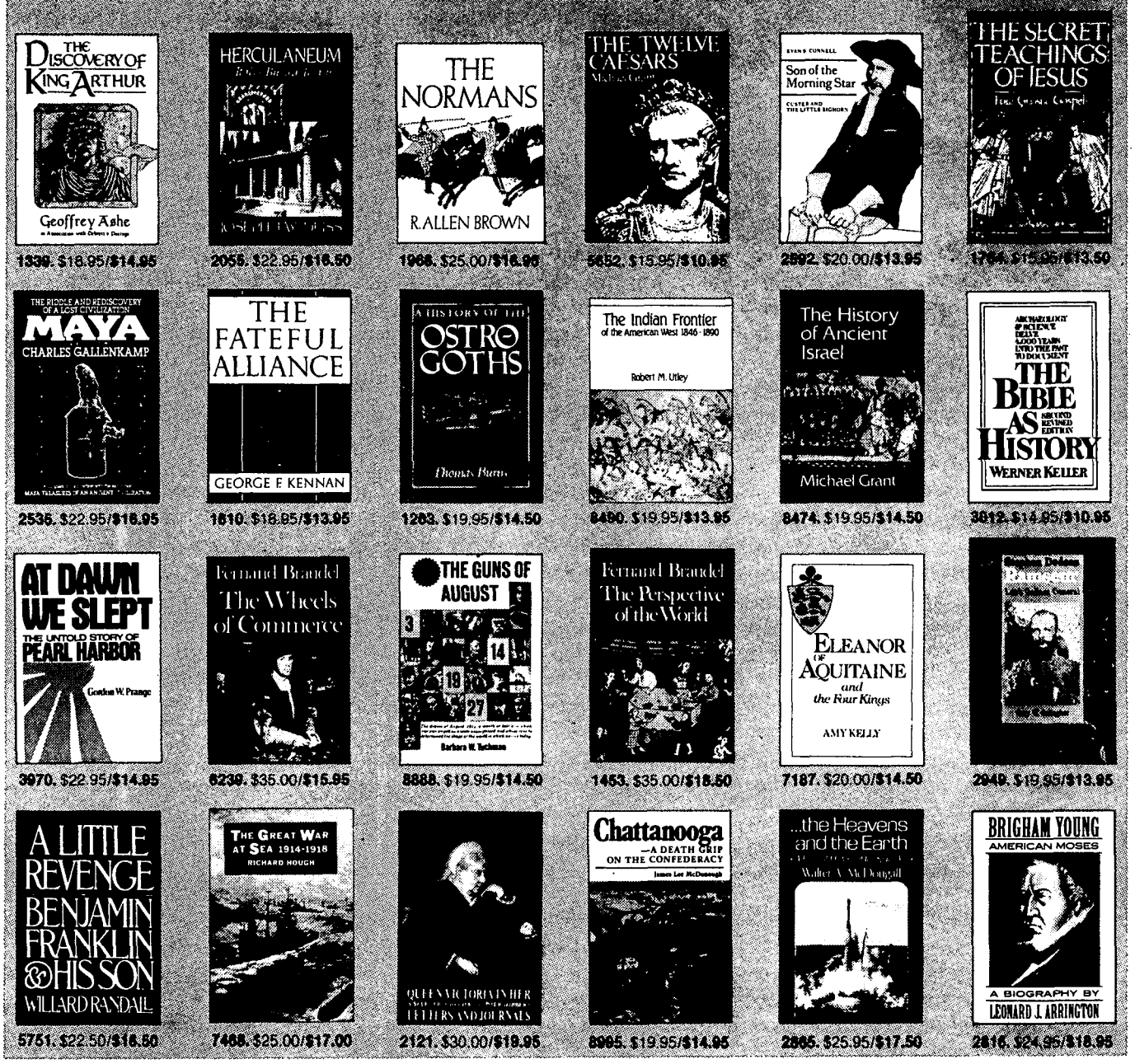

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Gregory A. Fossedal

THE ART OF ADDITIVE COMPROMISE

Cannot conservatives and liberals work together to build a better America?

Washington—When a friend invited me to address a group of right-wingers here recently, he didn't tell me what was in store. Ben Hart did tell me that, as is well known, his Third Generation project at the Heritage Foundation brings together a lively crowd roughly each fortnight to sip Coors, nibble on bon mots, and toss darts at such atavistic concepts as arms control, comparable worth, the "money supply," and Anthony Lewis. He did not tell me there would be a reporter, Joshua Hammer, present, who would, in an obvious attempt to discredit both Mr. Hart and me, describe the evening's festivities favorably in the *Nation*. More important, Mr. Hart did not tell me, until it was too late to bow out, that my task was to explain "What conservatives need to do differently in order to win."

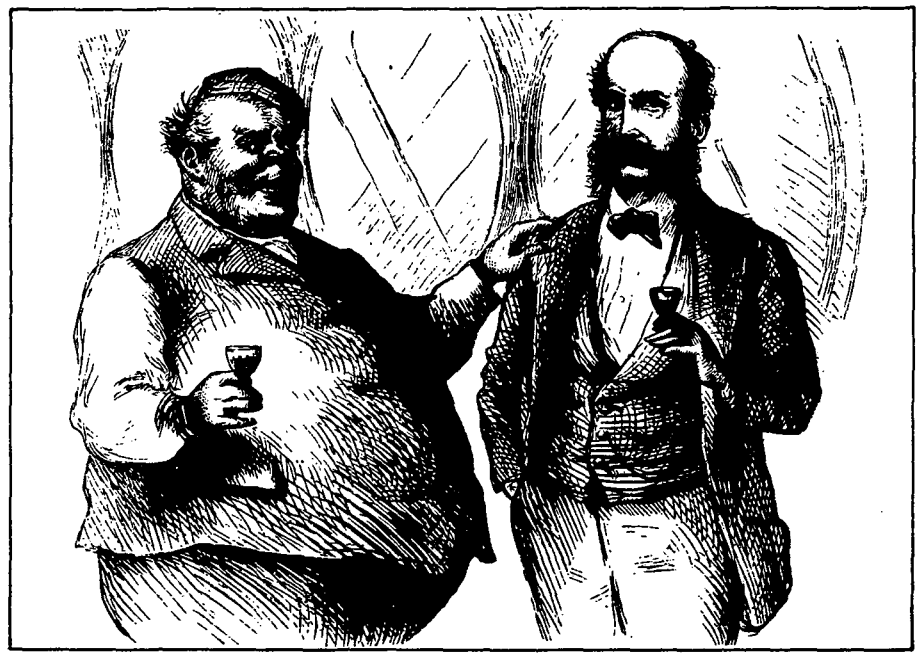
The topic was based on two assumptions, both of which, at the time, seemed wrong: that conservatives are not, in a general sense, winning already, and that somehow my experience would enable me to tell these political writers, organizers, and administration and congressional aides how to set things right—how Ronald Reagan could pass a major tax reform; cut the budget; enact a sweeping poverty agenda of enterprise zones and similar schemes; build a Star Wars defense; overthrow the Ortega dictatorship; ban abortion; and return to the gold standard. But, in retrospect, Mr. Hart was right on both counts. Not only is Reagan in at least some danger, but the evening's session provided what may be the answer to the present gridlock.

The danger is that Reagan is squandering a revolutionary opportunity. We are already past the six-to-nine month honeymoon, with not a single second-term accomplishment. The only development of interest is that Ben Wattenberg, Martin Peretz, and other Jacksonites have won a few (arguably token) victories from the far left and have wheedled fellow Democrats into sending a few millions to oppose Communism in various far-flung regions. Meanwhile, on the Reagan landscape it is fall, and on the White House lawn one can already see the moldy leaves of a summer wasted on summit briefings and deficit reduction schemes.

Ah, deficit reduction. Is there any doubt how this year's budget will finally pass? It is roughly 4 a.m., December 22. Bob Dole rallies some senator from a hospital bed to cast the deciding vote on a continuing resolution of $985 billion. Typically, the package of roughly $50 billion in "cuts"—the actual budget will go up, say, $160 billion instead of $210 billion—is composed of a $28 billion reduction in defense increases, $5 billion in phony domestic "savings," and some increase in user fees and administrative efficiencies totaling $12 billion. Add in $5 billion in "reduced interest on the national debt" which the Nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office will certify results from the $45 billion in deficit reduction, and you have the total. Now, $50 billion is not much, Mr. Dole will admit. But that's okay, since it is almost Christmas, and thus . . . time to start figuring out the 1987 budget.

There must be a way to change this dreary scenario, to wrest the agenda away from the junta of Robert Dole, George Shultz, and the *New York Times* editorial page, all of them mesmerized by the budget deficit, the trade deficit, the immigration surplus, and other phenomena they are so frantic to bring "under control." Reagan could try to make a deal with the moderate, Republican center; but in general, these people are the center.

The solution, and a far more natural alliance to boot, is an entente between the Republican right and the right people on the left—a sort of Reagan-Tyrrell-Bradley-Peretz-Kinsley coalition, if you will. These groups share a common agenda: a positive strategy to promote growth and democracy around the globe. They would vote for Jack Kemp over George McGovern, but would choose Bill Bradley over Bob Dole. They read, and write for, the same magazines. There is thus every reason for what political analyst Jeff Bell calls a strategy to "collapse the center," after Hannibal's battle plan which drew the Romans into his middle, then crushed them from the right and the left. Hoping to establish a less martial flavor, I think a better term for the strategy of this new alliance is "additive compromise."



The more usual relationship between these groups has produced what might be called "dilutive compromise." Liberals want a $10 billion jobs program; conservatives want no jobs program; we get a $5 billion jobs program. Reagan wants to cut taxes 30 percent in one year; liberals want no tax cut; we cut taxes by 22 percent over four years. We want 100 MX missiles; liberals want none; we get 50.

As an alternative, consider Reagan's tax cut proposal. Here, an additive compromise with the left is already emerging. According to a *National Journal* survey, 25 of 36 congressional leaders and tax committee members believe there will be some reform passed late this year or early next. Under a dilutive compromise, Reagan would have proposed a simple tax cut to, say, a top rate of 25 percent; the Democrats, with an assist from Dole & Co., would gradually have whittled this away to 35 percent, 42 percent, 47 percent, 49 percent; ever closer to today's top rate of 50 percent. Instead, Reagan's tax plan gives something many liberals value more than high rates: closed loopholes and shelters. And he may get something far more important to most conservatives than loopholes: lower rates. It would probably not be possible without additive compromise.

The grave danger to tax reform is that its provisions will in fact be whittled away in this salami fashion. To appease high-tax states, the repeal of deductibility will be phased in or watered down. To appease revenue enhancers,

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tax rate reductions will be delayed. To appease business, corporate breaks will be phased back in. Ad nauseam. Reagan opened the door to such dilution by failing to cancel breaks that go to the symbolically important oil lobby in Treasury II. Once the oilmen saved their breaks, other groups saw their opportunity to demand just one more exception. To stay off this slope, as Jim Baker noted early this year, you have to offend everyone. Instead, the White House tried to please all, and may please none—having lost the early enthusiasm of liberal tax-reformers by diluting the key provision of closed loopholes.

Now, to return to the budget issue that stalks Reagan's presidency: It seems clear that here, too, the best deal is not another swindle worked out by the Senate Republicans. Reagan could instead go after roughly $140 billion in corporate welfare items. You start with agriculture subsidies, 70 percent of which go to a small elite of wealthy farmers and farming conglomerates. Alas, go after items like that and you immediately lose the support of Bob Dole and Larry Pressler, even Jesse Helms and John East (tobacco). Under the Senate budget, agriculture spending would rise by up to $15 billion in 1986. So you could cut back on the Export-Import Bank, Small Business Administration, or Department of Energy subsidies. But do so and you will suddenly hear leading Republicans making an impassioned case for what amounts to an industrial policy.

Any corporate welfare alliance, like a tax reform alliance, must involve the Democrats, who have taken the lead on this populist issue. It was Democratic Michigan Congressman John Dingell who this summer delivered what may prove to be the decisive body blow to that corporate welfare classic, the synthetic fuels program. Unfortunately, the White House has demonstrated little interest. Even Republican congressmen who have tried to interest the White House in an assault on corporate welfare, such as James Courter of New Jersey, still have not been granted a meeting with the President.

Of course, the best way to cut spending is with the line-item veto. Yet the bitterest opponents of an item veto include Republicans who do some of the loudest wailing about the deficit: Lowell Weicker, Charles Mathias, and Mark Hatfield. A line-item veto would deprive them, in a narrow sense, of control over spending deals, and, in a broader sense, of their own importance as Reagan's key stumbling blocks, a role that wins them praise and gratitude from the Hive. Ronald Reagan called several of these men days after his surgery to plead for their votes, but was rebuffed. No, the main sponsor of the item veto is a Democrat, Senator Mack Mattingly of Georgia. The most recent convert of note is Teddy Kennedy. Kennedy sees that an item veto, in the short run, would force Reagan to put up or shut up on spending control, and, in the long run, would be a useful tool in the hands of Democratic Presidents who wanted to cut fat in social programs without hurting the poor, or slash defense spending without slashing defense. Teddy also sees an opportunity, of course, to advance his own presidential ambitions, but it is the kind of opportunity he should be encouraged to see.

On the Reagan landscape it is fall, and on the White House lawn one can already see the moldy leaves of a summer wasted on summit briefings and deficit reduction schemes.

Another issue ripe for an additive compromise: Poverty. Remember "hunger in America"? The main proposals for dealing with it now come from the likes of Jack Kemp, in the form of enterprise zones, a new homestead act,[1] education vouchers for the poor, and on and on. The Reagan tax reform would drop virtually every poor family right off the income tax rolls; these people would actually pay less than they would under the plan proposed by Democrats Bradley and Gephardt. Everyone knows liberals are against poverty, and indeed, many liberals are co-sponsors of the above initiatives. Much of the left even agrees, albeit grudgingly, with the Gilder-Murray critique of the welfare state.

So why no action? Why isn't Phil Donahue interviewing people in Grand Central Station on Jack Kemp's plan to let them own a house? Why isn't Ray Brady asking poor black mothers what they think about a proposed $500 tax cut, or free tuition vouchers to send the kids to the local Catholic school?

A handful of liberals, like the *New Republic*'s Michael Kinsley, are concerned that even these private enterprise-style programs will turn into a pork barrel. But my guess is that such liberals would quickly agree to at least a pragmatic fling if they had some confidence that, should the programs fail, conservatives would cancel them. Wasn't the Great Society itself going to be a kind of noble gamble? What really induces the left's lethargy is fear. The Hive knows that if conservatives suddenly pass a sweeping bill to help the poor, well, there goes the neighborhood. It will simply not be plausible to wave the South Bronx at conservatives while there are "Help Wanted" signs popping up all around Yankee Stadium.

Once again, the answer is an additive compromise. Tack a $10 billion jobs bill onto the Kemp proposals. Or add Gary Hart's idea to create individual training accounts for workers—or better still, a training voucher. The additive compromise is sometimes, as Burt Pines of the Heritage Foundation has said, "a kind of bribe." To get a conservative poverty program through Congress, Reagan needs a bribe—to entice the doubtful and enable the diehards to save face. The result, for the small price of a few billion, would be a revolutionary policy experiment. Liberal and conservative pundits would spend the next twenty years, of course, debating whether it was the spending program or the tax cut that revived Harlem. But this in itself would be a useful exercise.

Then we come to defense policy. As things now stand, Reagan will spend his golden years fighting for a few of Jimmy Carter's MX missiles, which, without Jimmy Carter's railroad tracks, many congressmen don't want to build, because these missiles cannot survive a Soviet attack. Meanwhile, he will fight for Star Wars research, which some congressmen will oppose because it is mere research; and others will oppose because of the ABM treaty, or because the Soviets are willing to give up a few thousand missiles if we kill Star Wars (just enough so that Moscow still enjoys an emerging first strike arsenal). But what if there were no ABM treaty, if Star Wars were not a mere research program, and if the arms deal involved our own nuclear arms?

The deal for Star Wars should involve not Soviet missiles, but American missiles. Instead of promising not to defend the country if Moscow tears up a few thousand missile warheads, Reagan should promise to tear up a few thousand warheads of our own—but defend the country whether the Russkies like it or not. A force of, say, 50 MX and 350 Midgetman missiles, 90 percent of which will survive a Soviet attack, is far better than our present force of 1,000 missiles, of which 5 percent or less will survive. And the former allows Ronald Reagan to announce that the U.S. will unilaterally begin to chop up nuclear missiles on the day our first Star Wars satellite lifts off the pad, an event that could occur in, say, early 1988.

Finally we come to foreign policy, where Reagan faces simultaneously the problems of South Africa, Nicaragua, Angola, Poland, Cambodia, and the Philippines. The answer, it seems to me, is to support freedom fighters in all such countries. Now, there is always the danger that in nations currently allied with the United States, some freedom fighters will turn out to be Marxists, i.e., fighters of freedom. Yet the risks may be worth the benefits.

In South Africa, for example, there are three possible outcomes if the U.S. increases pressure on the Botha government. Outcome one, the most likely, is that U.S. pressure produces progress towards democracy. We then get a much more stable ally and less human rights agony. Outcome two is that the government makes no progress at all, in which case at least Reagan will not be to blame. The worst outcome is the emergence of a powerful pro-Soviet movement threatening to seize power.

That third case is the crux of the matter. But surely before that takeover is complete, there will come a time of decision, in which a Marxist takeover is a clear possibility but not yet an accomplished fact. Then the appropriate group to back is neither the government nor its far-left opponents, but democrats in the government and the opposition. The political margin is this: Would the American left be willing to support U.S. intervention to prevent a far-right or far-left junta from seizing control?

Since Vietnam, the answer has usually been no. Jimmy Carter watched friendly governments fall in Iran and Nicaragua. Watching them fall was bad, but failing to oppose the Ayatollah and the Ortega junta was worse. Nothing was done, as the nature of the Sandinista regime became clear, to back the real democrats. Had Jimmy Carter opposed the Ortegas in 1980, Ronald Reagan would not have to fight them in 1985. Similarly, in 1981, the American left contested all substantial efforts to aid a fragile democracy in El Salvador, seemingly preferring a growing threat by the anti-democratic guerrillas there.

But this is the past. Jimmy Carter is not President; Ronald Reagan is. Surely Reagan would not permit a Marxist takeover in South Africa—and surely he would be in a better position to oppose it had he previously staked out his

[1]Under Kemp's bill, public housing tenants would be offered a chance to buy their dwelling at almost nothing down and low interest rates.

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opposition to apartheid. Nor, at least arguably, does Reagan face the same opposition as he once did. In 1984, Congress after much agonizing agreed to support El Salvador. In 1985, it began to back overtly the freedom fighters in Cambodia, Afghanistan, Angola. There is movement toward backing the contras in Nicaragua, though here—notably, where the hope for a democratic government is strongest—the support for freedom involves mainly bandages, condoms, and similar devices.

A broad, additive compromise would encourage this evolution among the Democrats, but so far Reagan has offered little help. He refused to appear on television on behalf of aid to the contras. This summer, before his surgery, he remained cloistered in the White House while House Democrats began the repeal of the Clark Amendment. The Gipper's only notable lobbyist for aid to the anti-Communists was George Shultz, who was in Asia poohpoohing the incipient, but significant, re-emergence of the Jackson wing.

A friend who worries about bauxite supplies and the like warned me six months ago, with unintended irony, "If we follow your advice, we'll get some pressure on Nicaragua, but we'll get sanctions on South Africa too." Today, that is what we have anyway—only our measures on behalf of freedom, both in Africa and Central America, are timid and reluctant. An additive compromise would simply mean bold support for free elections everywhere. Let us remember: The only worry conservatives have about pressuring people like Marcos and Botha is an indirect one, namely that the Soviets would benefit. But the Soviets would hardly benefit, broadly, if America reestablished a foreign policy consensus that allowed us to fight for freedom in the Philippines and Vietnam, to call both apartheid and Communism "evil." If, as a price for that policy, Reagan must make life miserable for some quasi-allies whose un-democratic systems make life miserable for Reagan, and make them weak allies anyway, it is a price worth paying.

In retrospect, then, such a left-right coalition is not only possible, but underway. Indeed, where these right-left alliances have formed, the policy result has been far more favorable than in the deals Reagan has cut with the centrist wing of his own party and the conventional wisdom brigade of the *Washington Post*. It was a Kennedy-Kemp coalition that sought to block a proposed multi-billion dollar bailout of the International Monetary Fund, opposing the IMF's self-defeating austerity schemes and the welfare provided to large U.S. banks. They lost this battle by a few votes in the House, but later combined to pressure the Agency for International Development into putting at least a little more emphasis on economic growth in Jamaica, Grenada, and Israel. A similar left-right coalition—Jesse Helms, Tom Bethell, and the *Wall Street Journal* cum Jesse Jackson, Tip O'Neill, and the *New Republic*—has for several years managed to block a bill aimed at keeping more blacks and Latinos out of the country, the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration proposal. Progress on enforcing pornography statutes now comes thanks to a coalition of feminists and New Righters. The coalition to make the Federal Reserve Bank more accountable, and less deflationary, finds the same ragtag group of Naderites and New Righters in tow. By contrast, the really disastrous compromises of recent years have found Reagan, along with the usual Republican suspects, signing on to support Simpson-Mazzoli, tax hikes, and the Fed.

Whether Mr. Reagan will or can reach out with such a bold series of initiatives is doubtful. He did not follow my wise advice of last year, or that of wiser minds—Irving Kristol, Robert Bartley, Lewis Lehrman—to run a campaign based on such ideas. So it is an uphill fight, and it may be that for these victories we must await the handsome young knight from Buffalo. And yet our aged champion, Sir Gipper of Camelot, returns now fresh and ready for battle. As he leaps back from another routine brush with death, it would be wrong to count him out.□

Peregrine Worsthorne

A TORY CRITIQUE OF NEOCONSERVATIVES

The godfather of British conservatism takes on cisatlantic godfathers.

London—Left-wing Europeans have always been anti-American and it would seem that there is now an equally silly body of prejudice forming—or rather re-forming—in the United States: that of right-wing anti-Europeanism. Nor is this body limited to the redneck philistine right which has always objected to Europe as a sink of potentially infectious corruption. Nowadays it is to be found even among—perhaps particularly among—right-wing intellectuals like Irving Kristol and Norman Podhoretz, the ones known as neoconservatives, many of whom are—or do I have to say were?—my friends. Even *The American Spectator*, at any rate in the writings of Tom Bethell, seems prepared to write off Europe more in anger than in sorrow.

Europe, they say, is dead, by which is meant "soft on Communism." According to them, Europe—i.e., Britain and Western Europe—is ripe for Russia's plucking. There is, they say, appeasement in the air, just as there was in the 1930s, and the greater distance Americans put between themselves and this pollution, the better for the United States. Now I have to say right away that this description of Europe strikes me as a travesty; no less of a travesty than the European view of Reagan's America as trigger-happy and warmongering. This European travesty of Reagan's America, however, is only held and peddled by left-wing idiots. What worries me about the new right-wing American travesty of Europe is that it is held by people whom I respect.

Perhaps I ought to explain something about myself. I am a lifelong Conservative; have no Communist past—is that to be held against me?—and would rather be dead than red. Also I love the United States, and once wrote for publication that if Britain fell under a left-wing government I would probably be prepared to spy for the CIA; become, that is, a fellow traveler of the United States. So when I say that the neoconservative ideas about contemporary Western Europe are a travesty, this is not because of any ideological disinclination to recognize the symptoms of softness on Communism when they are genuinely there. And, of course, they are genuinely there in the European peace movement at the present time. But no more so than has been the case for many years. In other words, if Europe is dead now, it has been dead for a very long time and one wonders why American neoconservatives have taken such a long time to notice.

In reality, of course, it is not the European peace movement or European unilateral thermonuclear disarmament which worries the neoconservatives. The new phenomenon to which they really object is criticism of American foreign policy from the right; from people like Sir Geoffrey Howe, the British (and very Thatcherite) Foreign Secretary, whose only sin is to disagree, quietly and discreetly, with American perceptions of the gravity of the Soviet menace. In his view, and in the view of many Tories on this side of the Atlantic, the Soviet challenge today is not so overwhelming and immediate as to require the kind of frantic response advocated by American neoconservatives.

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Is the Soviet Union, we ask, not having difficulties enough holding down Eastern Europe without trying to extend its faltering imperial sway even further into Western Europe where the ideological lure of Communism is now at an all-time low? Twenty-five years ago, when the various European nationalisms were weak, there really was good reason to suppose that significant sections of opinion would welcome the gift of Communism at the hands of the Red Army. Today, even the Communist parties are, for the most part, strongly anti-Russian. Nor, judging by Soviet difficulties in Afghanistan, still unsubdued after five years, does the Red Army seem all that much of an invincible conquering force. Only a mad Soviet leader, therefore—given all the other problems of the Soviet empire—would choose to launch an attack on Western Europe, and although much can be said against the post-Stalinist system, madness is not one of its characteristics.

Nor do Europeans find the scale of Soviet adventurism in Africa, or of its success, all that sinister or alarming. As for the Middle East, Soviet restraint is actually rather encouraging, not to say exemplary. Worst news of all from the Russian point of view—or so it seems to us Europeans—is the extraordinary growth of nationalism all over the world, quite replacing Communism as the plausible wave of the future. Such an estimate of the Soviet danger may be wrong. But the point I am trying to emphasize is that it does not spring from any sympathy for Communism; from any reluctance in principle to envisage the use of force; from any ideological anti-Americanism; or from the general malaise of defeatism which I take to be what American neoconservatives mean by describing Europe as dead.

As it happens, this particular right-wing attitude to the Soviet Union springs from European confidence rather than European despair; from a growing belief that Communism is not the wave of the future which it was once assumed to be; from, if anything, too little fear of the Soviet Union rather than too much. Intellectually, this view may be foolish. But it is not morally suspect. Perhaps our heads need examining; but not our hearts.

It could be, for example, that my own particular reason for not wanting to react too toughly at the moment to the various Soviet transgressions will turn out to be a bit naive. It is simply that there seem to me encouraging signs at present that the peoples of Western and Eastern Europe are beginning to grow together, *in spite of politics*. One sees this process most dramatically in Vienna where coachloads of visitors from both East and West Europe regularly intermingle. To any European this is an immensely moving spectacle, and I do not want to see the West do anything *unnecessary* to provoke the Soviet Union into bloody-mindedly putting a stop to it. But I refuse to concede that such a concern on my part has anything to do with my having gone soft on Communism. It is just that those of us who live in Europe are bound to give greater emphasis to any hopeful sign of a coming together of the two parts than if one lives on the other side of the Atlantic.

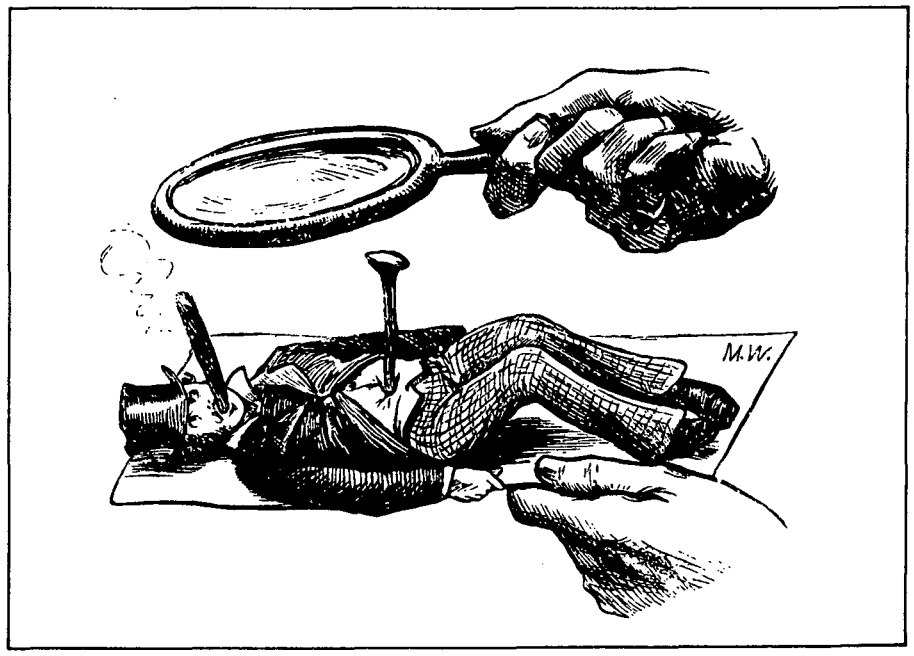
I cannot believe that such differences between Europe and the United States—most of which are explicable in terms of history and geography—are enough to justify us Europeans being written off as dead. Surely there must be some other reason for this American neoconservative antipathy, and my explanation, for what it is worth, is that American neoconservatives are trying to blacken Europe's character so as to justify the United States leaving us in the lurch. To put it bluntly, the name of the game is isolationism, or more precisely, America Firstism. America wants out of Europe; and the best way to justify withdrawal is to argue that Europe is not worth defending or bothering about because it is a rotting corpse; even worse than not worth defending, positively contaminating, since too much contact with the corpse might infect the United States as well. In other words, all this neoconservative talk of European decadence is so much alibi-building so as to provide the United States with a moral justification for going it alone.

Conceivably the United States would be better off "going it alone," better off in the sense of being better able to promote its own national interest. Allies may be more of a liability than an asset. But not, in my view, for the kind of reasons given by the neoconservatives: namely, that the allies have gone soft on Communism. That argument is a cheat. The allies are just as determined to resist the Soviet Union as ever they were. All that is new now is that they are not as prepared as they once were to agree wholeheartedly with American methods. Far from this independent-mindedness being a moral infection from which the United States should run, it is an intellectual stimulus and challenge which the U.S. should welcome. Or if the U.S. does not like independent-minded allies, let the objection be stated in that form, rather than dressed up in a lot of nonsense about the allies having succumbed to the sickness of appeasement and pacifism.

Here, I think, we come to the crux: that the neoconservative complaint about Europe is not really that it is dead, but that it is far too much alive for America's comfort; too independent-minded. Stated in that form the criticism is at least arguable. It may very well be true that the Western European allies are now more of a source of weakness for the United States than strength; at any rate diplomatically. That is to say, they often pipe up at awkward moments with unwelcome comments on American policies, as happened recently in the case of the Strategic Defense Initiative which Sir Geoffrey Howe tactlessly—but altogether justifiably—compared to France's pre-war attempt to gain total defensive invulnerability through building the ill-starred Maginot Line. Other examples of allied back-sliding are all too easy to enumerate: over the oil pipeline, over Middle East policy, over trading with the Soviet Union, over Grenada, and, most recently and most provocatively, over Central America. Given such troublesome allies, it seems to me perfectly reasonable for Americans to ask: Would not the United States be better able to fight back Soviet expansionism on its own, without having to bother about carrying reluctant allies along with her?

When I say that the neoconservative ideas about contemporary Western Europe are a travesty, this is not because of any ideological disinclination to recognize the symptoms of softness on Communism when they are genuinely there.

In this respect, I admit, there really is a big difference between today and the postwar period when the allies were too weak and dependent ever to say "nay" to anything very important which the United States wanted to do—such nay-saying as there was in those days being much more on the U.S. side, as in 1956 when the British were stopped by the United States from successfully invading Egypt to put an end to Colonel Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal. Indeed, in those days—until the mid-seventies—the allies did not want to say "nay," since they saw the world situation in much the same way as did the United States. Thus alliances, in those days, constituted no kind of restraint on the use of American power; quite the opposite, since alliances, in effect, gave a respectably multilateral legitimacy to what, in effect, was unilateral American action, as in Korea and even in Vietnam where allied troops also fought alongside Americans. If the United States were to get involved militarily in Central America today, however, there would be no equivalent allied troops fighting alongside; and probably no diplomatic backing either. In other words, whereas alliances once upon a time facilitated what was, to all intents and purposes, American unilateralism, today they tend sometimes to be more a hindrance than a help. That is why, of course, Democratic party opponents of the energetic use of American power are nowadays all for alliances, precisely because concerted action in present circumstances is often the equivalent of no action, or at any rate, delayed and possibly half-hearted action. →



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The traditional American suspicion of entangling alliances was that the European powers would drag the United States into wars. Today, at least among American neoconservatives, the fear is that entangling European alliances delay or stop the United States from fighting wars, or at any rate the world-wide cold war. And there is some truth in this fear. For there is, as I say, a difference in perception between the two sides of the Atlantic about the magnitude and urgency of the Soviet menace; a difference which prompts the European allies to be less easily convinced than are the American neoconservatives of the necessity to stamp out every Communist growth anywhere in the world, even if this means, say, using right-wing dictatorship to do the job. Here again, the neoconservative view seems to us Europeans somewhat far-fetched, and difficult to go along with.

As we understand it, their view is that Communist totalitarianism, rather like AIDS, constitutes a uniquely dangerous threat, since any country once infected with the dread virus can never hope to recover. Thus the United States, as the main, indeed the only, serious defender of freedom in the world, has a specially urgent responsibility, if not right, to intervene to stop countries going Communist wherever that can be done without too much danger of provoking thermonuclear war—another condition almost as terminal. Without wanting in any way to play down the Orwellian 1984-ish side of Communism, cannot we Europeans legitimately point out that this apocalyptic view of the effect of Communism does not seem to be borne out much by what has been happening recently in Eastern and Central Europe, in particular in Poland, where some centers of power, other than the Communist party—church, trade unions, even press—do seem to have escaped the totalitarian maw? Admittedly Castro's Cuba is repressive to a degree that Pinochet's Chile is not. But will it remain so after Castro is dead? Communism, except in Russia—not even in China—does not seem to us quite that uniquely dreadful threat that it once appeared to be, and I suspect that the more the virus is exposed to different climes, the weaker it will become, to the point where its capacity to spread to, and dominate, all parts of the body politic will be much less than was once feared. But how much does this European skepticism matter to the United States? Is the frustration caused all that serious? Would the United States, once freed from this entangling alliance, really be all that better off in the battle against world Communism?

In strict *Realpolitik* terms, possibly she would be, in the sense of being able to pursue United States national interests without regard to any other considerations. Physically speaking, the United States gains very little by continuing to station troops in Berlin or South Korea. So long as the U.S. remains very strong and very determined, she can indeed make a case for telling the rest of the world to get lost. But is that what most Americans would want their government to do? Would most Americans really want to see the U.S. withdraw from NATO just because the European allies show increasing signs of not being prepared always to toe Washington's line? A great many, one suspects, might take the view that allies cannot be expected to be satellites and that a certain amount of argument and dissension is the inevitable—indeed desirable—price which any true leader of the free world must not only expect to pay but actually welcome paying, provided, of course, that the criticism is made in good faith. On the other hand, if European awkwardness does not spring from good faith but from incipient neutralism, then the case for the United States withdrawing from NATO really does make much more sense. In other words, an essential pre-condition for justifying a strong "America First" policy is to convince the American people that Europe is dead.

America First nationalism may or may not be a good idea. My own feeling is that an alliance of free nations, of which the United States is only *primus inter pares*, is a much superior idea, and one much more truly in line with American values and character. But those who take the other view—namely, that the Soviet Union is now such a deadly enemy that the United States can only avoid being overwhelmed by renouncing the luxury of alliances—really should not try to distort the issue by portraying Europe as having changed color: gone pink or red, just because we do not see eye to eye with the likes of Norman Podhoretz, Richard Pipes, or Jeane Kirkpatrick.

What worries me about this group is not so much their views as the fanatical intensity with which they are expressed and the contemptuous impatience reserved for anyone bold enough to contradict. (The only Englishmen they regard as sound are Paul Johnson, Hugh Thomas, and Lord Chalfont.) During a recent East-West conference in London the American ambassador there gave a luncheon for Jeane Kirkpatrick, one of the participants, to which he invited a few English Tories—including myself—assumed to be roughly of the same political persuasion as the guest of honor. All went well until over the coffee I mildly suggested that it might be a good idea if Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who had dominated the conversation, talked a little less grandiloquently about freedom and democracy because there was no agreed sense in the West as to what these terms actually meant. Instead of reacting to this tease in a friendly way, she angrily asked the ambassador, "Who the hell is this guy?" very much implying by her tone that there must be something wrong with the embassy security arrangements for such a subversive to have got in. If this is how she treats someone roughly on her side, then one dreads to think what those Third World representatives at the United Nations—with even less recognizable names than mine—have had to put up with.

Neoconservatives really should make a greater imaginative effort to understand how genuinely questionable is much of their foreign policy; questionable in the sense of contradicting—indeed undermining—the very principle of non-intervention which used to be regarded as the most important principle of order in an international society of sovereign states. At least when the European great powers in the nineteenth century tried to run a world order on behalf of civilization they did so on the clear and unequivocal basis of imperial conquest. That is to say, they planted their flags on territories judged to be strategically or economically crucial and claimed, henceforth, that such territories legally belonged to them. Natives who violently challenged these claims were declared to be rebels.

The United States, however, does not believe in imperialism; never has, having had to fight for its own national independence against an imperial power. Indeed, after the Second World War, the United States exploited her newfound strength, and Europe's newfound weakness, to help break up the old empires. Anglo-French suzerainty over the Middle East, for example, was finally broken by President Eisenhower's opposition to the 1956 Suez operation when the United States stood firmly and furiously for Egypt's right of national self-determination and was wholly unresponsive to Sir Anthony Eden's claim that Arab nationalism would in the end serve the imperial purposes of the Soviet Union. Such arguments, President Eisenhower replied, were just specious excuses for British imperialism.

Now, of course, having helped to break up the European empires, the U.S. finds itself having to run a world order on its own, but without the benefit of any clear-cut imperial justification. She does not claim, for example, to "own" Nicaragua as the British claimed to "own" Nigeria, or to "own" Lebanon as the British claimed to "own" Sudan. So what right has the United States to intervene in Nicaragua or Lebanon? The Reaganite answer seems to be: so as to stop the spread of Soviet Communism and therefore preserve freedom in the world. But what if these interventions on behalf of world freedom occasionally involve propping up military dictatorships? Oh, well, right-wing dictatorships are less permanent than left-wing ones, *vide* Mrs. Kirkpatrick's distinctions between authoritarianism and totalitarianism.

One does not need to be a Communist sympathizer to see that these neoconservative justifications for the exercise of American power outside U.S. borders really are a bit unsatisfactory, since they seem, in effect, to argue that everybody interested in freedom should put America's security interests first, and if they don't, then they can't be interested in freedom. Thus it becomes the duty of the rest of the world slavishly to follow America's lead, since such subservience to the United States is the only way to preserve freedom; and because peoples who don't go along with this doctrine by definition can't be concerned about freedom, they don't deserve to be treated as independent.

What all this amounts to, in effect, is a new theory of imperialism disguised as a crusade for freedom. No, this is not meant to be snide. I quite understand how a liberal country, such as the United States, dedicated to the principles of national self-determination, freedom, democracy, can find itself imposing its will abroad (i.e., behaving *imperially*) in what it perceives to be the interest of civilization, since this was precisely Britain's

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fate, too, the only difference being that we got round the contradiction between theory and practice by calling it the white man's burden. Given the anti-imperialist bias of the American nation, these kinds of obfuscations are much less easy for you to get away with than they were for us and, in any case, the international intellectual fashion has changed out of all recognition since the nineteenth century. So it really should not be at all surprising—still less shocking—if allies occasionally demur over U.S. interventions as they did over the Grenada invasion and would over anything similar in Nicaragua. Truth to tell, what the Europeans are doing to the United States in the 1980s is very much the same as what the United States did to the Europeans in the 1950s, at the time of Suez: warn against, and refuse to go along with, imperial blunderings which tend to ignore genuine and legitimate national or sectional aspirations; and if what the Europeans are doing today is pro-Communist then the same accusation must be leveled against Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles for what they did then.

Come to think of it, the neoconservatives probably do accuse Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles of being pro-Communist, which prompts me to conclude with an impertinent query: Could it just be that the real problem is not so much that Europe is dead as that American neoconservatives are not quite grown up? □

Doug Bandow

SUN CITY FOR SOCIAL SECURITY

Bipartisan quick fixes won't keep the checks coming.

Two years ago House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Rules Committee Chairman Claude Pepper, along with Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole and a herd of other congressional leaders, stood smiling at each other in the Rose Garden as President Reagan signed into law a $165 billion Social Security tax increase. With the Social Security system facing imminent insolvency, a bipartisan whirlwind had pushed through the recommendations of the National Commission on Social Security Reform in just three months. The legislation, Reagan said, "demonstrates for all time our nation's ironclad commitment to Social Security."

Washington's political establishment was supremely smug about having saved the system: House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski modestly declared that "we have reason to be very proud of ourselves." The *Washington Post* enthused that the process was something to reflect upon "if you get discouraged from time to time about government's inability to deal with the hard problems."

In fact, the solution "for all time" is likely to last little longer than the bail-out legislation of 1977, which was to have safeguarded the financial soundness of Social Security through the year 2030. What was then the largest tax increase in American history—$227 billion worth—was also hailed as a bipartisan triumph. Alas, the year 2030 came some 47 years early, and we should not be surprised if "for all time" comes to an end sooner than expected as well. According to a report by the Committee for Economic Development, a New York-based organization composed of business executives, university presidents, and other civic leaders, if the economy performs even slightly less robustly than Congress assumed it would perform when it passed the 1983 legislation, the system may "be threatened again with insolvency before the end of this decade."

The prime architects of the "for all time" solution, of course, remain optimistic. Congressman Pepper's aides say that he is not concerned about another solvency crisis, and Senator Dole says that the trust fund reserves, though low, "should be sufficient to ensure that benefits are paid through the 1980s." OMB spokesman Ed Dale says that it would take a drastic worsening of the economy to get the system into trouble, particularly because of the automatic cut in the cost-of-living adjustment (COLA) if the trust fund reserves drop severely. As a result, he says, he doesn't "regard solvency as something to worry about."

On the other hand, Phil Moseley, an aide to Republican Congressman William Archer, says that another financial crisis remains a real possibility. Archer first raised this concern while serving on the Commission in 1983; the COLA provision, Moseley says, is not necessarily enough. And a knowledgeable Senate Finance Committee staffer, who asked not to be named, agrees, saying that in a bad enough recession even a COLA freeze won't save the system.

Others express doubts about the bipartisan remedy as well. Laurie Fiori of the American Association of Retired People says that at the time there was a "great deal of anxiety" at the AARP over whether the bailout package would be sufficient. The reserve margins are dangerously thin, she adds, and should the economy not perform, "we could be in the soup again."

Indeed, former White House aide Peter Ferrara, whose proposal for Social Security reform was rejected out of hand by the Administration last fall, points out that even the 1984 Annual Report of the Board of Trustees for Social Security acknowledges that another recession could wreck the system. And shortly after the 1983 measure was passed, Richard S. Foster, the system's deputy chief actuary, distributed a memorandum which declared:

> If actual growth is more rapid in 1983, but then restricted by another recession within the next few years, the trust funds would be in a worse financial position than indicated under the pessimistic assumptions. . . .Depletion of the . . . trust funds would be very likely under these conditions and could conceivably occur within a few years from now.

The reason the system could get in trouble for the third time in barely more than a decade is that the 1983 legislation was designed not to remedy the severe defects in the design of the system, but to save the political hides of the President and Congress. Social Security remains a pay-as-you-go program with an aging population, a potential fiscal disaster when the baby boom generation reaches retirement age.

Most insiders seem to hope that the system will scrape by through 1990, when scheduled higher tax rates are expected to build up a substantial surplus that will carry the system into the next century. "The nineties will be more comfortable," says one Administration official. Yet that comfort may last only a few years; A. Haeworth Robinson, a former chief actuary of the system, told Congress in 1983 that its proposals did "not even come close to resolving Social Security's financial problems—except those . . . for the next seven years. To resolve the longer range financial problems, the tax rate would have to rise considerably above its currently scheduled level."

Unfortunately, what politicians have yet to address is that as long as Social Security is not set up on an actuarially sound basis, it will remain vulnerable to economic and demographic changes. This uncertainty caused the Commission great difficulty even in estimating the magnitude of the problem in 1983; the cumulative deficit forecasts for 1990 ranged between $50 billion and $450 billion, causing Commission Chairman Alan Greenspan to declare:

> It's very easy to move this cumulative deficit

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by $100 billion, and so it's possible to get, you know, really very substantial numbers which I don't think we ought to as a commission try to close, and that's sort of why I would come out subscribing to the way Bob Beck [a fellow commissioner] puts it, that we sort of stipulate that the number is 150 to 200 billion dollars.

Even if the Commission made the best guess then possible when it chose to "sort of stipulate" the size of the deficit, reality may turn out to be far different, depending on the performance of the economy. For example, the Commission's recommendations were based on mildly "pessimistic" predictions of the inflation rate falling to 4 percent—forever. And the unemployment rate dropping to 5.5 percent, real wage growth increasing at one percent annually, and productivity climbing 1.9 percent—all forever. Yet just five years ago we had back-to-back years of double-digit inflation; unemployment hasn't been as low as 5.5 percent since 1973. Real wages have declined slightly over the past 15 years and fell 1.6 percent between 1978 and 1982 alone; productivity grew only 1.2 percent annually during the 1970s. Thus, if past experience is any indication, the system will continue to face deficits, not surpluses, and the red ink could become truly catastrophic; a drop in real wage rates alone could double the projected deficit.

The fertility- and death-rate projections underlying the 1983 bail-out are also suspect. The Commission predicted the fertility rate would climb in the future, even though it has fallen over the past two centuries. Richard Rahn, chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, argues that as barriers to women entering the work force, particularly in high wage jobs, continue to be removed—thus increasing the "opportunity cost of women dropping out to have a child"—the birthrate will further decline. The Commission also assumed that the increase in life expectancy will slow down (Americans live an average of fourteen years longer than when Social Security was first enacted). But medical advances continue to accelerate.

Even if the Commission's assumptions hold up, the surplus that is to accumulate before the end of this century may not last long enough to fund benefits in the next century. Given the political nature of the system, and the pressure to increase benefits (pressure that caused Congress and President Nixon to approve a 20-percent benefit hike in 1972 and Reagan and Congress to waive the 3-percent COLA threshold in late 1983), any surplus probably will be spent. If nothing else, it might be used to bail out Medicare, which will face an estimated $250 billion cumulative deficit by 1995. In that case, the huge Social Security deficits projected by the Commission to occur in the next century will go unfunded that much sooner. The question, then, is not whether Social Security will go under—but when.

The only long-term solution to the crisis is to split the welfare and retirement aspects of Social Security. This is not a new idea; proposals to privatize Social Security's retirement function and to shift its welfare role to general assistance programs go back more than twenty years. Unfortunately, politicians foolish enough to use the words "Social Security" and "voluntary" in the same sentence—Barry Goldwater in 1964 and Ronald Reagan in 1976, in particular—were punished at the polls.

But that was before the proliferation of individual retirement accounts —IRAs—in this country, which has given new meaning to the term "voluntary." With the American public's general acceptance of IRAs, the opportunity now exists to sell a major reform plan to stem the red ink. For example, the young could be allowed to use expanded IRAs, or some other actuarially sound vehicle, to guarantee their retirement incomes, while a pay-as-you-go income transfer system, like welfare, was used to protect those unable to save for the future or to take care of themselves when they became elderly. Allowing the young to get out of Social Security, at least partially, would provide them a better return on their retirement investment while reducing the future obligations of the system.

One of the most realistic proposals along this line comes from Peter Ferrara, author of *Social Security: The Inherent Contradiction*. Ferrara would guarantee benefits to current retirees by issuing them a government bond, allaying fears that their retirement lifeline will be cut. Workers would be allowed to invest in a "Super IRA" and to take a credit against their income tax equivalent to 20 percent of their Social Security taxes paid; they could direct their employers to make a similar contribution, with the employer receiving the tax credit. The worker's future Social Security benefits would be reduced proportionally by his IRA investment. (Ferrara would also eventually allow an additional 10-percent credit for IRA contributions with which to purchase life insurance.)

The distinguishing feature of Ferrara's proposal—which is being promoted by such groups as Citizens for a Sound Economy and the Heritage Foundation—is that Social Security taxes would be left untouched, to forestall any public perception that the system was being tampered with. It is, in his view, far more salable politically than earlier proposals to phase out the system entirely.

It is not surprising that Social Security reform had no chance of going anywhere last election year. But in the future a plan relying on IRAs, like Ferrara's, to separate the retirement and welfare functions of Social Security at least partially, may become a serious option. Indeed, in one sense it is the Administration's only option: Unless Reagan plans to do nothing, thereby joining the usual gaggle of Social Security groupies and pollyannas in ignoring the system's slow slide over a financial cliff, the Ferrara plan is the only way around the President's pledge last year not to cut benefits or to raise taxes. (The much-discussed freeze on this year's COLA increase—which appears dead—would not ensure the long-term solvency of the system.)

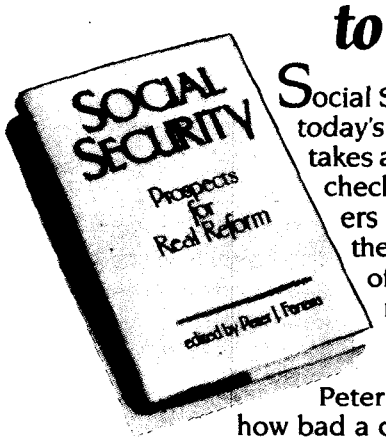
As for Congress, which is, if anything, more reluctant than Reagan to target benefits, the plan offers a relatively painless solution to a very painful problem. Senator Dole said he supported the 1983 bail-out package because he was "not aware of any major financing proposal or alternative financing package that could have gained bipartisan support. The votes were just not there for enacting larger benefit reductions, larger tax increases, or general revenue financing." Ferrara's plan, because it would do none of these, would stand a good chance of being taken seriously.

But many roadblocks remain. The first is simply the sense that America's retirement lifeline is being severed; the AARP's Fiori says that there will always be a great deal of anxiety among beneficiaries to preserve the system, which creates "built-in resistance to change." One Administration official observed that there is a distinct split even between conservative intellectuals and conservative politicians, and that "among the latter there is no constituency for a radical transformation of Social Security."

Another problem is the deficit. A sympathetic White House aide, who asked not to be identified, says that if the IRA idea had been proposed in 1937, or even 1950, it would have been "terrific." But he doubts that any politician is willing to worry about making the system more sound in fifty years—which Ferrara's plan would do—when he has to worry about the revenue loss from the income tax credit next year. Similarly, OMB's Dale maintains that "anything that increases the budget deficit would have a couple strikes against it."

Nonetheless, Ferrara remains optimistic. His proposal would increase the overall budget deficit only by a relatively small amount, and only in the short-term. If the 20-percent retirement option were in effect this year, and people on average took advantage of half the permissible level (which is probably optimistic), the government would "lose" $14.5 billion. More important, by cutting Social Security payments in the long run, the plan

The Baby Boomers' Answer to Social Security?



Social Security is an increasingly bad deal for today's young workers. The payroll tax today takes a greater bite out of most workers' paychecks than the income tax, yet many workers will get less out of the system than they put into it. Polls show that 75 percent of young people don't trust Social Security to provide for their retirement, a fact reflected in the millions of new IRAs opened every year. In this book Peter Ferrara and other authors show just how bad a deal Social Security is and how much more a private retirement system could offer. Ferrara proposes a fundamental reform: a Super IRA that would guarantee today's elderly the benefits they are expecting, while giving young workers the option to choose a secure, private plan.

"The only realistic blueprint for dealing with the Social Security crisis." —Stephen Chapman, *Chicago Tribune*

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would eventually reduce government spending.

Ferrara sees the "Super IRA" as the only reform package likely to appeal to the young of all ideological stripes. Workers now entering the system apparently harbor few illusions about the value of their forced "contributions"; one Administration official admits there is widespread skepticism among the young about whether they will ever receive any Social Security benefits. "There is evidence," he says, "that the young are worried and might be open" to such an idea.

Younger Americans, in other words, are realizing that they are the final losers in a fifty-year Ponzi scheme. The early investors—the elderly now on Social Security—are getting between 2.7 and five times as much as they and their employers contributed, plus interest. And, despite the widespread myth to the contrary, the recipients of this windfall are not poor; nearly one-third of all Social Security payments currently go to families with incomes above $30,000 a year.

By contrast, what will the young get back when they retire? Anthony Pellachio, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services for Income Security, calculates that depending on the beneficiary's salary history, a 25-year-old male will lose between $9,780 and $80,175 (in current dollars), and a similarly situated female will at best gain $2,857 and could lose as much as $56,920. That's not much of a return on an average of $300,000 in forced contributions. What's more, for the young today to collect *anything*, coming generations could well have to contribute far more in taxes to Social Security than is currently planned—potentially 35 to 40 percent of their incomes—just to keep the system afloat.

Can this message be transmitted not only to the young, but to everyone concerned about generational fairness? Can we reform the system before it destroys us? Rahn, of the Chamber of Commerce, thinks a plan like Ferrara's is "probably too complex to explain simply in a political world," but that it may be adopted in an ad hoc fashion as IRAs are gradually expanded and Social Security benefit growth is slowed in real terms. Adds the AARP's Fiori, "Obviously, incremental changes in the program are easier to achieve than radical changes," and according to Susan Dower, formerly with the House Republican Conference, a "grassroots educational program" could prepare the groundwork for such reform.

Ultimately, of course, prospects for genuine reform will depend on Ronald Reagan. Last year, before the campaign heated up, Reagan called the 1983 tax increase a "temporary fix," and warned the system may eventually confront a "day of reckoning." He concluded that "what we need to do is a revamping of the program," though "we must never pull the rug out from current beneficiaries." Now that he no longer has to worry about another election, he has the best opportunity yet to defuse an issue that has bedeviled him since he first suggested, two decades ago, that the system be made voluntary. □

Brenda L. Becker

BERNARD NATHANSON'S HIGH TECH HERESIES

Playing at an Ethical Culture Society near you, in ultrasound.

Until recently, the two armed camps in the abortion debate had, for me at least, one thing in common: Both had upon numerous occasions insulted my intelligence. The pro-abortion crowd, with their doubletalk about the "contents of the uterus," all seemed to suffer bouts of ethical epilepsy; I had yet to meet one who could define for me the exact moment or physiological change that turned "reproductive choice" into infanticide. (Their definitions of viability were even flimsier; most would have excluded toddlers and anesthetized surgical patients from the ranks of the living.) And the pro-lifers I'd encountered were grass-roots enthusiasts who appeared content to wallow in sentiment. As medical advances like fetal surgery and in-vitro fertilization brought us deeper into ludicrous paradoxes (like saving preemies young enough to be aborted, and fighting for the legal rights of zygotes), they went on handing out their blurry broadsheets and marching around clinics. Then came Bernard Nathanson, M.D.

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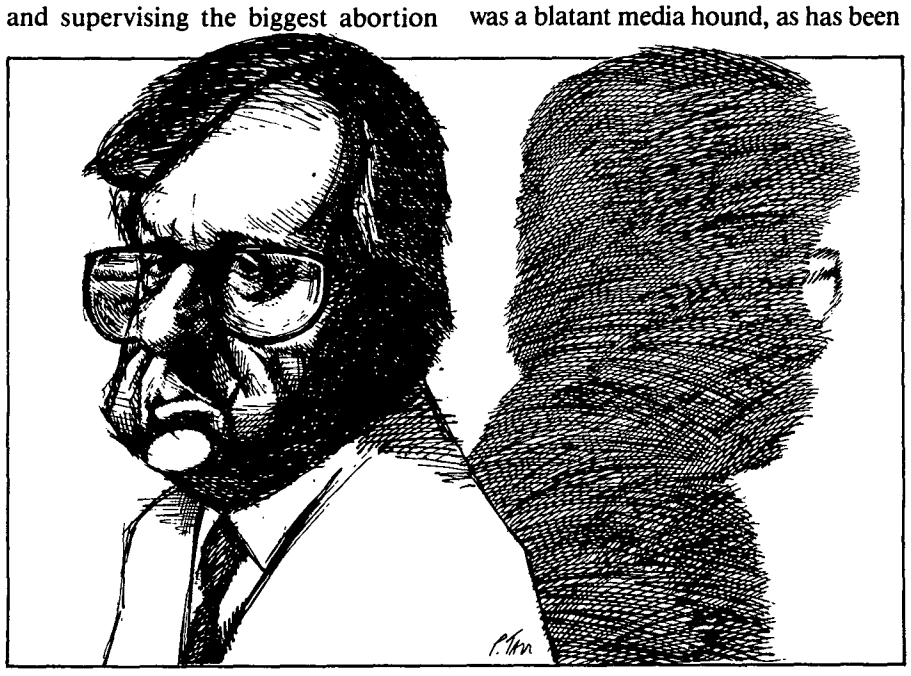
I first learned about Nathanson in an unlikely place: *New York*, the glossy weekly for would-be Yuppies. Their profile article had obviously begun as a routine hatchet job on the Right-to-Life movement's most prized convert—a man who decided, after helping to found the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL) in the sixties, and supervising the biggest abortion mill in the country, that he had, in his own words, "presided over 60,000 deaths." Yet the article wound up as a near-tribute to the renegade obstetrician who has almost singlehandedly thrown the left into a defensive frenzy with his videotaped ultrasound scan of an actual abortion, *The Silent Scream.*

The man intrigued me. Even if he was a blatant media hound, as has been charged, there was some bizarre courage involved in ostracizing yourself so completely from all the best New York parties. I also wanted to see the film, if only because the feminist establishment has howled it down as the most dangerous piece of propaganda since *Triumph of the Will.*



I saw the film twice—once at a pro-life rally and once in a nest of pro-choicers. Then I sat and talked to the man who's being glorified and vilified for the rather simple act of showing what an abortion looks like. The experience convinced me of one thing: The wretched debate is entering a new phase that will utterly flummox the media with its complexity, which is to say they will largely ignore it. And it will make the old picket lines and shouting matches, the coat hangers versus the crucified baby dolls, look like child's play.

It is a raw night in late April, and I am sitting in a pew of St. John the Baptist Church in Yonkers, New York. *The Silent Scream* is on tonight's agenda of the parish pro-life committee, along

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with a live appearance by its narrator, Bernard Nathanson.

He's late. The crowd waiting patiently is about three-quarters female and middle-aged, with a smattering of Nice Young Couples in jeans and nylon windbreakers. The folk group regales us with an atrocious pro-life song of their own composing; still no Dr. Nathanson. Finally, we go ahead without him, after being informed that the Blessed Sacrament has been reposed in the chapel. Good thing, I guess; what follows is strong stuff.

Strong, and flawed. The clips I've seen of *Scream* showed a fuzzy bobbling form that could have been a fetus—or just about anything else. Here, on a large screen, the images gain startlingly in clarity and impact. And the narration nails the congregants to their pews.

Nathanson, dapper and owlish, delivers it with laser-cool intensity. "When I was a medical student in 1949," he intones, "we had no such science as fetology. We were taught that the unborn child was *something* in the uterus—but it was really an article of faith as to whether or not it was a human being. But the whole story has changed since the 1970s."

He goes on to list the window-to-the-womb technologies "so discerning that the tiny valves of the heart can be studied as they snap open and shut. Those technologies have convinced us that beyond question the unborn child is simply another member of the human community, indistinguishable in every way from any of us."

If this audience was not already convinced, it soon would be. "Now for the first time, we have the technology to see abortion from the victim's vantage point. Through ultrasound, we are going to watch a child being torn apart, dismembered, disarticulated, crushed, and destroyed by the unfeeling steel instruments of the abortionist."

Aside from the soft clacking of the projector, you could hear a holy card drop. He presses on with a clinical description of dilation and curettage, holding tenaculum and dilators aloft disdainfully for the camera. We proceed to watch an abortion, and it's a stomach-turner.

At first, the ultrasound image is hard to sort out. But as minutes elapse, the pulsing contours become easier to identify, and it's sort of elating. (Whispered cries of "There it is!" punctuate the dark.) "We can see the child moving rather serenely in the uterus," Nathanson says. Enter the suction tip, a stark white rod at bottom screen. "As it moves toward the child, the child will rear away from it and undergo much more violent, agitated movements." Sure enough, the fetal image contracts like a poked sea creature, clambering up the far side of the womb. The little convulsion is eerily purposeful—and unquestionably a response to an outside stimulus.

The suction tip flashes across the grainy screen. Freeze frame: "Once again, we see the child's mouth wide open in a silent scream. . . . It senses aggression in its sanctuary." I squint hard: This so-called scream provoked the biggest outcry of charlatanism, and in this image as porous as coral, I admit I'm at a loss to discern it. This hyperbolic sticking point is maddeningly superfluous; what follows shakes us up far more than any alleged micro-scream.

"The heart has speeded up; the child is being pulled in a downward direction, and the body is now being torn systematically from the head." Sickened groans; the instrument shadow yanks and tugs. Finally the free-floating head, a pathetic wandering golf ball on a gray sand trap, is extracted by forceps. "Now all we see remaining," says the voice-over, "are the shards, the pieces of tissue, that document that there was once a living, defenseless, tiny human being here."

As the lights go up, these parishioners seem ready to run out and give their life savings to the cause. Myself, I find there's one picture I can't get out of my mind; not the babies in bottles, not even the unnerving grappling on the ultrasound, but a brief shot of that woman lying in stirrups, her body jiggling as the suction machine chugs between her legs as insistently as a Roto-Rooter. It is an image of utterly pure and sanitized *violence*; nothing, not even the hacking of a saw through diseased bone, could seem so antithetical to the concept of healing, to the ancient dictate of *primum non nocere*. The scene looked like a Black Mass of medicine, savagely parodying the prostrate sacrifice of childbirth. It looked like—rape.

Nathanson's arrival at St. John's gets a standing ovation and much earnest fawning. He is impeccably clad in cream jacket and chocolate tie; he is also astoundingly articulate and a shameless showman. He tells us that abortion is not just a Catholic issue or he wouldn't be here, because he is an atheist; later, he deftly fends off a daft little old lady who harangues him for neglecting to mention that "abortion is an attack on the life of almighty God." After receiving their zillionth red-rose lapel pins, he and his lovely wife head home to their Chelsea townhouse.

The next time I see *Scream*, the scene has changed to the gentrified brownstone neighborhood of Park Slope, Brooklyn. The ladies of the Brooklyn Pro-Choice Network have gathered in the basement of the Ethical Culture Society (where else?) to view the loathed film and screen a Planned Parenthood rebuttal. Nathanson boasts correctly that he's moved the fight onto his turf; it's a bristling bunch.

These central-casting feminists are a predictable lot. The required facial expression is one of sardonic boredom, usually assumed while droning about how "exciting" something is. Little makeup to be seen, but many workboots and scrubby antique clothes.

We start out on an objective note. "The alleged science shown in this film is laughable; feel free to laugh," sneers our young moderator. As the film progresses, a tide of nervous, derisive giggling ripples through the room. The word "fetology" is a hoot, for reasons unclear. All the weak spots I noticed subliminally in the first showing—the somewhat sappy music, the soft-focus shots of sad post-abortion women who look like feminine-freshness commercial actresses, an absurd allegation of a link between the Mob and the abortion industry—are greeted with contemptuous snorts.

This derogatory soundtrack ceases, in fact, at only two points. As we watch the fetus squirm at the instrument's touch, a stout granola-fed baby in a Snugli sets up a howl. It is hustled away, but its shrieks still filter through the narration, and there is much shuffling and throat-clearing. Later, the snickering starts again as Nathanson says, "The abortionist and the anesthesiologist have a secret language between them, which shields them from the grisly reality of what is going on." Then the snickers die: "They refer to the head of the child, which is now being sought, as 'number one.' And the anesthesiologist will inquire of the abortionist, 'Is number one out yet? Are we finished?'"

Next, we see Planned Parenthood's film, a bland collection of "experts" who offer unsubstantiated complaints about a number of technicalities. None tries to deny the stuff about the fetus being ripped apart. Our live rebuttal speaker is a local ob/gyn named Vicki Alexander. Dr. Vicki, who nobly assures us that she just *loves* to deliver babies, proceeds to tear that old film to bits. "Notice how he uses large terms to set himself up as an expert," she says. "And his voice goes *up* and *down*." Ah, yes, we nod; most deceptive. "And by the way, we don't use those forceps at a 12-week abortion. You don't have to 'crush the head.' The head is very malleable, and it just sorta slides right out."

Bernard Nathanson and I sit across a mahogany desk from each other in his unpretentiously posh office on the Upper East Side. The patients and the nurse have gone home for the day; the suave and outrageous pundit, suffering jetlag from a European tour with the video in tow, rubs watery eyes and puts his feet up on his desk. Here is what looks like a very tired Jewish doctor inching past middle age.

He is initially cagey; the

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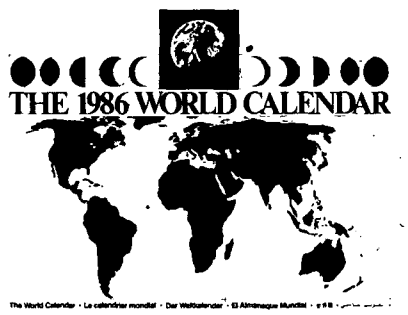

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"megapress" is his Moby Dick. I warm him up a little with the story about the head sliding right out.

"Yes, I'm told that NARAL and NOW are mounting a campaign to bring out all their women who've had abortions," he chuckles, "which of course is morally and medically irrelevant. How can we present our victims? They're all dead. Have you seen the rebuttal film? Six talking heads."

Now he's rolling, stabbing a pencil irritably at a prescription pad. "You'd think the rebuttal film would use the same technology I did—'Nathanson's totally wrong; here's our film.' Of course, all the movies made of it are repulsive. If they think they're going to see the fetus slide down the suction tube smiling and waving as it goes into the bloody sponge, they'll have a monumental surprise."

I mention the clamor over Reagan's comment about the unborn feeling excruciating pain during abortion, a charge whose veracity has bogged down in endless arguments about the development of the cerebral cortex at eight weeks, twelve weeks, whatever. Doesn't it weaken your case, I ask, to imply an emotional response in an embryo?

Nathanson shoots a don't-play-reporter-with-me look. "No. I only said, this is a set of primitive responses to pain. There is no intellectualization here. If the fetus somehow survived the ordeal, it wouldn't sit down and write a book about it years later. But this is a living creature being stimulated. If you stroke a ten-week-old fetus around the lips, it will try to suck. If you poke it with a sharp object, it will try to get away.

"You know, my wife suggested that we show an abortion being performed on a dog—except that we'd have the animal-rights activists bombing the stage." (In a curious parallel, Nat Hentoff—another pro-life heretic from that curia of liberalism, the *Village Voice*—has begged his cohorts on the left to "think of the fetus as a baby seal.")

Quiet and querulous, Nathanson hardly looks the part of a pariah. But he is now a detested exile from much of the medical establishment. Was breaking ranks difficult?

"Well, you know, I broke ranks in 1969—much more radically than I have now, by the way. When I first helped organize NARAL, I was attacking things which were absolutely sacrosanct. People tried to take away my hospital privileges, called me before a board of professional conduct. But I felt these things needed saying—and in the state of the art at that time, I was absolutely right." Elsewhere, Nathanson has described his discreet referrals to doctors in Puerto Rico for his affluent patients, his encounters with weeping septicemia victims in the E.R.; he told an AMA interviewer that one of these ashen survivors was his college girlfriend, to whom he lent $500 for an abortion in Montreal.

"But as science developed," he continues, "I was totally wrong. So, having been that vociferous on one side, I felt the least I could do as a public obligation was to be equally vociferous on the other. It wasn't enough to say, 'I was wrong,' and crawl into a hole."

Yes, I say, but you performed abortions; you were aware of what a fetus looked like at every stage of development.

"No I wasn't. I had no idea what we were working with then."

Oh, come on, I press. In a second-trimester saline or prostaglandin abortion, doesn't one in effect deliver a stillborn fetus?

Nathanson looks haughty. "One is not there. Clearly you're not familiar with what we used to do, and what they still do. The saline or whatever is injected, and then you leave. And you do not come back. The nurse delivered all those babies; she'd just wrap them up in a towel and send them to the pathology lab.

"Look," he says impatiently, "I don't deny that I knew what a fetus looked like. But under political inspiration, you invoke an enormous mechanism of denial—a machine 500 feet high and made of lead. It's just a job, and you don't want to know about it. But when you start working with these ultrasounds, your mechanism of denial starts to fissure and crack. First thing you know, you're face to face with what you're doing. That's what happened to me between 1973 and 1977."

Indeed, it was in 1974 that Nathanson sent his infamous letter to the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the one about 60,000 deaths. At that point, however, he didn't advocate re-criminalizing abortion; he advanced only to the currently fashionable soft-left position of "grieving a loss." Was there a certain incident that pushed him over the edge?

"If you mean, was there a single point at which my apostasy became an epiphany, no. I didn't have any dazzling vision on the road to Damascus. I just became more and more uncomfortable with it."

The TV-movie scriptwriter in me tries again: How does he live with the thought of those 60,000 lives? Nathanson seems to find the question a little silly. "I don't walk around with an insufferable burden of guilt. The denial mechanism was much more effective in those days, because you couldn't see this child in there, moving, breathing, doing all the things every other baby does."

His hospital colleagues, he says, "are very, very upset with me. They deal with me largely the way the upper classes dealt with FDR—they considered him a traitor to his class. In the *New York* article, a former colleague of mine, who didn't question my sincerity, said, 'How can he be associating with *those people*?' People are astonished that I could be involved with what the liberal press and the liberal medical establishment consider our reactionary elements—the Catholic Church, the fundamentalist Protestants, the Orthodox rabbis, and the rest."

"In the next five years, we will have the technology to move the pregnancy from the uterus at twelve to fourteen weeks and put it into another uterus, intact. . . ."

It is indeed true that Nathanson, a Joyce scholar and quintessential Manhattanite, has shown great willingness to rub elbows with busloads of grassrooters—a margin of whom are even loonier than that little old lady in Yonkers. With admiration, I mention his refusal to hold his nose in the air, and he chews me out for elitism.

"That's America. It's not here on Park and 79th Street, it's out there in the middle. I've crisscrossed the country on this issue, and what we see here is so skewed by the press, it's appalling—and I detest that attitude.

"I'll admit that at first I found myself being a little—disdainful, shall we say? But you've got to look into their hearts. These are good people, they really are. And the pro-life movement's been regrettably stereotyped." He hands me the letterhead of the American Association of Pro-Life Obstetricians and Gynecologists; it is studded with lofty credentials.

Few of these thoughtful docs make the evening news, however. I try to explain my frustration at the movement's crummy graphics and down-home spokesmen, who are arrayed (in New York, at least) against the best that Planned Parenthood can buy from Madison Avenue. Technology has thrown an ammo dump in the movement's lap, yet their image is defined by Bible-Belters and clinic-bombers. Why, I ask, don't they at least find a decent PR agency?

To my relief, he agrees. "Really, I've been saying this till I'm blue in the face: For Christ's sake, quit being amateurs about it. Of course, they *are* pretty smart; the National Right-to-Life Committee is right down there in Washington with their lobbyists, and they've knocked off a lot of pro-abortion legislators. That's what they've set their sights on. The last election was a virtual referendum on abortion, and it was a landslide victory. Maybe they're more realistic than we are; maybe public relations is bullshit."

We talk about politics. His desideratum, a constitutional amendment, will not happen, he says; the best we can hope for is a reversal of *Roe* v. *Wade*. "Then the matter will be returned to the states, and the people will decide what they want. Unfortunately, what we'll probably end up with is about forty-five states that legislate against abortion, and three or four states that will become abortion sanctuaries."

Finally, we get back to the point where my fascination with this issue began—the medical laboratory, and the primal metaphysics of the test tube. "You know, you've asked how the abortion issue will be solved politically, but not how it will be solved technologically. In the next five years, we will have the technology to move the pregnancy from the uterus at twelve or fourteen weeks and put it into another uterus, intact, or into a life support system where it will mature. There will be no cause for killing then." →

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Five years?

He shrugs, relishing the role of provocateur. "It's being done in veterinary medicine now. This will of course defuse the whole abortion issue. We'll be able to speed up pregnancy; instead of nine months, how about three weeks? Visionary, yes—but so was ultrasound thirty-five years ago.

"Of course, that's going to bring up a whole group of other questions. If we have fetal transplants and life support systems, whom does the baby belong to if it's put on one? The state? The prospective adoptive parents? The woman we took it from? Nobody? It raises another interesting question—would we *use* this technology if it were available?"

It seems that the key message to be learned from Nathanson—or, perhaps more accurately, from the *furor* over Nathanson—is that personhood is closing in on the fetus from both ends of an unbroken continuum. And none of us, on either side of the issue, is quite ready for what that will mean.

First, let's move human identity backwards from birth. It's happening; a reasonable definition of "salvageability" has crept from twenty-eight weeks' gestation to twenty-four weeks' just since that quaintly obsolescent pronouncement, *Roe* v. *Wade*. It will keep moving back, although not as fast as Nathanson says. Ponder some consequences:

•In-utero surgery is now being performed on fetuses with hydrocephaly and urinary-tract problems. These fetuses are second, discrete patients whose hospital bed is a uterus. On another floor of the same hospital, they could be aborted on demand; parents and doctors essentially declare them person or non-person on an ad-hoc basis, depending on how badly the birth is desired.

•According to a Centers for Disease Control official quoted in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, some 400 to 500 late abortions a year produce the most dreaded complication of all—live birth. (The real number is probably much higher, since hospitals cover up these incidents in a frenzy of embarrassment and fear of litigation.) That "statistically insignificant fraction" of our million-plus abortions a year equals *more than one a day*. As a rule, the "live-born fetuses" (is it okay to call them babies now?) are left to expire quietly; a few are placed on fancy life-support systems until they die in a few hours or days.

•But as our life-support systems get fancier, and we can save these usually brain-damaged mites even sooner, who pays for and takes custody of them? The mother, who entered the facility to destroy the fetus? The taxpayers? Private insurers? Right-to-Life groups? On the brink of viability, baby-saving is an avocation pricier than collecting vintage Jaguars and considerably less glamorous.

Now let's consider personhood at the very dawn of pregnancy. Our wizardry here is accelerating even faster than in the neonatal phase. In-vitro fertilization—IVF, in jargon—has brought one boon to the pro-lifers: It has focused our attention on that DNA-packed droplet as the tangible first appearance of a couple's long-sought baby. The achievement of fertilization, the sweating-out of implantation in the uterine wall—all render ludicrous the pro-legalizer's medieval fogginess about what's "in there." It may not yet be cute and anthropomorphic, but the desperate couples in the IVF clinics will tell you: That's our kid in there.

But IVF has brought its own tangled woes. To wit:

•To achieve a pregnancy, you need overkill—literally. As many concepti as possible must be harvested and implanted to improve the odds, sometimes even enough to freeze for later tries. One embryo is lucky to make it; the other siblings-to-be are lost. The implications make you wonky if you stick to the credo that life begins at conception; the argument for life starting at *implantation* looks better and better. Somehow, it strains even a pro-life moral framework to contemplate crippling this astonishing technology—which has ended heartbreak for hundreds and will do so for thousands—to prevent the "murder" of hours-old cell clusters.

•IVF has saddled us with another, more urgent dilemma: To perfect this technique, like any other, scientists need to tinker. On what? Not, right now, on living embryos; the Reagan Administration has nixed it, and IVF biggies are chafing and feeling like Galileo. The less radical among them have suggested an experimentation cutoff of fourteen days after conception—with the medical community, of course, monitoring its own adherence to its own chaste standards.

On paper, this looks like a reasonable compromise, until we recall just how elastic those standards tend to become. Fetuses, nothing; think of hare-brained Golden-Fleece-Award "studies" with mangled kittens and chimps festooned with electrodes, all to prove that pain hurts or smoking is bad for you. Without implying an overnight leap to a Mengele scenario, let's remember that scientific curiosity is a potent drug, and that history's lesson is that it winds up justifying too damn much.

Nathanson and I kick these exhausting topics, and others, around for a while longer. It is late; Nathanson roots around for a copy of one of his seldom-reviewed books to give me, and courteously shows me to the door and the limo-filled Park Avenue night. As I leave, I notice a quotation framed on the wall from his beloved Joyce:

"Welcome O Life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

These words have always struck me as both bombastic and irresistible; in this setting, they also seem peculiarly appropriate. □

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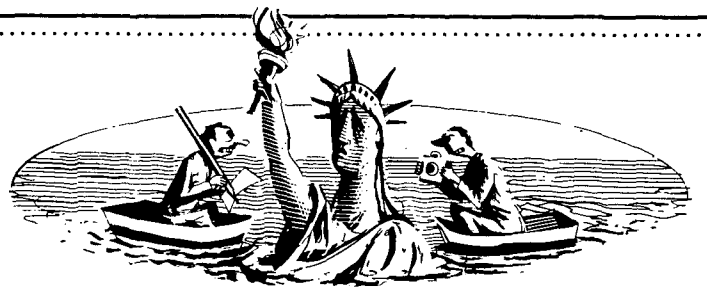


NOSING AROUND

by John O'Sullivan

For a week in August, all Washington was glued to the President's nose. One was reminded of the remark that the entire history of the world might have been different if Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch longer. Now, as a result of minor surgery, the President's nose is marginally smaller. To the Washington press corps, this was history.

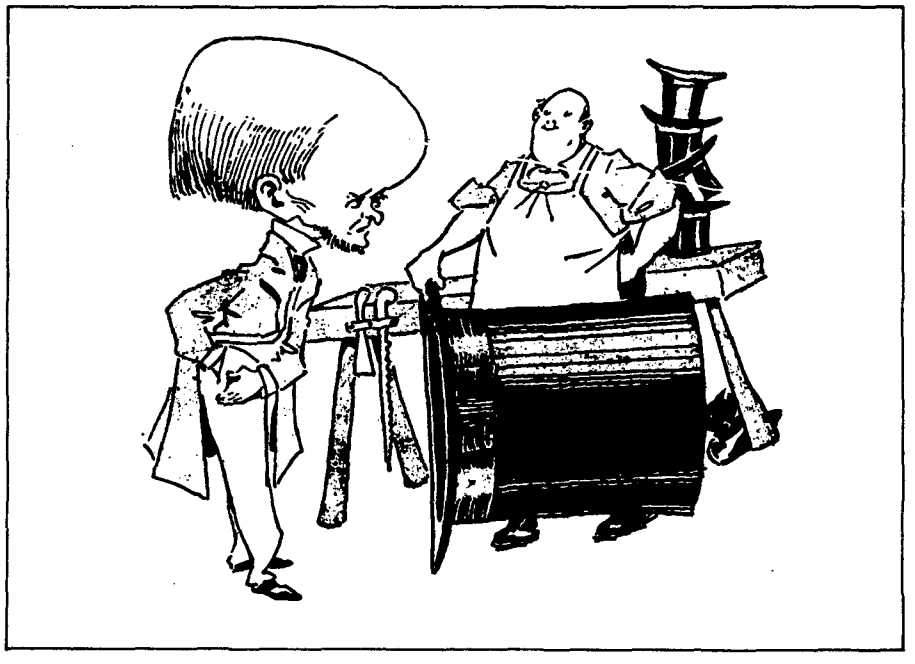
Now there are reasons for this nosiness. President Reagan's operation for cancer had ended with the doctor's assurance that he had a better than 50 percent chance of surviving for a normal life span. The press drew the conclusion that this meant he had an almost 50 percent chance of not surviving. It therefore became the bounden duty of newspersons to watch hawk-like for any signs of the illness recurring. And according to the canons of post-Watergate journalism, the very fact that the press is interested in any subject is plain proof that the government must be trying to conceal it. So the White House press corps was waiting anxiously for two things: signs that the President was still suffering from cancer and evidence of a "cover-up."

Indeed, charges of a cover-up had already been leveled in the Other *Spectator* by Christopher Hitchens, Washington correspondent of both the *Spectator* and the *Nation*. Mr. Hitchens, citing the medical correspondent of the London *Observer*, suggested that the President's cancer had been discovered in 1984 but that the news of it had been suppressed in the interest of winning the election. Of this suggestion two remarks may be made. First, it shows the President in a more heroic light than that in which he normally appears in Mr. Hitchens's columns. He risked his life to keep Walter Mondale out of the White House! To be fair to all concerned, I cannot really imagine that the President regarded Mondale as such a threat to America and democracy that martyrdom was necessary to stop him. Then, having won the election, why did the President not rush into hospital for a life-saving operation? Instead he dawdled around governing the country for eight months. In short, the Hitchens theory of an earlier cover-up fails to grip. But it shows how some people in the press were thinking. They had—I feel a phrase coming on—a cover-up mind-set.

To return to the nose, Mr. Reagan had an operation to remove a pimple, or "pampoule," from it on a Tuesday, and the fact was announced to the media on Thursday. At once they wanted to know if the growth removed had been "cancerous" since the main anxiety after the colonic operation was that the cancer might have spread to other parts of the body. As we now know, the nose pimple was a minor skin cancer, medically unrelated to the colon cancer and probably the result of too much sun bathing. This was known on Friday but not announced to the press. An "Iron Curtain" was brought down on the nose—but only for one weekend. At a Monday press conference, the President gave a very full account of the medical facts, skin cancer and all. No concealment of anything was attempted. The nose issue should by rights have been brought to a halt then and there.

Instead, what we got was "Nosegate." The press corps began to question the "credibility" of presidential press spokesman Larry Speakes because he had not informed them of the skin cancer as soon as the tests had disclosed it. Worse, he had concealed the fact at his Friday press conference. Speakes replied he had not "lied" (even though he had not been forthright) and that his credibility was in excellent shape. Storms, flouts, jeers, and recriminations ensued. One needed to pinch oneself to recall that these angry exchanges concerned a delay of one weekend in reporting the fact of a harmless skin cancer!

But why even that delay? The reasons are hardly mysterious. The President himself was not told the results of the tests until that weekend. His advisers, including Mrs. Reagan, did not want him to learn the news from possibly misleading or exaggerated reports on television. And they may have felt that the announcement of the skin cancer should reflect its medical unimportance. What better than to have the President himself, apparently in good health, reveal the news and then go on to emphasize its true triviality by lamenting that he would no longer be able to get a good suntan. That would surely be an improvement on some doctor bounding out, declaring "the President has cancer of the nose," and then going on to explain at length that this was a medical term which meant he had had a harmless cancer removed. These respectable arguments struck the White House press corps as sinister harbingers of censorship and deceit.



"Nosegate," then, describes a phenomenon of journalism which deserves attention. It is the journalistic conviction that the same standards of intrusiveness and suspicion of government which determine reporting of the State Department or the Environmental Protection Agency also apply to revealing the truth about somebody's nose. This is justified by the argument that, if lesser standards are applied, we might end up with a Woodrow Wilson White House in which Nancy's finger is on the nuclear trigger while a sick President repines upstairs. Like most arguments which see a dire threat to the First Amendment, this is hysterical exaggeration. If the President really were disabled by illness, there would be no way of concealing the fact in the present day. A modern President is, quite simply, much more regularly on public display than were his predecessors of sixty years ago.

But a President, though on display, is entitled to the minimum privacy of not having his bladder function described to the world. Mrs. Reagan is quite right to feel that some of the press attention to Mr. Reagan's entrails went beyond legitimate curiosity. So if the press, intent on safeguarding the nation from serious medical deception, is to be allowed full access to all the details of the President's medical condition, then it must accept the corresponding restraint that doctors accept—namely, confidentiality (a.k.a. "self-censorship"). It can either know everything or it can tell everything, but it cannot do both. We must distinguish between the

John O'Sullivan is the editorial page editor of the New York Post *and a columnist for the* Times *of London.*

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right to know and the right to nose. (Sorry, I just couldn't resist.)

• • •

At the July conference of the American Bar Association in London, Mrs. Thatcher called for the media to adopt a voluntary code of conduct that would deprive terrorists of the "oxygen of publicity." A week later, she was asked by a London *Sunday Times* reporter at a Washington press conference if, in view of this, she would condemn the BBC if it were to screen an interview with an IRA terrorist.

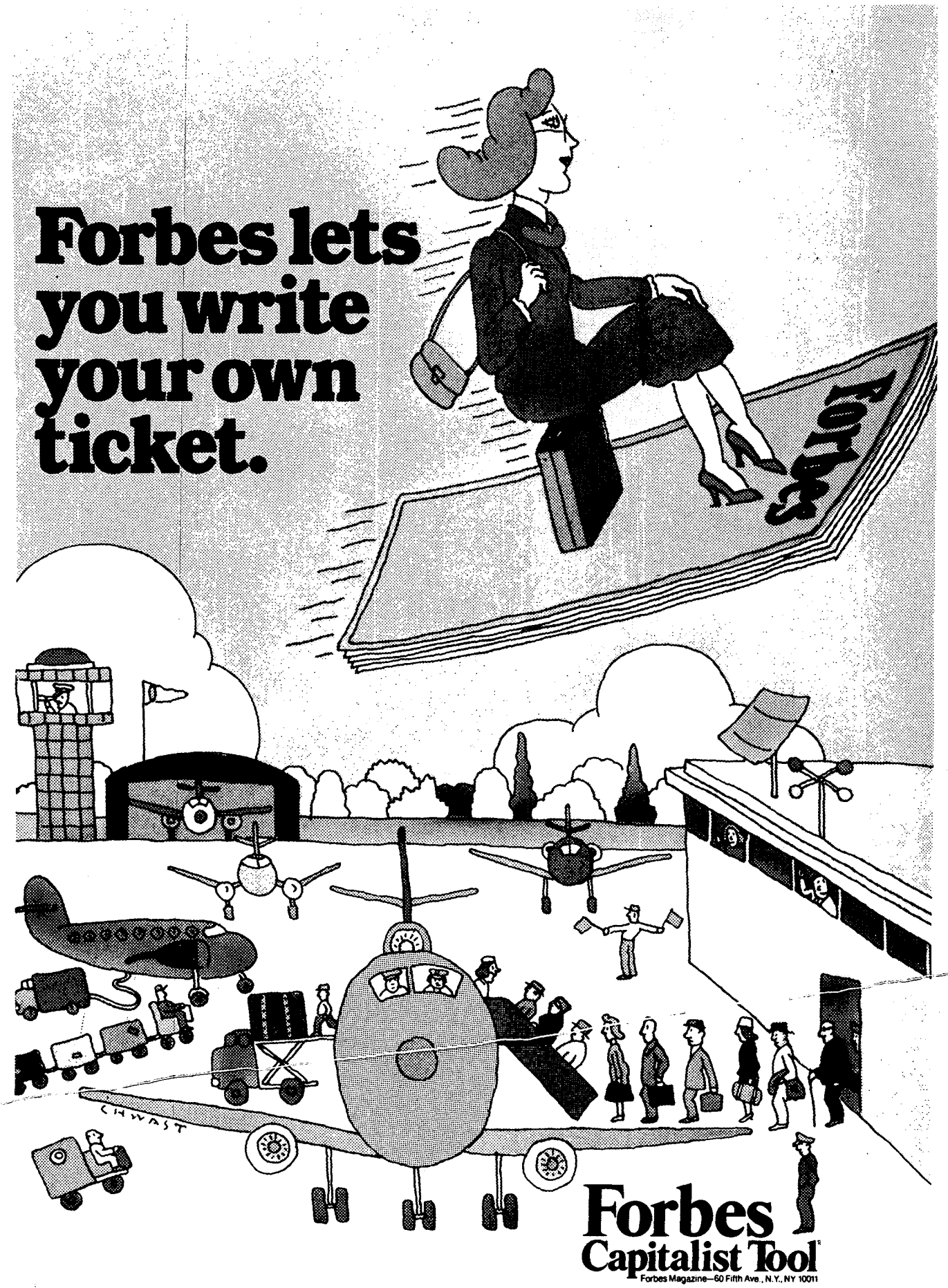
"Yes," she said, speaking hypothetically. She would "condemn it utterly."

What Mrs. Thatcher did not know—but what the *Sunday Times* did know—was that the BBC was planning to do a documentary that included such an interview with Martin MacGuinness, formerly the IRA's "chief of staff" (to use the inflated jargon) and now a Sinn Fein member of the Northern Ireland Assembly. Since much was later made of MacGuinness's status as a "democratically elected politician," it should be made clear that Sinn Fein is simply the Public Relations Department of the terror machine. Sinn Fein members advocate murder and terrorism, but they graciously agree to leave their guns in the cloakroom.

The *Sunday Times* duly splashed the story: Thatcher condemns BBC interview utterly. And a major political row began. The British home secretary, Leon Brittan, actually has the legal authority to instruct the BBC to cancel a particular program. But this formal power has never been used. Nor was it used on this occasion. Instead, Brittan wrote to the BBC governors denouncing the idea of the BBC granting such respectability to a terrorist. At this point everybody—possibly including Brittan himself—expected the BBC governors to issue a ringing declaration of the BBC's independence and announce that the interview would go ahead. Instead they canceled it.

We now know that they did so for two reasons unrelated to Brittan's letter. They discovered that the program had been made in contravention of the BBC's own internal guidelines on programs concerning terrorism. These stipulate that any such program dealing with Northern Ireland terrorism must be shown to the Northern Ireland governor of the BBC, in this case Lady Faulkner. This was not done, it was said, for the incredibly feeble reason that Lady Faulkner was due to retire soon. Almost certainly the real reason was that the bureaucrats in charge thought that she would object to the program and thus decided to avoid any such obstacle. Secondly, the governors were appalled at the program when they saw it. It depicted MacGuinness as a moody but quiet young man, given to dandling children in his lap in the best Yassir Arafat tradition, while glibly defending the IRA's right to kill people.

Nonetheless, the governor's decision to ban the program was greeted with loud cries of "censorship," "bowing to government pressure," and so on. The National Union of Journalists, which itself tries to censor any opinions on racial and sexual matters of which it disapproves under the guise of upholding "professional standards" (it never somehow reproves bad spelling, bad punctuation, or rolling up dead drunk to cover the town council), then got into the act. NUJ broadcast journalists called a one-day strike to protest government censorship—oblivious to the fact that a journalists' strike is itself a form of censorship. Promulgating the general principle that all journalists have a professional duty to oppose any limitation on free speech, they pulled the plugs on radio and television sets.



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This sheep-like orthodoxy is disturbing. Journalists should have no such thing as a collective opinion. They are not bound together by opinions at all. They are simply people who write for journals. If journalists were forced by their professional standards to believe in completely unfettered freedom, there could be no Communist, fascist, conservative, or moderate liberal journalists. All journalists would then be libertarians—a very boring state of affairs.

In this particular case, the BBC journalists were on especially weak grounds in crying censorship. After all, journalists are generally subject to that form of censorship called editing. But the procedures laid down for editing programs on Ulster terrorism had been previously ignored. The governors were simply correcting that omission—which we might classify as omission by stealth. Nor were the BBC governors, as some implied, acting *ultra vires.* Finally, the BBC is accountable to the public through the governors. They are its final editorial court of appeal. In trying to deny the governors any editorial control, even *in extremis*, the BBC journalists were asserting their right to receive large sums of public money and then to spend it exactly as they wished with no questions asked. Asking questions was "censorship." These journalistic attitudes amounted to professional arrogance of almost medical proportions.

But what of the question of substance raised by Thatcher: Should television broadcast interviews with terrorists? The argument that it should not is based on the theory that such interviews confer legitimacy and respectability upon the terrorist. A television interview, however harshly conducted, inevitably treats its subject as someone whose contribution to public debate is worthy of attention. By discussing his political aims, "motivation," and philosophy, it blurs the vital distinction between murder and legitimate political struggle, between crime and opinion. Gradually the terrorist ceases to seem like a criminal and becomes a sort of politician. Certainly the terrorist thinks so. He never passes up a chance to get on the box.

In reply to this, the journalists argued that "we need to know our enemy." We must learn what the terrorists stand for. This is poppycock. No one has the slightest doubt what the IRA (or the PLO, or the Sandinistas, or the Red Brigades) believes in. And if we did not know, a reporter's précis would be a more efficient way of telling us than a televised interview of terrorist and baby. Besides, it is naive in the extreme to imagine that such an interview would tell us what terrorists "believe." It would be sugared propaganda. Their philosophy and motivation are better revealed by what they *do* than by what they *say.* After all, as Conor Cruise O'Brien has pointed out, some people like killing, hurting, and frightening others. They are not likely to stand up and say so on the evening news, but their actions can be judged to point to that conclusion.

But the objection presented with especial passion was that banning an interview with a terrorist was the start of a slippery slope leading to general political censorship, dictatorship, dark night, and old chaos. Alarmist hysteria of this kind was the staple of speeches at a special showing of the BBC documentary under NUJ auspices.

It is refuted by the example of the Irish Republic. The Irish government introduced a formal government ban on interviews with the IRA on the Irish National Network, RTE, in 1972. What has happened since then? Has the Republic sunk into the dark abyss of fascism? Not in the least. During the intervening years, Ireland has moved quite far in a liberal direction. No additional censorship has been imposed.

As with "Nosegate," the lesson is clear. The right to know is important. But the right not to be murdered takes precedence over it. □

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

ROCK AROUND THE DOCK

by P.J. O'Rourke

When the "We Are the World" video first slithered into public view, I was sitting around with a friend who himself happens to be in show business. The thing gave him the willies. Me too. But neither of us could figure exactly why. "Whenever you see people that pleased with themselves on a stage," said my friend, "you know you're in for garbage art." And the USA for Africa performers did have that self-satisfied look of toddlers on a pot. But in this world of behemoth evils, such a minor lapse of taste shouldn't have upset us. We changed the channel.

Half a year later, in the middle of the Live Aid broadcast, my friend called me. "Turn on your television," he said. "This is horrible. They're in a frenzy."

"Well," I said, "at least it's a frenzy of charity."

"Oh, no," he said, "it could be *anything*. Next time it might be 'Kill the Jews.'"

A mob, even an eleemosynary mob, is an ugly thing to see. No good ever came of mass emotion. The audience that's moved to tears by a rubber E.T. figurine is as easily moved to sadistic dementia by the idiot Rambo character. People are not thinking under such circumstances. And poor, dreadful Africa is something which surely needs thought.

The Band Aid, Live Aid, USA for Africa concerts and records (and videos, posters, T-shirts, lunch buckets, thermos bottles, bath toys, etc.) are supposed to illuminate the plight of the Africans. Note the insights provided by these lyrics:

We are the world [solipsism], *we are the children* [average age near forty]
We are the ones to make a brighter day [see line 6 below]
So let's start giving [logical inference supplied without argument]
There's a choice we're making [true as far as it goes]
We're saving our own lives [absurd]
It's true we'll make a better day [unproven]
Just you and me [statistically unlikely]

That's three palpable untruths, two dubious assertions, nine uses of a first-person pronoun, not a single reference to trouble or anybody in it, and no facts. The verse contains, literally, neither rhyme nor reason.

And these musical riots of philanthropy address themselves to the wrong problems. There is, of course, a shortage of food among Africans, but that doesn't mean there's a shortage of food *in* Africa. "A huge backlog of emergency grain has built up at the Red Sea port of Assab," says the *Christian Science Monitor*. "Food sits rotting in Ethiopia," reads a headline in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. And according to hunger maven William Shawcross, 200,000 tons of food aid delivered to Ethiopia is being held in storage by the country's government.

There's also, of course, a lack of transport for that food. But that's not the real problem, either. The authorities in Addis Ababa have plenty of trucks for their military operations against the Eritrean rebels, and much of the rest of Ethiopia's haulage is being used for forcibly resettling people instead of feeding them. Western governments are reluctant to send more trucks for fear they'll be used the same way. And similar behavior can be seen in the rest of miserable Africa.

The African relief fad serves to distract attention from the real issues. There is famine in Ethiopia, Chad, Sudan, and areas of Mozambique. All these countries are involved in pointless civil wars. There are pockets of famine in Mauritania, Niger, and Mali—the result of desertification caused mostly by idiot agricultural policies. African famine is not a visitation of fate. It is largely man-made, and the men who made it are largely Africans.

Enormous irrigation projects have been put onto lands that cannot support them and into cultures that cannot use them. Crack-brained nationalism puts borders in the way of nomadic peoples who used to pick up and move when things got dry. Rural poverty drives populations to African cities where governments keep food prices artificially low thus increasing rural poverty. Bumbling and corrupt central planning stymies farm production. And the hideous Ethiopian regime uses hunger as a weapon to suppress rebellious provinces. People are not just starving. They are *being* starved.

"Socialist" ideals infest Africa like malaria or dengue fever. African leaders, lost in the frippery of centrist thinking, fail to deal with market forces or any other natural phenomena. Leave it to a Marxist to see the world as the world is not. It's not unusual for African intellectuals to receive their education at such august bodies of learning as Patrice Lumumba U. in Moscow. That is, they are trained by a nation which intentionally starved millions of its citizens in order to collectivize farming.

Death is the result of bad politics. And the Aid concerts are examples of the bad logic that leads to bad politics. It's probably not going too far to say that Africa's problems have been produced by the same kind of dim, ignorant thinking in evidence among American pop artists. "If we take, say, six months and not spend any money on nuclear weapons, and just spend it on food, I think we could make a big dent," says Waylon Jennings in the USA for Africa publicity packet. In fact, a small nuclear weapon placed directly under Lt. Col. Haile Mariam Mengistu and his pals would probably make a more beneficial dent than a whole U.S. defense budget worth of canned goods.

Anyway, money is not going to solve the problem. Yet the concert nonsense is all put strictly in terms of cash. Perhaps it is the only thing the greasy famous understand.

Getting people to give vast amounts of money when there's no firm idea what that money will do is like throwing maidens down a well. It's an appeal to magic. And the results are likely to be as stupid and disappointing as the results of magic usually are.

But, say some, Live Aid sets a good example for today's selfish youth,

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P.J. O'Rourke's cover story on Lee Iacocca appeared in the May American Spectator.

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reminding them to be socially concerned. Nonsense. The circus atmosphere of the Live Aid concerts makes the world's problems seem easy and fun to solve and implies that the solutions are naturally uncontroversial. As an example of charity, Live Aid couldn't be worse. The Live Aid performers are sacrificing nothing. Indeed, they're gaining public adulation and a thoroughly unmerited good opinion of themselves. Plus it's free advertising. These LP's, performances, and multiform by-products have nothing in common with charity. Instead they levy a sort of regressive alms tax on the befuddled millions. The performers donate their time which is wholly worthless. Big corporations donate their services which are worth little enough. Then the poor audience pledges all the contributions and buys all the trash with money it can ill afford to spend. The worst nineteenth-century robber barons wouldn't have had the cheek to put forward such a bunco scheme. They may have given away tainted money, but at least they didn't ask you to give away yours.

One more thing, the music's lousy. If we must save the world with a song, what's the matter with the Metropolitan Opera Company?

Rock 'n' roll's dopey crusade against African hunger has, I posit, added to the stock of human misery. And not just audibly. Any religious person—whether he worships at a pile of gazelle bones or in the Cathedral of St. Paul—will tell you egotism is the source of sin. The lust for power that destroys the benighted Ethiope has the same fountainhead as the lust for fame that propels the lousy pop band. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Let alone everyone that saith sha la la la la and doobie doobie do. □

THE PRESIDENT'S PULSE

NO WAY TO TREAT A PRESIDENT

by Harry Schwartz

From the 1950s through the early 1970s, I was the *New York Times'* Kremlinologist. In that capacity I met and sometimes became friendly with individual Soviet journalists, especially one whom I shall call Yuri here.

Yuri was one of *Pravda*'s chief commentators on international politics; his articles appeared frequently. Then they suddenly stopped appearing. After a long time I learned he was very ill. So I was surprised one day to get a call from Yuri. He was in New York and asked if we could get together. When we did meet, I was taken aback by how ill he looked and the amount of weight he had obviously lost. He laughed at my reaction and said he was much better than he had been in years. Then he added he might be dead already if he had stuck to the services of the doctors in the fancy clinics and hospitals reserved for the Kremlin elite. But he had been lucky, he told me, and had found an extraordinary doctor in the major part of the Soviet medical establishment that treats ordinary citizens. Yuri was convinced he had survived because of the doctor's care. But to use this doctor, Yuri had had to get care in the dismal surroundings available for ordinary Soviet citizens without any of the luxurious ambience of the elite medical system.

Yuri is now long since dead. But by finding his special doctor he had won a remission in his cancer which extended his life and permitted him to visit the United States and Western Europe one more time. And he told me something he shouldn't have: that the doctors who serve the Soviet elite are picked more for their political soundness than for their medical skills. As in Yuri's case, sometimes the best medical care in Russia comes from one of the underpaid physicians in the general medical system whose knowledge is great but whose politics are considered unreliable.

I thought of Yuri's story frequently last summer as I followed President Reagan's medical treatment by the most socialized part of American medicine: the military medical system. The Presidential Suite at Bethesda Naval Hospital, I read, costs $450 a day, a sum less than the single room rate at several New York City hospitals. Presumably the President, as a federal employee, has health insurance which paid the hospital bill as well as any physicians' fees he may have been charged. But the same health insurance policy would have paid for his hospital and doctor bills if had gone to a top-notch hospital in the private sector. Certainly he had no reason to complain about the superb treatment he received at the private George Washington University Hospital where his life was saved after the 1981 assassination attempt against him. So why did Ronald Reagan, who used to tour the country making speeches denouncing Socialized Medicine, decide to use the socialized military medical system one of whose prime incarnations is the Bethesda Naval Hospital?

My puzzlement grew as I recalled that earlier this past summer there had been an unusual amount of publicity about the military medical system, almost all of it bad. There was, for example, the congressional furor over the legal prohibition against servicemen suing a military hospital or doctor for malpractice. A committee hearing on this topic produced several examples of shocking military medical malpractice on servicemen who could not sue. But civilians—veterans and members of the families of people belonging to the armed forces—who are treated by military medical personnel can sue. Last April, for example, a woman whose cancer went undiagnosed for a year and a half at Bethesda Naval Hospital was awarded $1 million. The cost of malpractice suits against military hospitals and physicians has risen from $29 million in 1982 to $41 million in 1984.

Bethesda Naval Hospital, where the President went, has had more than its share of publicity about its problems. Thus in 1982 both the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals and the Navy Inspector General's office found serious deficiencies there, particularly in medical record keeping. Only after Bethesda was reorganized and some key personnel were reassigned did it regain full accreditation in 1983.

Then there is the astonishing case of Navy Commander Donald M. Billig, M.D., former chief of cardiovascular surgery at Bethesda. According to news reports, Dr. Billig had been removed from the staff of a New Jersey civilian hospital several years ago on the basis of charges which reflected on both his integrity and his competence. Officials at the New Jersey hospital said his full records had been sent to the Navy, but that didn't prevent Dr. Billig from getting his Navy job.

Moreover, Dr. Billig never won the credentials necessary to do independent open heart surgery, and the adequacy of his eyesight was under serious question. According to the *Washington Post*, Billig failed an eye examination for the Air Force before he applied to the Navy. The deficiencies in his right eye were such as to suggest he could not have the full three-dimensional depth perception which is central to good surgery.

Billig, who was suspended after investigation of the deaths and other complications which followed his cardiovascular surgery at Bethesda, was apparently approved and promoted at Bethesda because he had good friends in the Navy medical command. Three top Navy medical officers have been reassigned and are awaiting courts martial or other possible disciplinary action against them because of their alleged roles in the Billig affair. One of them was commander of Bethesda Naval Hospital when Billig was hired, and subsequently became second in command of the Navy medical establishment until the Billig scandal caused his reassignment.

The widespread appreciation of serious problems in our military medical system has caused major reforms to be announced. Just last July, for example, two great changes were introduced. Under the first, all

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military physicians will be required for the first time to obtain state medical licenses. About 22 percent or 2,774 of 12,893 military doctors do not have such licenses and will have to get them within the next three years. A few days later the Pentagon announced an "unprecedented decision" to hire civilian doctors to review the quality of care provided by the military medical establishment. The civilian doctors will review about 150,000 military hospital admissions a year, or about 15 percent of the total.

This is the background against which I ask again why Reagan chose to be treated at Bethesda, if only because this choice was consistent with the dismayingly poor-quality medical care afforded him over the last year and a half. Undoubtedly Bethesda gave the President the best doctors and service it could provide. But the really basic questions go back earlier. They concern the fact that the colon cancer for which he was operated on must have been in his body growing slowly for several years before it was found. There were earlier signs his entire colon should be looked at. Polyps were found in May 1984 and March 1985, and on the latter occasion, there was some blood in his stool.

President Reagan is now 74, an age at which cancer strikes many people. Colon cancer is one of the most frequent killers of elderly Americans. Why in all the years his colon cancer was growing did he not get a barium enema, an X-ray procedure that permits the colon to be visualized, or a colonoscopy until that Friday last July? During the years of his presidency, millions of Americans in Mr. Reagan's generation have had these tests. Yet the American citizen about whose health the government is supposed to be most concerned, the President, did not get such an examination.

There have been efforts to defend this inexplicable omission by claiming that the President was being treated according to the guidelines of the American Cancer Society, and that there is only one level of treatment for all Americans. That is nonsense, as the American Cancer Society has pointed out. Every doctor of any merit knows that American Cancer Society guidelines are aimed at an average person and are framed with one eye on the need for cost containment. But good medical care for the President of the United States—especially when he is in his seventies—requires a far higher index of suspicion and readiness to investigate possible problems than civilian physicians need to apply to younger patients.

But the President of the United States has a very different relationship with his military doctors than an ordinary citizen has with a fee-for-service physician. The fee-for-service physician must please his patient because otherwise the patient will go to someone else. The military doctor serving the President during normal times wants to please his patient, too, but his patient is his Commander in Chief, with all the power that implies. Military doctors have also undoubtedly read about the ancient custom of killing the bearer of bad news. Hence there must be a tendency not to draw too dire conclusions. In May 1984, for example, the President's military doctors knew that while they had to announce they had found a polyp, it would be disastrous for the President politically for any of them to suggest that it should be investigated further on the chance the President might have cancer. And when they found another polyp and blood in the stool last March, the election was still only a few months past and they remembered how much emphasis Reagan had placed upon his good physical condition in arguing for votes. One doctor claims he did suggest colonoscopy then, but if he did, he certainly didn't persist very hard or go public with his recommendation.

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Ultimately the responsibility is Mr. Reagan's. He doesn't seem to be very wise in choosing doctors. As his first physician in the White House he chose an elderly neurosurgeon who worked for the Veterans Administration. Neurosurgeons are just the thing if you need your head opened up and part of your brain taken out safely. But a neurosurgeon as a primary physician treating colds and doing routine checkups? The idea boggles the mind. It is virtually certain that the reason the neurosurgeon was chosen is that he had once been the partner of Mrs. Reagan's father. The personal connection, not medical ability or suitability, played the decisive role.

During the days following the President's operation, his spokesman told reporters that neither the President nor his wife had any idea last March that polyps and blood in the stool might have any relationship to cancer. If true, that shows incredible ignorance about some of the most elementary health information senior citizens normally have. What is much more likely is that the President was using the psychiatric mechanism of denial. As he hinted in his radio speech just before he left Bethesda, he had deliberately pushed out of his mind the news about polyps and blood in his stool, thus obtaining internal ease at the price of delaying the needed investigation for months. And none of the doctors around him was courageous enough to insist the President act on the information.

If you're President of the United States, lots of things about military medicine must be pleasant. For one, you have absolutely number one priority and so does your wife. Mr. Reagan must have been favorably impressed a year or two ago when Bethesda doctors found a bump in Mrs. Reagan's breast. The bump was surgically explored, material was taken for a biopsy, and the sample was examined by a pathologist who found it normal. So Mrs. Reagan went home, the whole business taking only a few afternoon hours. No doubt the President expected something similar when he entered Bethesda.

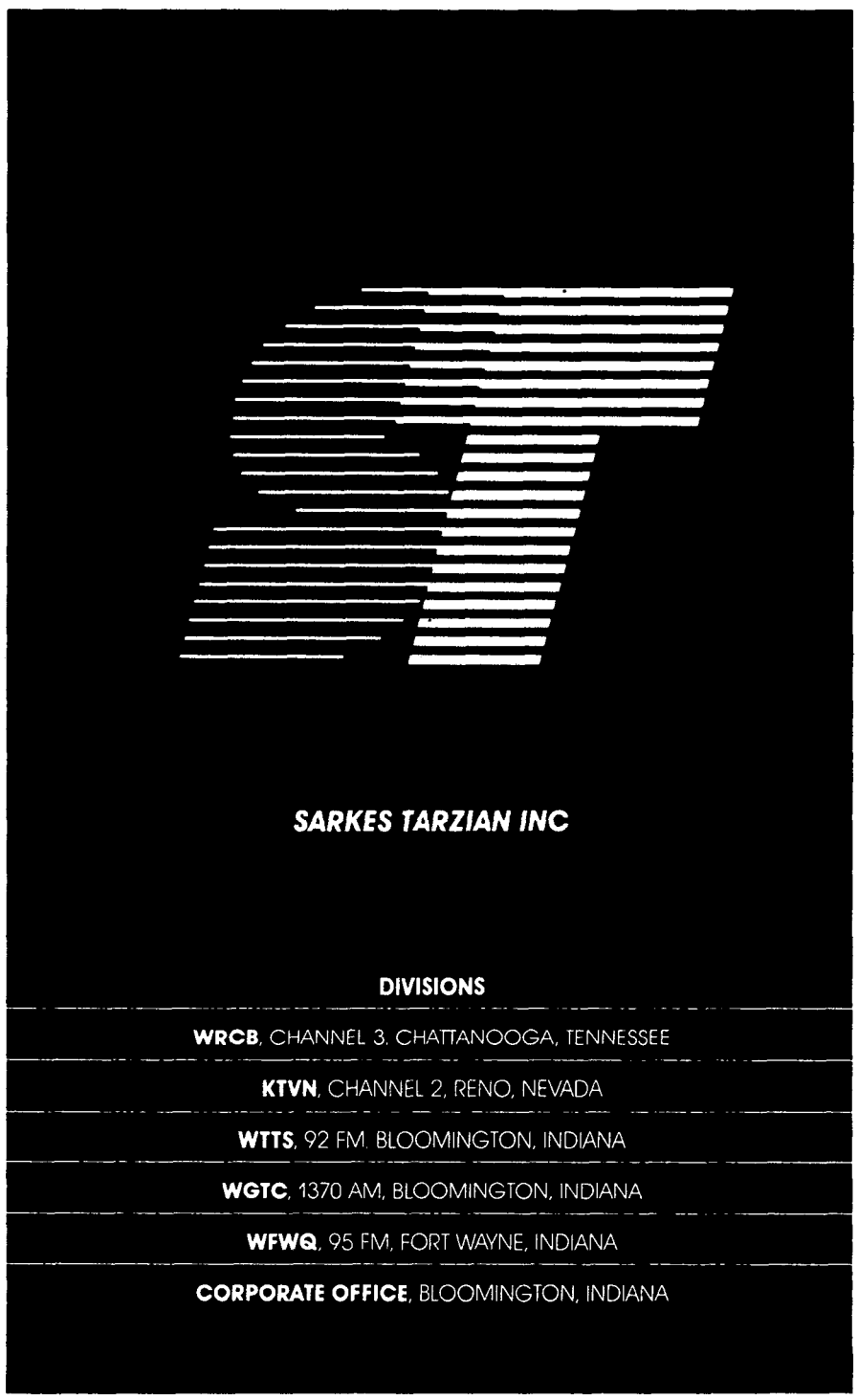
Yet there is one curious point. Colonoscopy is normally an ambulatory procedure; the patient has it and goes home. Yet it was announced before Mr. Reagan entered Bethesda that he would remain there that night regardless of what the findings were. It is hard to understand that unless one assumes that some doctor in the presidential entourage had a realistic idea of what would be found during colonoscopy and what would therefore follow.

I think we can now conclude that Mr. Reagan went to Bethesda because he was confident nothing serious would be found, and that the world would be given another medical testimonial to his good health and high vigor at age 74. If he had really anticipated he might have cancer we can assume he is sensible enough that, like President Dwight Eisenhower, he would have asked for one or more top-flight civilian academic surgeons to be in on his operation, and he might have chosen a major civilian medical center for his treatment. Would any of this have made a difference? Probably not by the time his cancer was found and operated on. But if he had had a civilian primary physician whose major responsibility was to Congress and the American people, Mr. Reagan would have gotten his colonoscopy and his surgery last March.

The subsequent fiasco over Mr. Reagan's skin cancer raised new questions about the quality and the candor of the socialized medicine he was getting. Fortunately, if the diagnosis of the basal cell carcinoma of the skin is correct, that particular cancer should pose no serious future problem.

Meanwhile we ought to use the fumbles in the Reagan encounter with military medicine as prods to improve that medicine for all it serves, especially our soldiers, sailors, and marines. They get much poorer service than the President got, and we know from the scandal surrounding the handling of the survivors of the explosion that blew up the Marine barracks in Beirut that the major military medical services may be more concerned with their rivalries against one another than they are with serving their patients.

At the moment the conclusion must be that socialized military medicine is at least as bad as propagandist Ronald Reagan used to predict socialized medicine would be when he preached against it in the interests of the private civilian doctors of the country. If Reagan had remembered his own preachings on this topic he might, like my friend Yuri, have found a better doctor outside his elite military medical ambience, or at least a doctor who would have insisted that what needed to be done should be done, and quickly. □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THE BISHOPS' MYSTERIES

by Mary Mainland

Predictably, news coverage of the Catholic bishops' June meeting in Collegeville, Minnesota, to discuss revisions in their letter on the U.S. economy emphasized signs of dissension within the episcopal ranks over the letter's controversial public policy recommendations. The most salient information to emerge, however, was the present and projected length of the pastoral: The draft is 60,000 words long, but the chairman of the drafting committee, Archbishop Rembert Weakland, hopes that the final version will be "only" 40,000 words. This would still make it twice as long as the average doctoral dissertation, presumably read by no one but professors and reluctant students.

Mary Mainland is a lawyer living in Stanford, California.

As a psychiatrist had to admit to me, under cross-examination, the past tends to be the best predictor of the future. The fate of the equally publicized and perhaps slightly shorter peace pastoral portends the following scenario for the letter on the economy: At the press conference accompanying its release, Archbishop Weakland will announce the appointment of a committee to devise ways to promulgate it, and will reiterate that the section on moral and ethical principles is more important than the section on policy applications. The *New York Times* will carry the most extensive coverage, devoted almost exclusively to the policy section; other newspapers will follow suit, in much abbreviated fashion. Far too long to be read from the pulpit, it will be the subject of few sermons, because its length and complexity will discourage most parish clergy. Few, if any, copies will appear in parish vestibules, and few, if any, parish bulletins will tell the interested where to obtain one. With the exception of the small minority who subscribe to such periodicals as *America*, Catholics will learn about the pastoral primarily from the secular media.

Only the rare and aberrant politician will read it, although several will pretend to have done so, relying on aides to cull and feed them passages that have not appeared in the news media. Many, however, will publicly commend the bishops for raising important moral issues. Political activists, lay and clerical, will attempt to capitalize on it; few of them will have read it, either.

Intellectuals will read it, but only if asked to write articles about it. Hesitant to tread on religious turf, "secular" intellectuals, i.e., economists and political scientists, will confine their comments to its policy section; "religious" intellectuals, i.e., theologians and moral philosophers, will focus primarily on the principles section but will also feel qualified to discuss its policy implications. Scholars in most disciplines will ignore it, as will most of the general public. An indeterminate number of individuals, unclassifiable but persevering, will actually read it in its entirety; unfortunately, they won't know anyone with whom to discuss it. Gradually, fresher controversies will displace the pastoral from the nation's op-ed pages and journals of opinion. Shortly thereafter, hearings on the next pastoral will begin.

Now that the bishops have announced a forthcoming pastoral on women and returned its immediate predecessor to the drafting committee, perhaps it is time to inquire why these pastorals are being written and to whom they are addressed. When one considers the documents themselves, not simply their subject matter, the answers are by no means obvious.

If the purpose is to influence public policy, a 40,000 word document is not, as the bishops are surely astute enough to recognize, the best way to achieve it. Surely, they are under no illusion that legislators read the pastorals. If the bishops are concerned about pending legislation, presumably they will employ the much more effective tactic of placing a few strategic phone calls. For the same reason, the contention that they are merely trying to win or regain the approval of disaffected liberals seems unconvincing. Brief press releases would be immensely more efficient.

Despite their pastoral label, the notion that these documents are intended to educate Catholics about the religious and ethical principles that apply to social policy must also be given short shrift. No one expects the bishops consistently to meet the standards set by St. Paul, but genuine exercises of their teaching authority would, like his epistles, evidence the intent that the faithful read them. At minimum, they would be brief enough, and possess sufficient clarity, that they could serve as the basis for sermons and be reproduced and distributed to

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parishes by local dioceses. Nor would their newsworthy public policy recommendations be allowed to overshadow the religious principles upon which they are purportedly premised. Before press conferences were held in Washington or New York, the pastorals would have arrived in the parishes. The bishops have demonstrated that when serious about reaching the laity—the issue of abortion immediately comes to mind—they can utilize appropriate techniques.

So, the bishops are obviously aware that the pastorals are not being read. At the Collegeville meeting, Archbishop Weakland said that a summary would be prepared for distribution along with the final version of the letter. The logical implication is that a summary that will have some chance of being read can, in the opinion of the bishops, serve as an adequate substitute for the document itself. What, then, accounts for the steady flow of these massive, heavily footnoted documents whose pastoral label is clearly a misnomer?

In the absence of any satisfactory explanation, I am inclined to think that attention should be redirected from the documents to the process whereby they are developed and released. Although I hesitate to use the term, it strikingly resembles the staging of media events, which are, of course, their own *raisons d'être*. From this perspective, the pastorals can be seen merely as justification for hearings, meetings, and media debates which generate publicity but little genuinely thoughtful discussion, particularly among Catholics and the general public, whose only role is that of spectator. The inordinate size and quasi-scholarly format of the pastorals are readily understandable if their real purpose is to sustain and extend the process itself.

Whose interests does the process serve? Quite clearly, the same persons who are orchestrating the "events"—staff at the United States Catholic Conference. Created by the bishops in 1966, and strategically located in Washington, D.C., the USCC serves as the voice of the episcopacy in matters of public policy. The bishops, after all, have dioceses to administer, and necessarily lack the time to research and write 60,000 word epics. USCC staff, on the other hand, have no institutional role other than to draft and issue a seemingly endless stream of pronouncements on such topics as nuclear weapons, the Panama Canal treaty, farm policy, strip-mining, and, soon, women—all in the name of the bishops. Staff members who believe that the Church should speak out on various issues can better implement their convictions if the pastoral letters proliferate. Moreover, the highly publicized pastorals offer them public visibility and other professional rewards. The USCC's Father Bryan Hehir, for example, was awarded a MacArthur Foundation prize after he became known for his work on the peace pastoral. Staff was indeed kept busy on the economic pastoral, with 23 days of hearings, more than 100 witnesses testifying, and the draft's 243 footnotes. In short, the pastorals are basically staff products; the bishops are merely editors.

A price is paid, however, when the bishops essentially delegate their teaching authority to those who lack the competence, in the juridical sense, to exercise it. In his recent book, *The Federal Courts,*[1] Federal Circuit Court Judge Richard Posner identifies the effects of a comparable delegation that is occurring, for different reasons, in the field of law. In order to cope with the dramatic expansion of their caseloads, the federal (and state) courts are hiring greater numbers of law clerks

[1]Harvard University Press, $25.00.

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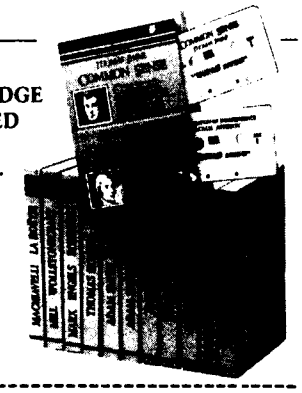

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and staff attorneys. With growing frequency, judicial opinions are being drafted by law clerks and attorneys, rather than by judges, who, like the bishops, are functioning as editors. One consequence is that the average length of appellate opinions has been steadily increasing. A few decades ago, it was not uncommon for even extremely important decisions, such as *Brown v. Board of Education*, to be only a few pages long. Today, even where the issues are of relatively minor significance, the opinions are apt to be voluminous. Unlike judges, clerks have no duties other than writing and researching opinions. Moreover, as "timid jurists," in Posner's phrase, they are afraid to leave anything out and, hence, "err by inclusion." Another effect is that opinions are likely to be more poorly written. As Posner points out, strings of facts, quotations, citations, and conclusions conceal the reasoning which is the most crucial part of a decision. The fundamental problem is that law clerks, however bright and scholarly, lack the experience and judgment of judges.

The bishops may be less scholarly, and certainly have less time, than staff; but the fact that they have borne the burdens of pastoral responsibility means that they are more likely to have the judgment normally acquired only through experience, a greater appreciation of the necessary connection between ends and means, and a better sense of their inherent limitations. Were staff unavailable, or reduced in numbers, pastorals would undoubtedly be fewer and more modest in scope, less newsworthy, but more likely to be considered religious, rather than political, exercises.

As Judge Posner notes, "The less that lawyers and especially other judges regard judicial opinions as authentic expressions of what the judges think, the less they will rely on judicial opinions for guidance and authority." The more apparent it becomes that the pastorals are not the products of the bishops' collegial deliberations, the less valid will appear the claim that they are exercises of the bishops' teaching authority. The inevitable result will be the diminution of the bishops' credibility as religious leaders. They would do well to ponder the story of the boy who cried "wolf." When the need for morally authoritative guidance arises, as it surely will, no one may be listening to them. □

AMONG THE EDUCATIONALOIDS

BACK TO SCHOOL

by Thomas R. Brooks

My granddaughter and a friend were up from Reston, Virginia, to audition for the Joffrey Ballet School's summer session. At lunch, we chatted about family, school, the audition. Jody, a thirteen-year-old seventh grader, told me that her class was studying World War II, devoting two weeks of social studies-English class-time—about eight to ten hours—to the project. "Oh, yes," her friend chimed in. "We're putting President Truman on trial for dropping the atom bomb."

Nonplussed, I blurted, "You're what?" She repeated her remark, explaining that the class had been broken up into small groups, each with a research task in preparation for roles as judges, prosecutor, defense counsel, defendant, witnesses, and so on.

"If we hadn't dropped the bomb," I told the girls, "I wouldn't be here now, neither would Jody."

I think I upset the kids. After I had calmed down a bit I explained that my outfit, the Tenth Mountain Division, had been scheduled to be in on the invasion of Japan. Had we invaded, I told them, Japanese, military and civilian, and American casualities each would have far exceeded those of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. For good measure, I also said that by dropping the bomb we secured nuclear peace for four decades.

The girls assured me that they would keep this in mind. But after looking through some of the "preparation" for the trial—Jody, as it happened, had brought her homework with her—I wondered if they could hold out against the emotional prejudgment that seemed to be built into the program, called JUDGMENT, a "simulation," according to the student guide, that contains a mock trial. "You will help investigate," the students are told, "such long debated questions as these five: *Was the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki justified, or was it a war crime? Was it done only because of urgent military necessity, or was it a political move? Would other actions possibly have ended the war without such mass destruction? Under what circumstances can the deliberate killing of thousands of men, women, and children ever be excused? How and why did American leaders arrive at the decision to use the A-bomb?"*

The answers are thrashed out in the course of "an international war crimes trial such as those that condemned the Nazi and Japanese leaders after World War II."

"You must imagine," the children are instructed, "that world-wide public opinion has demanded that Allied leaders who committed questionable acts be tried just as the Axis leaders were tried." It is 1953. President Truman is in the dock "charged with war crimes and crimes against humanity, because as Commander-in-Chief he gave the order to use the atomic bomb."

The kids are assigned Walter Lord's *Day of Infamy* to read in full. (Jody found it heavy going, a bit mystifying.) In class and through "research," they cover the rise of Nazism, touch upon at least forty-five "basics," a list that ranges from the Atlantic Charter to Yalta, Munich (Neville Chamberlain, "foolish" fellow), the blitzkrieg ("the 'lightning' war that overwhelmed Poland"), Stalingrad and North Africa which in 1942 "turn the tide" in favor of the Allies. In the Pacific, Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Okinawa, the *Kamikaze* are touched upon.

I asked Jody about the Stalin-Hitler Pact. She'd never heard of it. It's not on the list of basics, "World War II People, Places, and Events." I asked if the teacher had mentioned it. She said no.

Curious about the pedagogical mind-set that produces such stuff as JUDGMENT, I sent for the current catalogue of the California outfit, Interact, that developed the program. Owned and operated by teachers, Interact boasts of "learning through involvement." "We're in all states of the union and in eight foreign countries," I was later told by an Interact spokesman. In seventeen years, the company's seventy-four teacher-authors have written 145 items—simulations, "interaction units," individual learning projects, and writing programs that, to quote from the sixty-page catalogue, "cleverly combine group work and game theory, teach traditional subject matter, stimulate peer teaching, and improve communication skills."

Well, education ain't what it used to be. Grades 7-12, average to above-average ability, in five hours get RELIGION—Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Shinto, humanism, existentialism, transcendental meditation, self-improvement psychology. "Doing this," prospective customers are told, "your students will become more informed about all beliefs held by their contemporaries on this planet in this century."

Yes, indeed. "Do you and your students know how nuclear attack would affect your community? What would be the medical, social, psychological, economic, and political consequences?" In FIVE GROUND ZERO HOURS, students chart and map such consequences, and "role play" political positions local community leaders might take concerning civil defense, nuclear armament, and American nuclear war policy.

American history has its trials—from Anne Hutchinson to William Calley—and its debates over women's rights, the annexation of the Philippines, the League of Nations. Both sides, of course, but the promotional blurbs surely suggest something: "We

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Thomas R. Brooks, author of Toil and Trouble: A History of American Labor, *is working on a biography of Jacob Schiff.*

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haven't achieved what men have because we've been too busy having babies, washing and ironing clothes and guarding morality," a woman at the SENECA FALLS DEBATE is quoted as saying. "God is speaking to America telling us to bring our brown brothers the light of Christianity," says an imperialist during the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS ANNEXATION DEBATE. "You also oppose the Versailles Treaty because Wilson was involved. You intensely dislike the President;" this from a role description of Henry Cabot Lodge. "Upon cross-examination you will admit that people could've been killed by helicopter or artillery fire," from the role description for Ron Haeberle, *Life* photographer/government witness, in the CALLEY TRIAL.

In a simulation of "current racial problems in a typical American city" students "research," among others, this general proposition: "The KKK's beliefs epitomize the WASP tradition in America."

Students are asked to run businesses, pay taxes, fight inflation, analyze the identity problems of adolescence, explore "the marriage relationship," simulate the American "capitalistic" system, buy and sell stocks in the classroom. They get to learn "first hand" about small claims courts, learn something of law from simulation of juvenile and adult law cases. Students attend a constitutional convention and on a new planet learn "how nations develop and become involved in power struggles."

As student comment on the simulations has it: "They sure beat listening to lectures or seeing those movies we already saw before." "History doesn't seem so dead when you act it out." "I'll remember that Seneca Falls debate. I loved wearing that nineteenth-century dress while I was shooting down those boys' sexist remarks." And: "What I thought would be boring wasn't. I really got into Debs' ideas during the election of 1912."

Much is made of "research," debating all sides, role-playing. In DRAFT, a simulation of "the selective service: past, present, future," students "as congresspersons . . . debate a national service plan, and in factions (e.g., traditionalists, anti-war, women's caucus, black caucus) they try to amend or defeat a bill that would require national service of most 18 year olds." In HERSTORY, boy-girl study couples (Grades 8-12) "analyze male-female role expectations" and "American marital arrangements with their accompanying ritual (e.g., the religious service in traditional marriage and the written marriage contract in androgynous [sic] marriage)."

And for a little role playing: "A forty-year-old neighbor lady who has two children and who is sympathetic to women's lib talks with 'unliberated' neighbor who is 30, has had two children, and is wondering whether she and her husband should have more children. Her older brother-in-law and his wife have five children. Her husband, like his brother, believes in large families and can finance them relatively well though he would never be able to afford a maid. The wife is afraid of becoming 'pooped' physically and psychologically by too many children, but she doesn't know how to communicate this to her husband."

I like that bit about the maid. It is so "relevant." Or as the catalogue notes of JUDGMENT, "after the trial [of President Truman], students analyze a contemporary situation paralleling Truman's decision and realize that the Hiroshima/Nagasaki issues are relevant still."

Herb London, dean of NYU's Gallatin Division, tells me that he's attended such a trial at a school on Long Island. The kids there found Truman guilty. I haven't heard from my granddaughter how the trial went at her school. Tell the truth, I am afraid to ask. □

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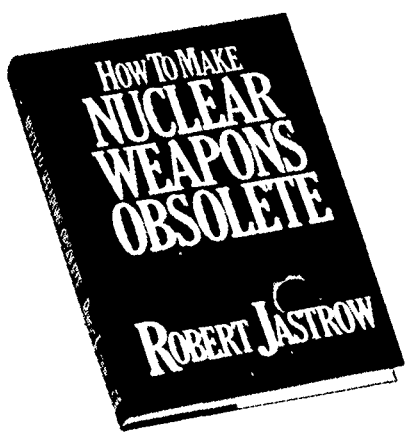

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THE VACANT MAJORITY

by Jeremy Rabkin

A few years ago, many cars in my part of the country carried a taunting bumper sticker: "THE MORAL MAJORITY IS NEITHER." You don't see many of those stickers anymore. Not that critics of Jerry Falwell no longer feel the need to denigrate his version of morality. It's just that they no longer find it necessary to debunk his claim to speak for the majority. And surely they are right about this, if about nothing else. The majority does not count for much in American politics these days.

Perhaps it was never very likely that the majority would find its voice in a Southern Baptist preacher. But the curious thing is that it has not found a voice elsewhere—or is not interested in being heard. President Nixon talked about the "silent majority," but it remained silent as Nixon's triumphal reelection was successfully undone by his enemies. Later in the 1970s, when forced busing and ethnic quotas and OSHA regulations on toilet seats seemed to be trying the public patience to the limit, a Harvard professor of government diagnosed the ultimate source of the national distemper: "Not enough good demagogues," he grumbled. This seemed a plausible explanation at the time. But by now one has to wonder whether the problem is not with a demos that discourages would-be demagogues from trying.

It is true, of course, that our Founding Fathers, who had more experience with successful demagogues, were rather suspicious of "zeal for the rights of the people." *The Federalist* cheerfully applauded the great diversity of special interests in our continental-scale republic, because this would make it difficult for any one faction to speak for "the people" or even to secure a temporary majority. The original Constitution provided institutional curbs on demagoguery as well, in its provisions for an indirectly elected Senate and an indirectly elected President to check impulsive action by the more popular House of Representatives.

These safeguards, however, presupposed an assertive populace, one that was actually vulnerable to demagogic leadership. This was certainly a reasonable presumption through most of our history. The electoral college plan of the Framers was short-circuited within a decade by the rise of popular parties, appealing directly to "the people" on behalf of particular candidates. The provision for selecting senators by state legislatures could not survive populist clamor at the turn of the century. And the same clamor brought new constitutional provisions in many states for challenging government policies with popular referenda and procedures for "recalling" state officials, including state judges, by direct popular vote. The people demanded to be heard. Or at least political challengers did well making demands in the name of the "people"—that is, in the name of the majority.

All that seems remote from the temper of our times. The much vaunted "populist rebellion" of the late 1970s turned out to be rather ephemeral. Its most celebrated expression, tax-cutting referenda like California's Proposition 13, appealed to the citizen as a consumer of government services, wearied of high prices. Appeals to the citizenry as the ultimate sovereign, however, have been almost as rare as calls to revolution. The thought of a new constitutional convention shocks almost all liberals, not to mention a great many conservatives.

The most dramatic indication of popular passivity, of course, is the extraordinary power of the judiciary. In the early decades of this century, when courts were sometimes rather high-handed in enforcing their notion of property rights, Congress rang with denunciations of judicial "usurpation." President Taft muttered about the need to impeach some judges as a lesson to the others and Theodore Roosevelt barnstormed the country in 1912, urging that the Constitution be amended to make federal judges stand for election. Finally, with President Hoover's blessing, Congress did vote to strip the federal courts of jurisdiction to issue injunctions in a wide range of labor disputes.

In the past two decades, federal courts have been appropriating public funds, taking over the administration of public institutions, treating elected legislators as errant children. But with far greater provocation, there has been far less popular or political resistance. While forced-busing schemes aroused much popular resentment and a good deal of legislative shadow-boxing in the early 1970s, this bizarre social experiment continues more than a decade later, despite its overwhelming rejection by the public (and even by the majority of black voters, if polls are to be trusted). Very few members of Congress admit to supporting forced busing, but almost all act as if Congress were powerless to stop it. And the public seems equally resigned. The American people no longer seem to think that their will, even when clear and overwhelming, must prevail.

Perhaps more telling than the brute fact of this imperial sway of the courts is the accepted rationale for it. The courts, we are told over and over again, must be active "to protect the rights of minorities." But since no one who has graduated from junior high school believes that the courts are enforcing rights actually set down by the Founding Fathers, the more candid defenders of judicial activism explain that the courts must "provide representation for underrepresented interests." And that is undoubtedly how the judges see their role. In the face of a complacent, overbearing majority, they must assert their power on behalf of the weak and vulnerable in our society—racial minorities, religious minorities, women, the poor, accused criminals and condemned criminals, friends of wildlife, and beleaguered consumers.

Of course, all these diverse constituencies add up to an overwhelming majority of the electorate—or rather, they would add up to an overwhelming majority, if they actually held the view of their interests ascribed to them by the activist lawyers who claim to "represent" them in court. The fact is that it does not matter. The crucial point is that it is a great rhetorical advantage to present one's cause these days as that of a beleaguered minority. It is a great advantage in the courts. It is even a great advantage in politics. It certainly seems to be a foolproof method for winning political acquiescence to judicial activism.

Up to a point, there is no great mystery about this. The underdog has a claim on our sympathy that is hard to resist. And it is surely easier to swallow the notion that courts are protecting minorities rather than protecting the majority against itself. Still, the reluctance of the majority to reassert its authority, its continuing moral timidity, remains rather baffling—and dismaying.

Republican government draws all its energy from the pride of majorities—or would-be majorities—in governing themselves. Of course, there is always a certain presumptuousness in the claim of the majority to settle the issue (whatever it is) for everyone else. But if the majority cannot finally decide for the whole community, who can? And if no one can speak for the whole, how can there be a republic—a public or common thing? The majority may be a kind of abstraction most of the time. But so is national sovereignty. And in a healthy republic, threats to the authority of the majority might be expected to call forth almost as much unified resistance as threats to the national sovereignty.

In the past this was generally so. "In the United States," Tocqueville observed, "all the parties are ready to recognize the rights of the majority because they all hope one day to profit themselves by them." Political or cultural minorities frequently took pains to conceal their minority status and to identify with the majority. Successive waves of immigrants wrapped

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themselves in the American flag. In this century organized labor roused its followers with patriotic songs, tuneful reminders that "this land is your land," American Jewish leaders spoke eagerly of the nation's Judeo-Christian tradition. Critics who openly scorned the majority got nowhere, for they seemed to be scorning the common man's capacity for self-government.

In recent decades, however, political factions seem to have lost any sense of shame in presenting themselves as victimized minorities—because the tactic seems to work so well. Even in political debate, there is a marked tendency for factions to adopt the posture of wronged parties before a court. Self-assertion is regarded as most acceptable in the baleful trappings of self-pity. Appeals to the governing pride of majorities are derided as demagoguery.

Liberal opinion has been particularly receptive to such ploys. Efforts to combat pornography in the name of public morality were derided by liberals as "narrow-minded" or "oppressive" censorship. Now that feminists protest pornography as a threat to the rights of women, censorship is suddenly receiving a respectful hearing. Racial separatism and racial preferences were denounced when imposed by the majority—and certainly with reason. When demanded on behalf of minorities, many liberals came to regard such grotesque practices as valuable initiatives, if not indeed rights.

Conservatives who might have been expected to rally in defense of the majority and the mainstream increasingly seem to be falling prey to similar temptations, however. One can hardly begrudge the "right to life" movement for seizing the rhetoric of victimization. Unborn babies are as helpless and "underrepresented" a minority as one can find. Still, the relentless focus on the victims of abortion often obscures the larger point: Do the rest of us want to live in a country indifferent to the routine trashing of life or even "potential life"? At any rate, the extent to which the "right to life" movement has come to rest its hopes on new Supreme Court appointments is a sad reflection on the condition of a political movement appealing to genuine public morality.

Sadder still is the way critics of quotas and affirmative action have begun to present themselves as championing the rights of victims. Many conservative politicians find it easier to protest injustices to individual Allan Bakkes or Brian Webers than to appeal to the majority on whether it wants to see the country divided along racial and ethnic lines. And so the Reagan Administration has placed virtually all its hopes for reversing the quota schemes of the 1970s on—legal briefs in the courts!

Just as pathetic is the framing of disputes about religion in public life in terms of "rights" and "victims." The Supreme Court itself has been very receptive to the pleas of religious minorities—as long as they present themselves as victims. It has been quite prepared to decree special privileges or special exemptions from otherwise valid laws: for Amish parents who disapprove of extensive schooling for their children, for the religious pacifist who seeks unemployment compensation because his faith requires him to quit work at a defense plant, for the Seventh Day Adventist whose faith requires her to refuse Saturday employment, and so on. What the Court cannot abide are dispensations for religion accorded by a generous or sympathetic majority. Thus it recently struck down a Connecticut law that required employers to allow a day off for Sabbath observers. The Court might very well have ordered such concessions case by case out of pity for the religious victims. But for the majority to do so on its own struck the Court as an intolerable expression of public support for religious observance.

The champions of religion in public life have begun to respond in a similar spirit. An overwhelming majority of Americans support prayer in public schools, for example. Perhaps they are wrong in hoping this will instill some generalized respect for religion in young children, without embroiling them in sectarian controversy. But it is pitiful to find President Reagan defending school prayer in terms of the "rights" of school children to pray, when the question is so plainly not about rights but about public morality or public atmosphere. When Congress could not bring itself to endorse a constitutional amendment to permit school prayer, it settled instead on a statutory guarantee of "equal access" to school facilities for extracurricular religious groups. Even Congress finds it easier to respond to religious groups when they present themselves as persecuted victims.

Many conservatives have gone a step further by throwing their efforts into voucher schemes for public funding of private schools. Perhaps this is inevitable and appropriate, given the continuing decline of public education. Nonetheless, it is sad that so many conservatives now prefer to advocate sheltered sanctuaries for minority viewpoints rather than a common public culture, sustained by public education.

This defensive mentality has been carried to its logical conclusion by Howard Phillips and the Conservative Caucus. They are now arguing for an extension of First Amendment doctrine to prohibit "establishment" (meaning non-coercive public endorsement) of ideological opinion as well as religion. It is understandable that conservatives are frustrated at the Reagan Administration's slow progress in "defunding the left"—in detaching leftist advocacy groups from the holds on public funding they secured in the 1970s. But are conservatives really so weak and threatened that they should prefer the constraints of "ideological neutrality" to the risks of letting public resources sometimes fall into the hands of opponents? What a field day critics of "bourgeois morality" would have if turned loose on the public schools with a constitutional injunction of "ideological neutrality" in public institutions. Who could be "neutral" enough to judge whether ideological neutrality had been violated? Phillips has begun his defensive crusade by appealing to the courts. Naturally.

Perhaps these are merely straws in the wind at a time of temporarily flagging spirits on the right. But one has to wonder. There seems to be a great urge these days across the political spectrum to seek consolation—and political advantage—in victim status rather than to find pride in identification with a self-governing people. And this urge carries over in strange places.

President Reagan's supine response to international terrorism has been praised by most pundits with our highest term of praise: The President, they say, has responded to provocations with great "judiciousness." A government that has become too accustomed to viewing its citizens as victims turns out to have little feeling for the national honor. So we keep offering up more and more victims to international terrorism, while whining about the injustice of it all. But the Reagan Administration is losing patience. One more outrage and it may be forced to get serious. It may appeal to the World Court. □

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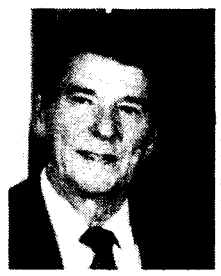

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BOOK REVIEWS

SENSE AND NONSENSE: A READER'S GUIDE TO THE KE007 MASSACRE

by James E. Oberg

When 269 people die horribly and world tension is noticeably heightened, it is of course prudent to determine how the tragedy occurred and how we can prevent its like from happening again. In the case of the "Korean Airliner Massacre" of September 1, 1983, two years of post-mortems have sadly been without productive result: The appropriate parties do not seem to have learned the proper lessons, and the stage remains set for further tragedies.

An extensive investigation of the Soviet attack on the Korean Air Lines' Anchorage-to-Seoul Flight KE007 leads one to some fairly confident conclusions. First, the most likely (actually the least unlikely) cause of the aircraft's course deviation was innocent flight crew error, compounded by the crew's insufficient verification efforts—they had chances to discover the flight was off course, but apparently never took advantage of them. Second, there was nothing in the actual flight path that would reasonably have led any agencies of the U.S. government to realize a civilian aircraft was off course and potentially in danger. (In hindsight there should have been additional procedures and equipment capable of such detection, and they are now in operation.) Third, the Soviet air defense forces attacked the aircraft not when it had failed to respond to contact procedures (which seem to have been executed improperly anyway), but as it neared international airspace and "escape." Finally, the Soviets should have been able to determine that the "target" was a civilian airliner, but apparently didn't, and arguably wouldn't have cared anyway.

Following the shootdown and the deaths of 269 innocent people, Moscow reacted with all its usual veracity and moral integrity. First came the disclaimers: "We didn't do it"; followed by the counter-accusation: "Why didn't you stop us?"; and finally the attempt to transfer blame: "You made us do it." In the weeks that followed, the last two arguments were embellished by Soviet spokesmen who declared it "an established fact" that the aircraft was on a deliberate spy mission and that the Soviet response was not only legal but moral as well—which left full responsibility for the deaths on the alleged instigator: the United States.

The Soviet push to convince people of these ridiculous excuses for murder received a double shot of support in mid-1984 with the appearance of two magazine articles, one in London and the other in New York. The first appeared under the pseudonym "P.Q. Mann," and the second was by David Pearson, before then an obscure graduate student in sociology at Yale.

"Mann" argued that the airliner's flight plan had been coordinated with both an American spy satellite and a space shuttle mission. To make such a scenario more believable, he described an analogous coordination twenty years earlier, again between an American "ferret" (electronics eavesdropping) satellite and not one but two border crossings into East Germany by American planes. The author criticized air traffic controllers for not warning KE007, and also alleged that the news media had not thoroughly examined such spy scenarios.

Pseudonyms are often clever tools of deception, and the "P.Q. Mann" case is an outstanding example. When his article appeared in London's *Defence Attaché* in mid-1984, the mystery surrounding his identity added spice—and authority—to his "spy flight" charges. Wrote the *Economist*: "Whoever he is, he appears to have access to high level intelligence data." Other spyflight buffs whispered that he was a highly placed British intelligence analyst with an excess of scruples.

As it turned out, he was nothing of the sort—although his interests were well served by such confusion and speculation. According to London newspapers his true name was Tony Devereaux, a public relations executive for a London advertising firm. He had no spaceflight or intelligence operations experience, as a careful reading of his article showed. The secrecy was not to protect himself (he was in no danger of violating any official secrets act) but to conceal his lack of qualifications. And it worked: When Devereaux's identity was exposed, and when *Defence Attaché* had to repudiate his charges and pay a substantial libel settlement to Korean Air Lines, such "news" went nowhere near as far as the original accusations. There is no evidence that the *Economist*, for example, ever bothered to set the record straight for its readers; nor did major broadcast news agencies worldwide.

Real experts immediately recognized the "Mann" theories as garbage. His analogous 1964 plane/satellite coordination rested on the identification of a military weather satellite as a ferret satellite, which it wasn't. And his suggestions that in 1983 the space shuttle was passing close enough to the airliner to direct the operation founder on the simple physical fact that the two vehicles were over the horizon from each other, out of direct line-of-sight radio contact.

When the full and devastating factual rebuttal of Devereaux's spy crackpottery appeared in the January-February 1985 issue of the same magazine, *Defence Attaché*, not a single major news outlet—even those which had highlighted Devereaux's original nonsensical material—mentioned it, much less reported its findings. This includes *World Press Review*, which reprinted the Devereaux material with much respect and enthusiasm.

Instead, great public attention is paid to theorists such as graduate student David Pearson, whose long, turgid argumentation a year ago in the *Nation* still echoes and re-echoes through the media. Pearson conjures up support for the theory that the U.S. knew of the plane's deviation. Consequently, its failure to alert the aircraft was taken as evidence of a pre-arranged plot or, at the very least, of grounds for significant responsibility for the plane's fate.

To prove this, Pearson lets loose an avalanche of technical and military terminology that gives an appearance of true expertise. But to specialists in radar, aircraft traffic control, and Soviet studies, Pearson's material appears

The following articles, books, and pamphlets are discussed in this essay:

"Reassessing the Sakhalin Incident," by P.Q. Mann (pseudonym), *Defence Attaché* (London), No. 3, May-June 1984.

"K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew and When We Knew It," by David Pearson, The *Nation*, August 18-25, 1984.

"Sakhalin: Sense and Nonsense," by J.E. Oberg, *Defence Attaché* (London), No. 1, January-February 1985.

KAL Flight 007: The Hidden Story, by Oliver Clubb, Permanent Press (Sag Harbor, NY), $16.95.

Black Box: KAL 007 and the Superpowers, by Alexander Dallin, University of California Press, $14.95.

Day of the Cobra: The True Story of KAL Flight 007, by Jeffrey St. John, Thomas Nelson Publishers, $11.95.

Massacre 747: The Story of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, by Richard Rohmer, Paperbacks Ltd. (Markham, Ontario), $3.95 paper.

The Curious Flight of KAL 007, by Conn Hallinan, U.S. Peace Council (New York), 8 pp.

The President's Crime: The Provocation with the South Korean Airliner Carried Out by Order of Reagan, by "Akio Takahashi," Novosti Publishers (Moscow), 30 kopecks.

"KE007—A Conspiracy of Circumstance," by Murray Sayle, *New York Review of Books*, April 25, 1985.

James E. Oberg is a professional spaceflight operations engineer with the space shuttle program in Houston, and a leading Western expert on Soviet space technology. His latest book, Pioneering Space, *is being issued by McGraw-Hill this November. His research on the KE007 atrocity has been conducted privately and reflects nobody's opinions but his own.*

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outrageous, replete with the most elementary technical errors.

In the words of *Time* science editor Frederic Golden, for example, Pearson relies on "flat earth physics" to "prove" that certain USAF radars (such as Cobra Dane on Shemya in the Aleutians) must have followed the aircraft's entire flight. (Physical laws, plus practical programming limitations, made this impossible.) He relies on "assertions of the consequent" to establish that the nearby RC-135, a U.S. reconnaissance plane, was "certain" to detect and identify the airliner, without any list of the RC-135's identification capabilities. He refers to a USAF/FAA agreement to warn off-course outbound airliners, even though that agreement had lapsed a year before the incident. He eagerly reports that a space shuttle dummy payload (carried up to test the spaceship's robot arm) was a "secret dipole antenna." In hopes of appearing persuasive, Pearson counts on—and cultivates—the ignorance of his readers.

Late this spring the major media did pay some attention to the release of the two latest books on the shootdown. The book by a respected Sovietologist, Alexander Dallin, was generally treated kindly, while the shrill conspiracy advocacy of Oliver Clubb was almost universally panned. Clubb subsequently complained that his reviewers had not been specific enough in their criticism. I am happy to have this opportunity to spell out my criticism in detail.

Since Clubb clearly wants to demonstrate the deliberate nature of the airliner's course deviation, he needs to prove that the crew took actions totally inconsistent with an innocent mistake. One such allegation in *KAL Flight 007: The Hidden Story* is that the crew turned off the airliner's transponder while crossing the Kamchatka Peninsula with the intent of avoiding Soviet interceptors. As Clubb elaborates: "There was further evidence that Flight 007's pilot had not simply strayed unwittingly over Kamchatka, but had overflown it intentionally—taking pains to conceal his aircraft's identity."

Clubb quotes from the *Miami Herald*: "The pilot appears to have turned off the signal device that would have identified him as an innocent airliner. It's called an IFF system. . . ." The evidence presented for this is that the Soviet pilot over Sakhalin Island reported no response to his IFF query, and that the Japanese military radars on Hokkaido picked up the Soviet signal but no coded identifying response. "Pilots worldwide," reported the *Herald*, "civilian and military, American and Soviet alike, use the same IFF system and compatible equipment."

And there is the first problem: The basic assertion is false. The Miami newsman confused a military IFF system—"Identify Friend or Foe"—with the civil aviation transponder system, which responds to queries from commercial airports equipped with secondary surveillance radar. There is no such worldwide compatibility of IFF systems, as any aviation expert could have told the *Miami Herald* or Clubb. The Soviet pilot's IFF system would have received a response only from another Soviet aircraft; the Japanese military radar, not being the type found at commercial airports, would never have triggered the airliner's response, while a commercial query would have (and did, in fact) receive a response which only told the observers it was an airliner, any nation's airliner. In any case, neither of the two reported facts support the allegation that the airliner's transponder was actually turned off; the available evidence shows just the opposite.

Nevertheless, Clubb maintains—however falsely—that he has proof that "the airliner's IFF" was off over Sakhalin. Now observe the careful

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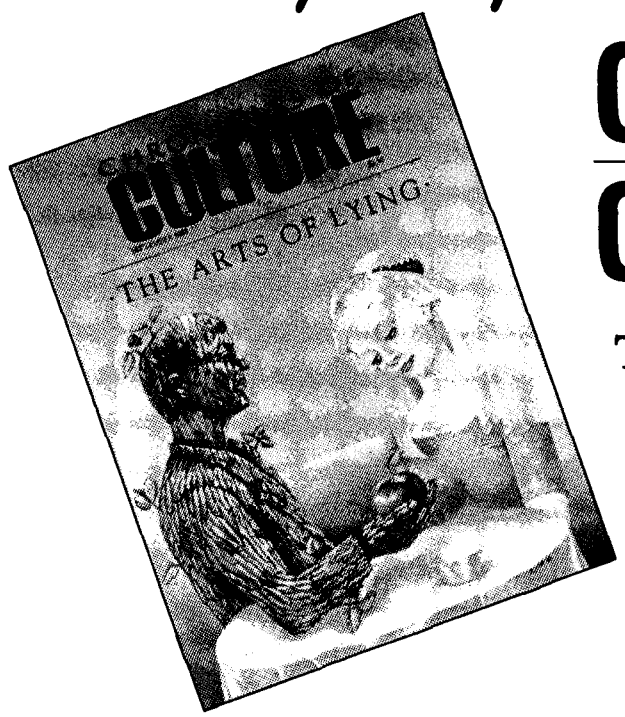

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metamorphosis of this claim in subsequent pages:

•"We have already noted that Flight 007 evidently maintained radio silence as it flew across Kamchatka and also had its IFF system turned off." (But the *Herald* claimed that the IFF was off over Sakhalin, not Kamchatka.)

•"Yet, as we have seen, there had indeed been aspects of Flight 007's behavior which raised troubling questions . . . [including] the fact that its IFF had evidently been turned off." (The "report" becomes a convenient "fact.")

•Finally, the distortion of the original (and inaccurate) *Miami Herald* claim results in the outrageous passage, "The requirements of an intelligence mission would also explain [the pilot's] 'strange' behavior: . . . the fact that he had manifestly turned off his IFF, by which his aircraft could have been immediately identified when it intruded into Soviet airspace over Kamchatka [sic!]."

If Clubb believed the Miami newspaper's claim that the transponder was turned off, then one might expect he would have had to accept other claims made elsewhere in the *Herald* article, claims not excerpted in his book. The newspaper's report concluded: "Almost without exception, American experts consider it illogical to think that the United States would use a commercial airliner on an ultrasensitive spying mission. . . . Even the most venturesome of U.S. theorists do not conclude that [the airliner] was spying. . . . " It's obvious why Clubb would not want to repeat *that* testimony.

Clubb employs a similar deceptive technique in trying to prove that U.S. tracking systems followed the flight and failed to warn it. The RC-135 is a handy culprit, if it can be shown that the aircraft had such a tracking capability.

Clubb writes: "Tom Bernard and T. Edward Eskelson, both former Air Force communications specialists who had flown on RC-135 flights out of Okinawa, provided a detailed description of RC-135 capabilities. Among other things, they noted that even if the particular RC-135 in question had returned to its base there would have been another such aircraft off the Kamchatka coast to replace it. . . . " Later Clubb is able to report, "So, too, have U.S. reconnaissance capabilities been strengthened . . . as we have seen, with RC-135s patrolling continuously off the Kamchatka coast." To prove this, Clubb must first obfuscate the point that there are different models of RC-135s, each with different missions and capabilities—it is always "the" capabilities of "the" RC-135. Next, he must withhold from his reader the crucial fact that the Bernard and Eskelson testimony dealt with operations fifteen years earlier, supporting B-52 runs to and from Southeast Asia. Any reader so informed would quite naturally ask himself if there might not have been any changes in the intervening years. But Clubb does not want to bother his readers with inconvenient facts. He is far more concerned with convincing them of one of his key theses: Modern airliners simply cannot go off course accidentally; if they do go off course, they do so deliberately. He cannot acknowledge the basic fact that course deviations, while rare, can and do innocently occur from time to time, and he labors to have his readers share in his confusion.

Classic fallacies of reasoning abound, including the false dilemma: "Unless we are to assume incompetence, do we not have to assume that the authorities in question [American and Japanese air traffic controllers] had unexplained reasons for not doing anything about the aircraft on their radar screens as it headed undeviatingly on its fatal course toward Russia's Sakhalin Island?" The third (and authentic) alternative is that these authorities had no sensors capable of providing such data—the falsely conjured up "radar screens" reference is a trick. Yet Clubb insists: "The assertion that the KAL airliner's deviant flight went undetected for two and a half hours by U.S. and Japanese ground control authorities rests on the idea that the sophisticated ground control system created to monitor flights along this extremely sensitive route was incapable, though it employed the most sophisticated equipment available, of doing what it was designed to do. This seems almost inconceivable on the face of it." Clubb refuses to grasp another fact: Airliners in mid-flight in the north Pacific are on their own, solely responsible for maintaining and reporting their positions; air traffic control radars were never intended to provide help along these portions of the route.

Such consistent failures of fact and logic are the reasons expert reviewers have been unconvinced by Clubb's *KAL Flight 007: The Hidden Story.* For the far-left ideologist or the Soviet apologist, however, the book provides sufficient incentive for believing in America's guilt, a belief already in place before the need for any facts or logic at all.

Alexander Dallin's book, *Black Box*, is somewhat better, but it looks far better than it actually is. First, Dallin plays by the rules and speaks on certain topics (such as international affairs) with an established expertise. His account of the way the event fit into the existing Soviet and American world views is excellent. The Soviets' version of the event had to satisfy "a domestic audience which needed to be impressed with the continued infallibility of the ruling party, the integrity of Soviet borders, the vigilance of its protectors, and the malice of their enemies abroad." Hence the Soviet propaganda response could have been (and was) predicted within hours of the shootdown.

But in areas foreign to his academic experience, such as aviation, Dallin relies too strongly on pure deduction and heavyweight jargon. His map of the aircraft's route shows a bizarre jog due south over Sakhalin, utterly inconsistent with every other published account. He falls for the RC-135 fallacy and, like Clubb, neglects to inform his readers that the Eskelson material is fifteen years out of date. He makes no factual criticisms of Pearson's piece in the *Nation*, and even indicates he found it convincing. And when he encounters genuine expertise, he often rejects it. For example, he unfairly characterizes the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) report as "a whitewash" but doesn't mention a single factual error.

Since it is obvious that Dallin is out of his depth, it should come as no surprise that he is unable to imagine any accidental way the airliner could go off course. Consequently, he admits, seemingly under protest, that the "deliberateness theory" (and the corollary of U.S. complicity) grows stronger with the passage of time. Nevertheless, *Black Box* is a valuable book, if only for its treatment of political repercussions, and for its comprehensive citations and footnotes.

For all the press attention given to Clubb's and Dallin's books, with their varying degrees of pro-conspiracy sentiment, a reader might conclude that

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these were the first two books on the subject. Actually, they were not: Books by authors Jeffrey St. John and Richard Rohmer appeared the year before. Both rejected the "American conspiracy" theories, and, perhaps for that reason, received no national attention.

In *Day of the Cobra*, Washington-based journalist St. John would like to have proved the Soviets guilty of deliberately luring the jet off course in order to assassinate Congressman Larry McDonald, the president of the John Birch Society. He provides several technically accurate scenarios of how it could have been done. But then St. John proves to be too principled a journalist to make a good propagandist: He also reports the disclosure of subsequent facts and investigations which disprove all of the scenarios.

The author's sympathies are obvious, since he was McDonald's friend and describes in detail many of their conversations. The book concentrates on the political environment of the event more than on the actual shootdown, since St. John, unlike Dallin, sticks to the topics he knows well. The result is a fine portrait of the human side of the tragedy, written by a reliable journalist intimately familiar with his subject. It rambles off center (usually far to the right) too often to make for smooth reading, but the added material is not mere padding; it adds a sensation of horror missing from the icy academic exercises of Dallin or the passionate political polemics of Clubb. For this and for other details, such as that Geraldine Ferraro's long-time family doctor was among the dead, the book is highly recommended.

Richard Rohmer is a retired Canadian major-general and the author of more than a dozen books. His latest work shows it: *Massacre 747* is written with the touch of a man who knows what he's talking about, or at least knows where to find the right experts to supplement his own knowledge. His conclusions have frequently been quoted by conspiracy nuts, especially his assertion that KE007's pilots "knew exactly where they were." But the statement is out of context, since Rohmer's actual conclusions involve a damning indictment of Soviet brutality as well as a total exoneration of American behavior throughout the episode.

Rohmer's theory that the pilots were taking a fuel-saving shortcut is a reasonable hypothesis, and it is well argued (including some unique insights into Korean Air Lines' finances and post-shootdown shakeups), but other specialists have pointed out fatal flaws which Rohmer has not adequately dealt with. As the ICAO investigation report noted, if such shortcuts over Sakhalin Island were a common practice the Japanese would have noticed them long before—and they didn't. Also, the airline's saving would have reached perhaps a thousand dollars, hardly enough to justify such a risk.

Nevertheless, the book is extremely valuable as an analysis of the flight itself. For example, Rohmer uses the Soviet air-to-ground transcripts of the final minutes to demonstrate that, despite Soviet claims, the target airliner never made the famous "hump" course deviation, but instead maintained a straight course throughout that phase of the encounter. Such careful analyses have understandably been ignored by the conspiracy nuts.

Apart from the above books and articles, a number of pamphlets on KE007 have appeared around the world. Conn Hallinan's pamphlet serves as an example of what Moscow would like the West to think, since there is little dispute that its publisher, the so-called "U.S. Peace Council," is a tool of the Communist Party-USA, which never strays from the official Moscow line. Thus it should come as no surprise that Hallinan's pamphlet is chock-full of misrepresentations and lies; what is rather more interesting is how little its factual material is distinguishable from that of Pearson and Clubb.

Like Clubb, Hallinan uses such counterfeit gems as the "Volkman testimony": "Ernest Volkman, national science editor of *Defense Science* magazine, told the [Canadian Broadcasting Corporation] that KAL regularly overflies the USSR in order to gather military intelligence." But Volkman has never held any position with that magazine and is in fact a staffer on Bob Guccione's *Penthouse*; further, Volkman denies he said any such thing. "What I said," he informed me, "is that such an assertion has been *reported*; I have no independent corroborative evidence that the assertion is true." That's obviously a quite different assertion from the one Hallinan and Clubb attribute to him.

Elsewhere, Hallinan asserts that experts "with close contacts in the U.S. intelligence community" believe that the U.S. Navy secretly recovered the airliner's flight recorders. I showed copies of the pamphlet to these experts; one kindly sent me a copy of a letter protesting what he termed an outrageous falsification of his position. Hallinan had never talked to him about the claim. Such are the hazards of scrapbook scholarship.

Hallinan's pamphlet is not an isolated case of what seems to be Soviet-front groups spreading disinformation. In mid-1984 *The President's Crime* appeared in Japan under the authorship of one "Akio Takahashi," identified as a leading Japanese journalist. The book adhered to the Soviet line, and was reprinted in a Russian edition with uncommon speed. Oddly, nobody in Japan seems ever to have heard of "Takahashi" before, and all checkable elements of his "author's biography" turned out to be false. You can even reliably judge this book by its cover: The *Novosti* edition showed a blacked-out aircraft in a murky sky, but the vehicle's nose, tail, and engine structure identify it unmistakably as an RC-135, not a Boeing 747. Further, some of the alleged spy satellite data presented in the book show Russian fingerprints: The identification codes translate "B" not into "2" (since B is the second letter of our alphabet) but into "3" (since B is the third letter of the Cyrillic alphabet).

Behind all these propaganda conflicts, there remains the actual puzzle of the plane's actions. If the behavior of American radar observers and of Soviet air defense forces can be reasonably well reconstructed, what about the original cause, the course deviation? Is there any reasonable way a plane could so grievously lose its way?

Japan-based Australian author Murray Sayle believes there is, and has spent months investigating the case and attempting to explain what happened. His conclusions, published in the *New York Review of Books*, reflect crisp, analytical treatment of the carefully defined problem and of the factors that point to a possible solution. Sayle claims to have found just such a solution, and it is a logical, internally consistent, plausible reconstruction of the event.

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he points out. Elsewhere he adds: "An argument that a thing cannot happen . . . collapses when there is evidence that it has already happened, somewhere else."

Due to an outage of navigation equipment at Anchorage, KE007 took off south of its intended track and was vectored northward by an order to follow a magnetic heading of 246 degrees. The pilots are known to have started out that way. When they reached their intended route they were to have turned a rotary switch one click to put the autopilot onto inertial guidance mode. Sayle suggests that this single switch throw was not made (he has several plausible explanations why it wasn't), and he provides evidence that it could not have been made. He argues persuasively that when the aircraft was last seen it was still following heading 246 sometime after it should have turned slightly to the left, and also that when hours later it was at last spotted by Japanese radar (along a track which it could have followed purely by a heading of 246 with reasonable wind variations) it was still heading at 246. Sayle's expository narrative betokens a researcher well familiar with the terms and concepts he deals with, and his conclusion has the ring of truth to it.

Most of his early research was done under contract to a British television station which wanted to do a first anniversary special show. But when Sayle presented them with the results of his research, the documentary was canceled. He recounts what the executive producer told him: "Conspiracies are sexy, accidents are not. We have to at least put forward the possibility that Reagan and the CIA were involved, or we don't have a viable program."

If the spy theorists seem nevertheless to get more attention than they deserve, they are highlighted even more in the Soviet news media. Their opinions tend to fuel official Soviet xenophobia, which has always proved useful in keeping the population in line. But in their eagerness to find excuses for any Soviet brutality, the spy theorists may go a long way toward encouraging still more actions like the KE007 massacre. The Soviets are clearly ready to shoot down the next lost airliner, and a zealous band of Westerners has proclaimed its own readiness to come up with excuses.

In its June 30 issue, the official Soviet military newspaper *Red Star* warned Soviet servicemen to be ready to replay the KE007 tragedy. "The incumbent U.S. administration, following a policy of state terrorism, has not ceased airborne espionage against the Soviet Union," wrote captain Yevgeniy Nikitin. "The airborne spies' activity is assuming increasingly sophisticated and dangerous forms. Under these circumstances, squalid new provocations can be expected from the American makers of irresponsible and aggressive foreign policy, provocations executed with blessing from [Reagan]."

Such venomous words are terrifying evidence that the 269 dead of KE007 will probably not be the last innocents to fall before Soviet weapons. □

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Mark Falcoff

In the nearly twenty years that he has been a major political figure, Henry Kissinger has already appeared in three separate (but chronologically overlapping) incarnations. For the left, there is the evil genius of Richard Nixon's foreign policy (Vietnam, Cambodia, Chile, etc.); for the right, the architect of détente (SALT I, the Panama Canal treaties, the vast expansion of commercial credits to the Eastern bloc, the abandonment of Taiwan); and for all seasons, but particularly since his departure from office, the most persuasive expositor of what used to pass for mainstream American foreign policy.

What is perhaps equally interesting is the way that two successive administrations which have governed the United States since Kissinger's retirement from the State Department in 1976—both disposed at the outset to cast him in Outer Darkness—have each discovered in turn that they could not quite dispense with his services. (They were helped to reach this conclusion, of course, by the fact that their subject continued to make himself available, even after a campaign of sustained vilification.) Having observed him at close range for a brief period in 1983, I can attest that the Kissinger mystique consists in more or less equal parts of an unrivaled work capacity; a sense of history and an appreciation for cultural differences; sheer intellectual brilliance; and a wicked sense of humor very unlike that normally found in either academic life or the government.

Some future historian will have quite a time explaining which Kissinger is the "real" one—the bugaboo of Jesse Helms, Richard Viguerie, and Lyndon LaRouche; or of Anthony Lewis, Seymour Hersh, and William Shawcross. No doubt whoever writes that book will have to begin by placing the man in the context of his time, much as Kissinger himself did with Metternich in his Harvard doctoral dissertation, which explored—presciently enough—the politics of conservatism in a revolutionary age. One need not accept Dr. Kissinger's own version of events (much less that of his patron Richard Nixon) to appreciate that the years 1969-74 were for American foreign policy the most difficult and disadvantageous in its history. Nixon and Kissinger had a grander name for it, but theirs was a foreign policy of crisis management and damage limitation. It may well be that in the hands of different men—say, Hubert Humphrey and George Ball—the outcome would have been twice as dismal; certainly to judge by what Ball himself is saying these days, there is plenty of reason to think so.

If Kissinger is back in fashion, it is partly that the stormclouds of Vietnam have cleared, and it is now possible for the first time in many years to approach our foreign policy choices with a measure of objectivity. One man's dispassion is, of course, another man's bias, so that much of what appears in *Observations* will not be to the taste of certain kinds of American liberals, or for that matter, certain kinds of American conservatives. For Kissinger approaches his topics—the Atlantic alliance, East-West relations, arms control, the Third World, and international economic issues—from a decidedly unsentimental and unapologetic perspective. As he pointedly states, "The American Right still yearns for ideological victory without geopolitical effort; the American Left still dreams of reforming the world through the exercise of goodwill unsullied by power."

Three themes in particular occupy the lion's share of *Observations*. The first is the crisis of the Atlantic alliance, a topic to which Kissinger has repeatedly turned when addressing Western European audiences. Though he's often been accused of venting ill-temper and crude threats on such occasions, the speeches reproduced here show him to be courteous, balanced, and fair. He is not blind to the deficiencies of the American foreign policy process—far from it, since he recounts their horrors in luxurious detail—but he does insist that the Europeans cannot seize upon these as an excuse perpetually to

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postpone important decisions (particularly the enlargement of their conventional deterrent) which the times demand. Nor is he particularly admiring of Western European governments, including and perhaps especially conservative governments, which attempt to appease the "peace" vote in their countries by waffling on INF negotiations over intermediate range nuclear forces or the acceptance of Pershing missiles, as if in discharging their obligations under treaty they were doing some sort of favor for the United States. While some disagreements between Washington and its principal allies are, to be sure, inevitable, NATO "cannot be called an alliance," he writes, "if it agrees on *no* significant issue."

The root of the problem is cultural and historical. Since about 1960 the Europeans have virtually adopted the traditional American practice of moralistic posturing, deprecating "the importance of power [in favor of an] abstract faith in goodwill . . . in the pacific efficacy of economic relations," and attempting to escape from "the necessities of defense and security [and] from the sordid details of maintaining the global balance of power." Meanwhile, the United States, while forced by circumstances to modify in part its earlier moralism, "has never . . . fully developed a concept of equilibrium."

To a very large degree this psychological retreat on the part of Western Europeans is based on fear—fear of Soviet rearmament and military superiority, and fear also of a United States which may not turn out to be reliable in a pinch. These European concerns are, Kissinger concedes, legitimate enough; but they cannot be effectively met by evasion, posturing, or wishful thinking. Still less can the special strains to which the trans-Atlantic relationship has been subject be eased by urging the United States on one hand to defend the balance of power, "and then give it equal billing as a threat to peace with the Soviet 'hegemonist.' " And he adds tartly, "It is time for our European allies to abandon the charade that their principal foreign policy goal is to moderate an intransigent America—a role more appropriate for neutrals than for allies."

European fears of the Soviet Union lead to Kissinger's second major theme—the problem of arms control. Kissinger begins by pointing out what surely should be far more obvious than it is—namely, that "mankind cannot unlearn the secret of the atom. . . . We are doomed to some sort of deterrence, equilibrium, or balance at some level and in some form." We must also recognize that "as a general principle, arms do not cause political tensions; they reflect them." Arms control negotiations over the years seem to have evaded these central truths, and public debate on the issue often touches only indirectly upon the details being negotiated. (This includes the spurious "no first use" doctrine launched not long ago by Messrs. Bundy, Kennan, McNamara, and Smith, of which he offers an incisive critique.) Unfortunately, in both Europe and the United States arms control has come to be perceived "primarily as an exercise in moral virtue," evading what must be the bottom line: If we wish to reduce nuclear arsenals, we must be prepared to pay the price for a conventional buildup, and we cannot pretend that there is no such price.

The third theme naturally follows from this—the need to have a realistic understanding of what kinds of incentives will induce the Soviets to moderate their international conduct. In Kissinger's view, increased economic relations with the Soviet Union should *follow* demonstrations of a more peaceful course. This is not, to be sure, what happened during the decade of détente. Whether Kissinger himself actually followed his own advice during those years is open to question, but

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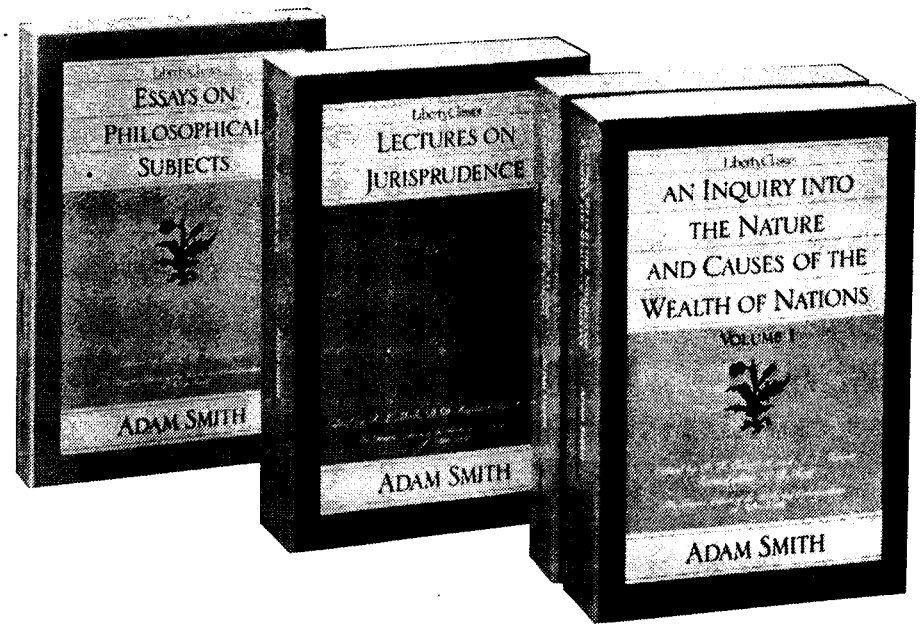

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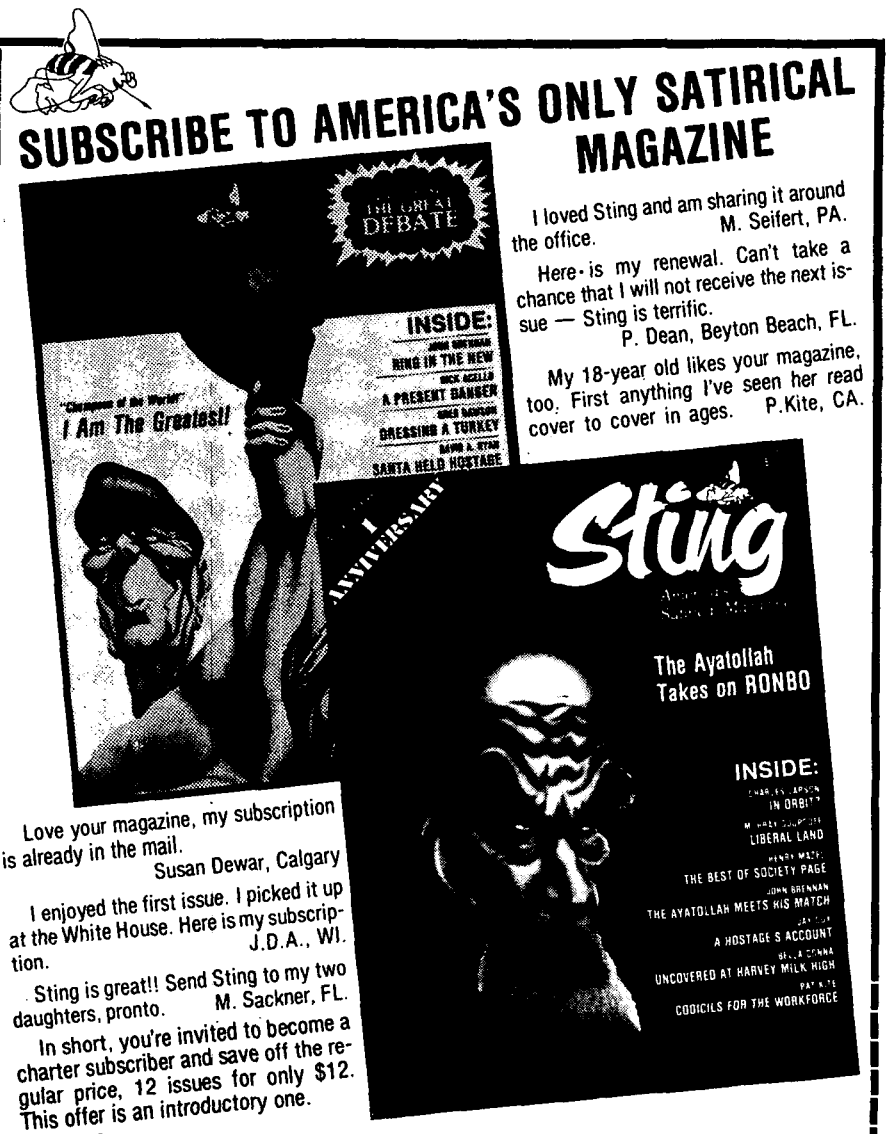
does not invalidate the utility of his observations today. What began as an instrument of foreign policy, he writes, took on a life of its own, and today more and more Western governments "act on the premise that the immediate goals in employment outweigh the political risks in strengthening a hostile and aggressive political system." More than that, trade with the Soviet Union is often conducted on concessional terms, so that it amounts to a form of appeasement, a subsidy to ward off Soviet bad conduct. What is even worse, domestic pressures in both the United States and Western Europe to increase economic relations, or to offer new arms control proposals, often increase after demonstrations of intransigence or lawlessness by the Kremlin.

Actually, one of the ironies of the Reagan Administration that Kissinger cannot forbear from mentioning more than once is the difference between its bark and its bite. After all, it was Reagan, not Carter, who campaigned in 1980 against the grain embargo, and the conduct (as opposed to the posturing) of his administration has been a model of restraint. Now even the posturing is changing, but both critics at home and allied leaders abroad seem not to notice. Why is this so? "Is it because the critics seek an excuse for a barely disguised neutralism, and the leaders require—or believe they require—at least the pretense of 'moderating' American obtuseness and intransigence as a unifying element in their domestic politics?" It is troubling to consider how close the question comes to answering itself.

Though no responsible figure in the media or politics has chosen to exploit Kissinger's foreign origins to criticize his policies (editorial cartoonists naturally excepted), during his term as National Security Adviser, and even more, as Secretary of State, there was a perceptible undercurrent of resentment at the "European" way in which he viewed some foreign policy matters. This attitude was fueled at times by his ill-considered remarks on the American political process. Nonetheless, it is difficult to imagine any European—certainly not Lord Carrington, certainly not Claude Cheysson—writing a book like this. Kissinger's is an American vision enriched by European experience. He is one of the last true "trans-Atlantic" figures in our political community, and our NATO allies would do well to consider his counsels as those of a true friend—one of the last, in fact, they are likely to have, unless and until his advice is acted upon. American conservatives and liberals would do well, too, to moderate their fire on one of the few serious foreign policy thinkers this country has produced in the last generation. For the U.S., the underlying theme of *Observations* is the need for it to act its age. This is something against which as a political culture we still rebel, but from which, inevitably, there is no escape. □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THE LAST TWO YEARS OF SALVADOR ALLENDE

Nathaniel Davis/Cornell University Press/$24.95

Claudia Rosett

Since at least the time of the conquistadores Latin America has been haunted by the legend of El Dorado—the land of treasure that lies always just beyond the horizon. But the search for this easy wealth leads to sordid realities. A Spanish and Indian expedition that set out in 1541 to find the land of spices and gold ended with a few hungry survivors butchering their own horses and dogs for food.

In 1970, with the election of Salvador Allende to the presidency, Chile embarked on a twentieth-century version of the same quest. The elusive prize was not El Dorado's gold, but socialist revolution, to be achieved in a unique and gratifying manner: through democratic process in a free society.

Only wishful thinking suggested that Allende's venture would succeed. Although he talked of the "*via Chilena*" to democratic socialism as if it were a freeway to brotherly love, he was in practice trying to follow two roads. One was the ongoing course of Chilean democracy; the other veered off sharply toward a centrally planned economy. His government could not follow the latter way without engaging in economic coercion and, ultimately, political repression.

By August 1973, the Chilean congress had passed a resolution accusing the Allende government of assaulting freedom of education and of the press, violating property and trade union rights and the autonomy of universities, and illegally arresting and torturing its opponents. Compromise among the many political factions had become impossible. The congress called upon the military to steer the government back to legal behavior, and the armed forces responded, but not as congress had hoped. They broke the political deadlock on September 11, 1973, with the *coup d'état* in which Allende died and Augusto Pinochet's grim military regime was born.

For many, especially foreigners who had not suffered the forced march along the *via Chilena*, it was intolerable to believe that Allende's ruin might have come from his own confused ambitions. Instead, in a monumental exercise of ethnocentricity, many Americans blamed the usual suspect—the United States. In *The Last Two Years of Salvador Allende* Nathaniel Davis, who was U.S. ambassador to Chile from October 1971 to November 1973, aims to dispel this notion. This book, as he says, is both monograph and memoir, an attempt to explain what happened in Chile and to vindicate himself.

In challenging the common wisdom on Chile, Davis has set himself an uphill task. The romance of Allende and the villainy of the U.S. are simple fables sunk deep in the American psyche. Davis hopes to overwhelm the myths with a truly massive onslaught of facts, so he gives a sometimes maniacally detailed but diplomatic description of events during his stay in Chile, piling up fifty-one pages of footnotes from sources that span the political spectrum.

The facts are very much on Davis's side. They suggest that though the U.S. did supply a little more than $6 million in covert aid to the opposition during

Claudia Rosett is book review editor of the Wall Street Journal.

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Allende's three years in office, much of the money went to support legitimate opposition activities that the government was trying to suppress by unscrupulous means. More than a quarter of the aid, for example, went to support the leading opposition newspaper, *El Mercurio*, which the government was trying to bankrupt by manipulating the advertising policies of nationalized companies. But the important point is that U.S. activities were flyweight endeavors compared to the suicidal force of Allende's own policies.

Allende began his revolution on the dubious strength of a 36.3 percent plurality in the 1970 general election. His first order of business was the destruction of the private sector, which involved the nationalization of ITT and the copper mines, along with the creation of a retroactive "excess profits" tax that wiped out almost all compensation owed to the U.S.-based mining companies. The campaign against domestically owned enterprises was also thorough, and did not always use legal channels. Impatient with the pace of official nationalizations, radical left-wing groups began seizing farms and factories and arming the workers. Allende was reluctant to punish the left, even when punishment was required by law, and he did little to stop these groups. As Davis says, Allende "never made it quite clear whether he was on the side of the mobilized workers or of his own authorities." By the time of the coup, more than 500 companies had been taken over, and both foreign and domestic investment had understandably dried up.

As the public sector began to swell, the state met its expanding payroll by printing money, and responded to the ensuing inflation with wage, price, and currency controls. These in turn led to shortages, which, along with the nationalizations, resulted in protest strikes, riots, and increasing militancy on the right. The government's bid to nationalize the trucking business in September 1972 provoked the first of the truckers' strikes that paralyzed the country. To mediate the strikes and help maintain his control over an angry and divided citizenry, Allende brought military leaders into his cabinet. Tanks patrolled the streets to enforce emergency curfews. The government began to talk of rationing food and starting a socialist indoctrination program in the schools.

Despite the increasing civil furor, the generals were reluctant to launch a coup. With each new crisis, their secret discussions would resume, but the members of the armed forces were professionals, sworn to uphold the constitution, and they were not eager to depose an elected president. According to Davis, "There were ebbs and flows of planning and activity which followed the successive pulls of national crisis and subsided when the nation's politics moved in quieter ways."

As Davis narrates his tale, he takes pains to show that though the American embassy kept fairly accurate track of the coup plotting, it did not try to influence it one way or the other. There could, he points out, have been covert U.S. actions of which he was unaware. But if so, they have yet to be discovered, even after the Church committee investigations of the mid-1970s and the extensive research of journalists such as Seymour Hersh. It is hard, of course, to prove that something did *not* happen. But with his item-by-item examination of charges against the U.S. role in Chile, Davis amasses a credible case that the U.S. played no direct role in the coup.

This enthusiasm for detail verges on the surreal when Davis raises the question of whether Allende's death was an assassination or a suicide. This is a deeply controversial point, for it stands as a symbol of the much larger question: Did the Allende government in effect do itself in, or was it the vic-

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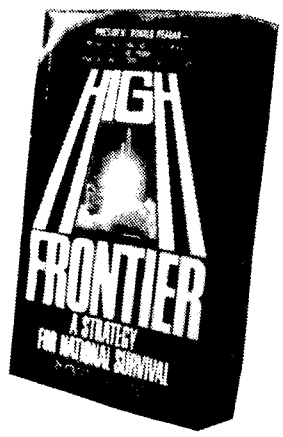

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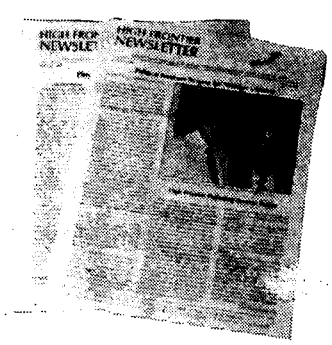

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tim of powerful, scheming enemies?

Davis tries to establish once and for all what happened inside the burning presidential palace on the day of the coup. Regretting that "the analysis requires an almost clinical examination of the deceased president's remains," he then sorts through six well-known versions of Allende's death, including graphic discussions of the president's wounds: For example, could Allende's body have remained in a sitting position after he shot himself in the head with a submachine gun? After thirty pages of such material, Davis concludes .that the official verdict of suicide was probably correct. He writes: "Pending undiscovered evidence to the contrary, it would appear that the Junta version is true in its essentials, and the five opposing versions are not."

After all this, however, Davis does not seem to understand the significance of his own story. In the book's concluding chapter, he says: "A case can be made that Allende's Chilean experiment could not possibly have succeeded." But he goes on to reject this diagnosis, "perhaps because I instinctively reject such preordained afflictions and gloomy probabilities." He has lost the thread of his own argument when he maintains that "socialism may not be the best or even a good way to order society's affairs, but the ability of free citizens to *choose* socialism or capitalism is beyond price. . . . Too many people in the world share Allende's socialist convictions for democrats to abandon that aspiration to men with guns who preach bloody revolution as the only road to social justice."

Apparently, the same talent for polite equivocation that helped Davis as a diplomat hinders him as a historian. He goes to some length in his book to put in a kind word for almost all the main figures in the Chilean drama, especially Allende. (He comments, for instance, that Allende "unfailingly displayed great, generous, and compelling personal attributes. Few people are altogether consistent in outlook, and Salvador Allende revealed more contradictions and anomalies than most. Nonetheless, he was an extraordinary leader and a profoundly impressive human being.")

What Davis ignores is that in Chile the anomalies and contradictions of socialism rooted in democracy transformed democrats into men with guns, and transformed a democracy into a dictatorship. The right to democratic choice is indeed invaluable; all the more reason, therefore, why those who make such choices should understand that Salvador Allende's experiment was doomed by its very nature. □

THE DANGEROUS SUMMER

Ernest Hemingway/Charles Scribner's Sons/$17.95

Reid Buckley

In the summer of 1959 a doomed Ernest Hemingway came back to the Spain he had celebrated in *The Sun Also Rises* to cover the deadly rivalry developing between Luis Miguel Dominguín and Antonio Ordóñez, two of the most sensational matadors in bullfighting annals. *Life* had commissioned a 10,000 word article that the editors hoped would be a reprise of sorts of *Death in the Afternoon*. Hemingway had that and much else in mind; he wrote 120,000 words that his friend and memorialist A.E. Hotchner valiantly wrestled down to 70,000 for serialization in the magazine, and from which James Michener, in a labor of love, has culled the 45,000 words that make up the present book.

I was living in Spain that summer when Ordóñez and Dominguín clashed in the arenas; I coincided at three of the bullfights that Ernest Hemingway so memorably describes in this book. (See my "Death and Dominguín" in the June 1968 *Atlantic.*) I did not see Hemingway's account in *Life*, however. I remember hearing that it disappointed. Well, anyone remotely interested in bullfighting and the literary legend that Ernest Hemingway once was should be grateful to Mr. Michener for having salvaged this material. As for me . . . I read *The Dangerous Summer* with a keen and very particular ache in my heart. Hemingway's fascination with bullfighting is easily explained, creativity being intimately of the stuff of death, sex, and religion. About religion he was callow and formally ignorant. And hubristic. Death therefore rode him like an obsession, and at the end, though he fought and defied Death, which stood for the extinction of his literary powers, it claimed him. Turning sixty at the time, Ernest Hemingway was desperately attempting to recover his youth and failing art.

In August of 1947, a Manolete past his prime was killed in the provincial plaza of Linares. On the card with him were Gitanillo de Triana and the young, brash, obnoxious, brilliant Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas, "Dominguín," who for several years past had paraded around the bullrings stabbing the skies with the index finger of one hand to assert that he, not the aging and dissolute king, was *numero uno.* When the horns claimed Manolete that afternoon, Dominguín inherited not only the crown but undying hatred. The fans of Manolete said that he had been pushed to his death by the ruthless challenger. They predicted that someone would come along one day to inflict vengeance on Dominguín, and they prayed to live to see it.

For twelve triumphal years, however, Dominguín ruled the arenas. Challengers came and went; he put them away. He retired: famous, rich, married to one of the most beautiful women in the world, his terrible pride unchastened.

He was destined to enjoy peace scarcely two years. In 1958, a young and handsome matador from the chalk-white Andalusian town of Ronda unfurled one of the most exquisite capes in the history of bullfighting. It is a very Spanish twist that he who would drive Dominguín back into the lists, who would humiliate him and very nearly satisfy the bloodlust of the idolators of Manolete, was married to the sister of his victim and managed by his victim's two brothers.

Mr. Michener is off-base in his otherwise informative introduction when he castigates Hemingway for exaggerating the superiority of Antonio Ordóñez, and he is wildly mistaken when he says of Dominguín that he was "usually the more artistic" of the two. The reverse is the fact. Dominguín was an incomparable *domador* (dominator, tamer) of the fighting bull and an exceptional artist in the classical Castilian mode, but it is Ordóñez who had passion. It was he who imbued almost every pass with something that made the heart pound. He, like Manolete (who is savagely criticized by Hemingway for fighting "half-bulls"), possessed the tragic dimension. "Antonio almost made me choke up with the cape," Hemingway writes, accurately describing Ordóñez's effect on anyone who saw him in the years when he was still hungry. "Not the kind of choking where people sob . . . but the kind where your chest and throat tighten up and your eyes dim seeing something that you thought was dead and done with come to life before you. . . . Antonio was using the cape as no one alive had ever used it. . . . He wanted to be alone with the bull and then he cited him and when he came in a rush Antonio coupled into him to make the long, slow endless passes that were like some deep music that only he and the bull could hear. He could always break my heart with the cape. . . ."

Yes, he could. Those "slow, straight, beautiful long passes," with the cerise-and-yellow as Ordóñez hunched his left shoulder and bent with an erotic kind of joyousness into the bull, stopped time still, but he was as breathtaking with the red *muleta*: "He took the bull . . . so suavely, so simply, and so smoothly that every pass seemed to be sculptured. He made all the classic passes and then seemed to try to refine them and make them purer in line and more dangerous as he purposely shortened his *naturales* by bringing his elbow in to bring the bull by him closer than it seemed any bull could be passed . . . [wrapping] the bull around him again and again and again. . . . He went past reason and seemed to be fighting in a controlled rage. . . . " At the kill, he was incomparable: "By the time Antonio's fingers were bloodied the bull was dead but the bull did not know it for a while. Antonio watched him with his hand up guiding his death as he had guided [the bull's] one performance in his short life, and suddenly the bull shuddered and crashed over." No one accepted the gift of his enemy's death so profoundly as Ordóñez, and in the summer of 1959, no one killed more honorably. "There was only one thing for him left to do. He had to kill absolutely perfectly. . . . So when he furled the *muleta* and sighted with the sword, he aimed for the very high top of the notch between the shoulder blades and drove in over the horn. . . . He and the bull formed one solid mass and when he came out over the horn the bull had the long steel death in him to the hilt. . . . Antonio watched him go down in a foot-gripping, staggering, rolling crash and the second *mano a mano* was over."

That was at Malaga. Hemingway calls it one of the greatest fights ever. For drama, for contrast in styles, for fidelity to the art, and for what Spaniards call *pundonor*, which goes beyond honor, there may never again be one like it. It was Dominguín's high-water mark, as it turned out, because at Malaga he gave his best, he fought maybe better than ever he had fought

Reid Buckley most recently founded the Buckley School of Public Speaking, which organizes seminars for professional executives.

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before, and better than maybe fewer than a handful of matadors have ever fought or will ever fight, and he was beaten, and knew it, and has had henceforth to live with what for a man of Hemingway's own colossal pride is beyond endurance.

In their first showdown at Valencia fifteen days before Malaga, Dominguín had been badly gored. Think of having a crowbar punched into your belly and savagely twisted inside your vitals; think of being impaled on a crowbar, lifted up on it like meat on a hook, and then slammed to the ground. That is a goring. Dominguín had confessed worriedly to Hemingway that bad day, "I don't know what's the matter with me with the sword . . . I'm awful with it." He said to me three days before the Malaga fight, "I'm *decentrado*. I see the bull coming, there . . . " He brought an imaginary bull into him with the open palm of his right hand. "Then I see the bull going out, there." He passed the imaginary bull through. What he was trying to explain was that he suffered a kind of blackout when the horns of the bull were in lethal range. What the people who hated Dominguín most devoutly had wished all those years was happening. He had fought too many bulls. He had gone too often to the well. And he was being pushed beyond his powers not simply by a younger matador on the make, but by a superior artist. Hemingway reasonably feared that the long series of challenge matches between the proud veteran and his ferocious antagonist would kill one of them, maybe both; and he was justified in exalting the gifts of Antonio Ordóñez.

He is nevertheless accused not only of an indecorous partiality but of being unjust to Dominguín. I don't concur in the criticism—not wholly. Hemingway tries to give Dominguín his due. He tells how superb Dominguín could be with the *banderillas*, which Ordóñez never touched. He praises Dominguín for his gallantry in persisting with the *mano-a-manos* despite his wounds and emotional exhaustion, until a second goring in Bilbao put him out of action. Some things, however—inexplicably—Hemingway does not tell. In the unforgettable Malaga fight, Dominguín was brutally tossed by his third bull. Hemingway relates this, and how it looked as though the horn had got Dominguín. What he does not tell is that the Valencia wound was freshly torn open, that the blood gushed from it to stain Dominguín's suit a rich crimson at the groin and thigh, and that despite this Dominguín shook off attendants who wanted to carry him to the infirmary, planted his enemy in the perilous center of the ring, summoned the bull from a distance, and executed five *naturales* that are carved in time. He deliberately repeated the passes that the bull had nearly gored him on. It is true that Ordóñez bested Dominguín on that historic August afternoon when both men fought at the zenith of their skills, but why did not Hemingway mention those five perfect *naturales* in which Dominguín disdained sweet existence while the blood flowed down his legs, he who was intoxicated by the art that only a willing exposure to death can bring forth?

I know for a fact that Hemingway knew the wound had opened, because we were both in Dominguín's hotel room after the fight. This is my recollection:

[It was a roomful] of melancholy wellwishers who had gathered as to a wake. The scarlet-faced, white-bearded legend was dressed in khaki slacks and a rusty orange T-shirt that stank of sweat. His expression was glazed, the eyes redstreaked, and sad—dear God how sad they were! Luis Miguel was lying half naked on a pallet, slugging from a *flagon* of cognac that he held by the neck while a doctor pressed together the raw round wrinkled brown lips of the puncture—the size of a silver dollar—in the lower righthand groin, sewing them tight with hard tuggings of the needle. "Lo siento," I said to the bullfighter ["I am sorry"],

Abortion Clinic Blues

The following is part of Juli Loesch's account of her six-day fast for life outside an abortion clinic:

We attached a drawing of a happy, frisky fetus with the caption, "Peace Starts Here," to a wall just outside the clinic's property line.

Four black grade-school boys sauntered by. When I said, "This is where they kill babies," they responded with shock: "Say what? They kill babies?"

"Yes, they abort babies right here."

Their eyes widened; their hands dropped to their sides. A spontaneous, naive reaction. And finally one asked, "How they do that?"

"They get up inside the woman's body with either a surgical knife or a sharp-edged tube attached to a vacuum, and they either cut the baby up in pieces or they turn on the vacuum and it comes out like pulp. All mushed up."

"Call the police!"

"It won't do any good. The police know about it. It's legal."

"Cold-blooded, man. That's cold-blooded."

As they walked away, still shaking their heads, I thought, how normal *their reaction was.*

I also met many whose lives have been wounded by abortion. Heavy hearts.

For example, Ramon: "Hey, listen, I'm a Vietnam vet. And I came back and got married to a beautiful woman. We had two daughters. But I lost my job, you know? And I couldn't stand not being able to support my kids. I got real depressed, man. So I walked out on them. I was too ashamed to go back there without money in my pockets, you know? Then my wife, she divorced me. Later I married another beautiful woman. As soon as I got her pregnant she got an abortion. 'Why'd you do that?' I asked her. 'You know why,' she said. 'I would'a supported you,' I said. But she just laughed. She hurt me, you know. So I miss my two kids. I even miss the third one, whatever it was. He or she. What did that one look like? A little like me, a little like her. I couldn't stand to make love to her after she did that. I mean I couldn't, you know?"

On the last day, one last couple was going in for an abortion. Teresa, from our group, gave it another valiant try: "Please! Don't abort your child!" And when the man turned his head to look at her, Teresa pleaded: "Take responsibility for your fatherhood!"

The clinic staffers escorted them briskly through the doors. And several of us started to cry. Helpless. Another one gone.

— adapted from a recent issue of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW

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who twitched out a fugitive smile, asking me, "How do you think the afternoon went?" "It was a memorable afternoon," I answered him. "Si," he agreed softly, "'staba bien . . . el publico se divertio." ["Yes, it was all right . . . the public was entertained."] Hemingway turned away in pain and walked out of the room.

I have another mental image of Hemingway from that summer. It was a front page photograph of him that appeared in the newspaper, the *ABC*, showing him outside a bullring supporting a peasant woman who had fainted in his burly arms; he was staring straight before him with the same infinitely sad eyes. That is how I want to remember Hemingway, for whom this was to be the last good summer, who was to blow his brains out two years later, who, when he judged Dominguín, was judging Ernest Hemingway all along, who, when he gave the laurel crown of victory to Ordóñez, was giving it, I conjecture, out of the highest *pundonor* on his part, to William Faulkner.

Because he was writing his own obituary and his own place in literary history. He too, like Dominguín, could be superb, and there are very good things in this book, good Hemingway, descriptions and narrations especially of action that only Hemingway could have written. Like Dominguín, he was great, a disciplined stylist, a *domador* of prose, at his best wonderful, but in his time there was one greater than he, and like Dominguín he was making the mistake of coming back, of pitting himself in the arena again, and it did not work out; he must have recognized in his own overblown, overlong, overdramatic manuscript that he was through. The summer was dangerous for Ordóñez and Dominguín, but it proved to be mortal for Ernest Hemingway.

It makes me unspeakably sad adversely to criticize this book. Hemingway boasts in it that he had "written Pamplona once and for keeps." Well, maybe so. But I had freshly re-read *The Sun Also Rises* that summer, the novel that made him famous, and I was shocked by my disappointment. I thought that if the characters took one more drink *I* would throw up. How tedious the drinking is. The novel is ultimately juvenile, its perceptions banal. Hemingway's short stories, his *Old Man and the Sea*, and maybe *A Farewell to Arms* are "for keeps." But the passion and profundity of an *Absalom, Absalom!* or a *Light in August* he never approaches. As he grew older he had become arrogant, and intolerant, and there was a spiteful nastiness in the man that transpires in such as his scathing remarks about a young fellow-American (not I; he didn't know I existed) who had the temerity to write about bullfighting too. Hemingway was nasty about F. Scott Fitzgerald, he was nasty about Dos Passos, he disparaged Faulkner. He could not bear to share the limelight. There is his absurd machismo, which translates too often into affected working-class solecisms (thats for whos, whos for whoms) and awful, tough guy prose that falls into bombast and groans with the hinges of empty significance, as in, "We tried to count the number of mountain ranges we had crossed and figure the mileage we had made and then we gave it up. It did not matter. It was made," end paragraph. Of Pamplona, "It's a man's fiesta and women at it make trouble, never intentionally of course, but they nearly always make or have trouble. I wrote a book on this once," end paragraph. Speaking of old acquaintances, "The eyes had not changed and nobody was fat. No mouths were bitter no matter what the eyes had seen. Bitter lines around the mouth are the first sign of defeat. Nobody was defeated," end paragraph.

This from the man who scorns Dominguín's "tricks" and who despises Manolete's theatrics! Horns do not

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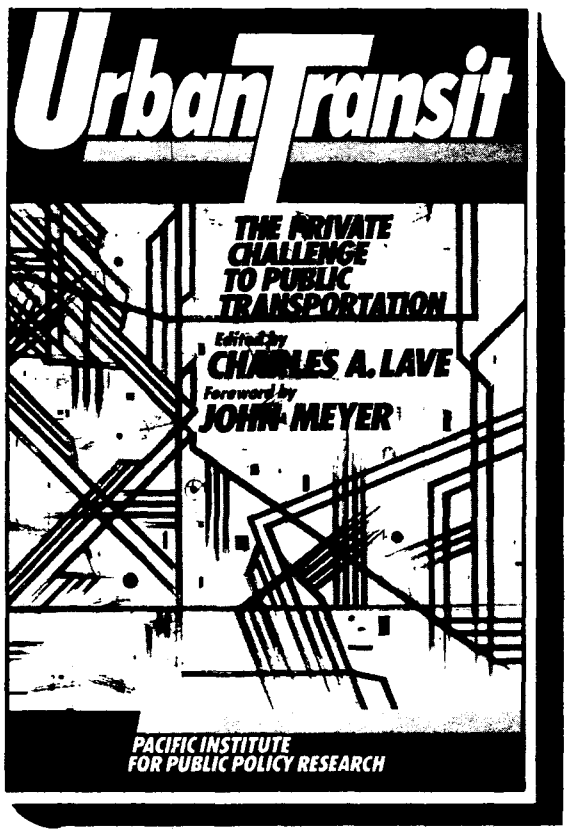

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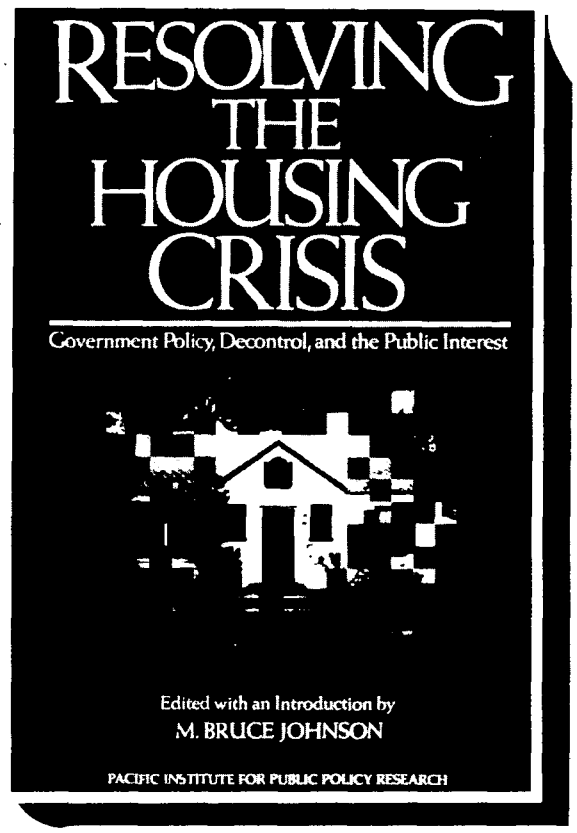
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Government Policy, Decontrol, and the Public Interest
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carry death in them; they carry *the* death in them. When the toughguyness isn't plain awful, it is awful and embarrassingly punk, as when he boasts of getting into a cage with a wolf, which we are given to understand does not harm him because the wolf comprehends that the great Hemingway is an admirer of wolves; or when he boasts of knocking the ashes off cigarettes Ordóñez held in his mouth with a .22 rifle "seven times" at a portable shooting gallery his wife Mary had hired for his 60th birthday party, with Ordóñez "puffing the cigarettes down to see how short he could make them." There is everything wrong with this. The trick isn't that impressive, the distance being under two yards, so there is nothing to boast about, other than Hemingway's steady hands after a heap of drinking and his and Ordóñez's stupidity.

The reader winces. There are times in *The Dangerous Summer* when the reader cringes, as when Hemingway's adulation of Ordóñez reduces a great writer to a fawning hanger-on. But we, who have received so many gifts of the imagination from Ernest Hemingway, must sympathize with him in his agony. And what about this exquisite *veronica* from a master of English prose? "Any man can face death," he says at one point, "but to be committed [as Antonio Ordóñez was that summer] to bring it as close as possible while performing certain classic movements and do this again and again and again and then deal it out yourself with a sword to an animal weighing half a ton which you love is more complicated than just facing death. It is your performance as a creative artist each day and your necessity to function as a skillful killer." What *The Dangerous Summer* is about is the act of writing. □

THE MATTER OF WALES:
EPIC VIEWS OF A SMALL COUNTRY
Jan Morris, with photographs by Paul Wakefield
Oxford University Press/$22.50

Vernon Young

Jan Morris is usually described by her publishers and accepted by her readers as, *par excellence*, a writer of travelogues. A quibble is in order. Properly speaking, a travel writer is one whose subject is not merely the place he visits but the adventure—often the ordeal—of getting to it. For our century, the classics generally agreed upon include H.M. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*, Evelyn Waugh's *Ninety-Two Days*, Graham Greene's *Journey Without Maps*, Freya Starke's *The Valley of the Assassins*, Peter Fleming's *News from Tartary*. If these are taken as exemplary, Jan Morris is not a travel writer. She does not tell of the physical problem of getting from one place to another, crossing an Empty Quarter, confusing the Congo with the Nile or penetrating Amazonia. *Being there*, not getting there, is her subject. And her preferred field of inquiry is the urban surround. We might think of her as a sociologist enhanced by impressionism. She is at her best where she is most foreign, so that she is driven to find a master metaphor to subsume her interpretation. (The great Australian desert becomes the cultural desert of the east coast; Las Vegas, moist by its own petard, is Fun City; Cetinje, in Yugoslavia, is Ruritania.)

With *The Matter of Wales* she is less rewarding than ever before, less succinct, because her sentiment about Wales is insufficiently reconciled with her critical intelligence—or with her respect for limits. Her cup runneth over! Being half-Welsh herself and anxious to impress us with the unique virtues of her countrymen, she overloads her chronicle. After a lifetime of being nominally English (or at least British), serving in the British Army and traveling the world around, exercising upon the places she saw a distinctly English judgment (I believe she may underrate the Tory Within), there is something gratuitous in her resolve now to assert her identity as Welsh and to characterize the inhabitants of Wales as, above all, *fey*. Perhaps it is not impertinent to suspect that her metamorphosis from James to Jan Morris has much to do with her present desire to express herself in terms of the distaff side (the intuitive side, the fanciful side) of her ancestry. Whatever her unconscious motives may be, they clearly conflict with her felt obligation to scholarship; she reveals, in this text of 425 pages, an anxiety-ridden compulsion to tell us *everything* she knows about Wales.

We don't want to hear everything she knows. We don't want ever to hear all that *any* writer knows of his subject! The exhaustive study is nearly always tiresome, and hers is no exception. She has researched and rehearsed every aspect of Wales that she hopes will ingratiate her probably uninformed reader. (To be sure, there are few subjects on which most of us are less informed than that of Wales.) With scant subordination, she discourses on Welsh nature and wild life (the pages are among her best), on virtually a thousand years of Welsh history; on Welsh religions; on the Welsh propensity for old wives' tales; on Welsh arts and sciences; on their ambivalent kinship with and subjection to the English and, of course, their ever-renewed and ever-failing attempt to keep alive the native tongue. The book *is* informative, no doubt of that! But the essentials have not been visibly sifted.

Part of Miss Morris's problem lies in that search for a controlling metaphor which is her customary point of departure. She tries, at the outset, to advance Owen Glendower, the border chieftain whose squabble over land rights in the fifteenth century became political insurrection, as her representative hero, "the embodiment of ancient prophecies, foretelling the emergence of a liberator for Wales." Glendower's revolt, however, was the terminal event in a specific historical context; its like has not been typical and, as she must know, is not likely to be resurrected tomorrow. The Welsh today would understandably like to have a greater share in their self-government; they would like (some of them would like) to have their language officially restored; but they don't passionately want to be "liberated." Morris herself concedes that "the Welsh are all too knowledgeable about the English and most of them would probably admit that if they have to live within the shadow of a mighty Power, better the English power than most." There can

Vernon Young is a writer living in Philadelphia.

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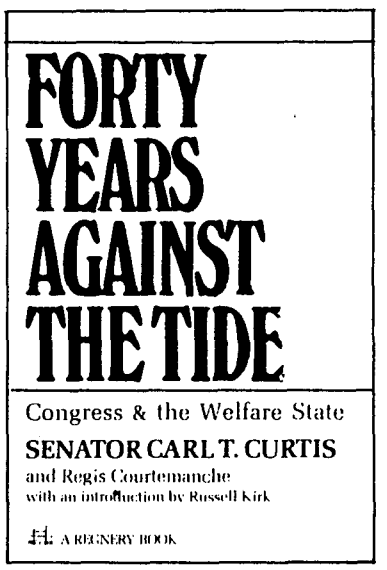
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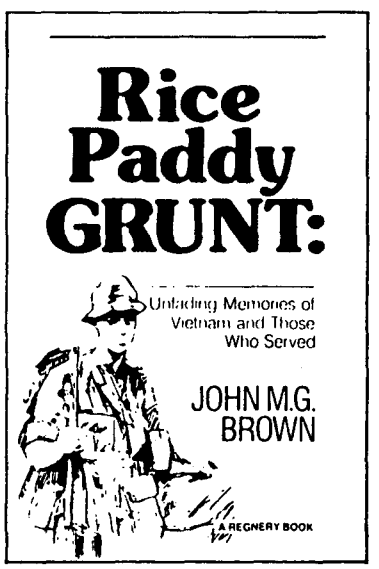

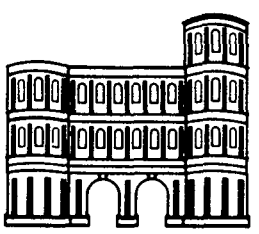

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be no plausible view of Wales as a suppressed or beleaguered country, like Ireland or Poland.

She tries equally hard to associate the people of Wales with the character of their land-and-seascape—"The substance of Welsh nature is largely rock," being one of her many predications. Since elsewhere she maintains that the Welsh have survived by something very close to duplicity, by cunning and the adaptable smile, they cannot be notably rock-like.

Religion is frequently the determining factor in a people's destiny and on that score Miss Morris may be a more reliable informant. It will come as a surprise to many of us, I feel sure, that in the eighteenth century Wales was radically transformed by Methodism.

> The Christian faith took centuries to root itself in Wales; Catholicism spread slowly, out of the Celtic church; Anglicanism was imposed by a writ of law; but the Methodist Revival, Y Diwygiad, hurled everything topsy-turvy, demolishing the social structure, transforming the culture, shifting the self-image and the reputation of the people, and eventually giving rise to a great convulsion of power that was truly a revolution.

While I lack the authority to dispute this comprehensive assertion, I have the distinct feeling that I am being imposed upon by her rhetoric. In England, nonconformism is a synonym for the morality of brick-chapel dissent; it implies, by contrast with the Anglican church, an absence of ritual and poetry. I find it puzzling that she believes a total revolution was wrought by non-conformism, in the light of her previous and subsequent conviction that the Welsh climate is "opaque and bemusing . . . better for impressions than for facts." If Welsh Methodism so wildly differs from its rational version in England, this is news she might have emphasized.

The name and nature of what constitutes the poetic is confused in Miss Morris's mind. She does not distinguish the poetic as an ingredient of temperament from poetry, the craft, written by poets. "Literature is the first Welsh glory, poetry is its apotheosis and the company of poets is the nobility of this nation." If literature is the first Welsh glory, where, during the last hundred years, is their equivalent of, let's say, Thomas Hardy or J.M. Synge or W.B. Yeats or James Joyce or G.B. Shaw or D.H. Lawrence? Although she cites a number of poets unknown outside Wales (from her sketchy account of them, justifiably so), she ignores the proven merits of Alun Lewis and Vernon Watkins. To the best-known Welsh poet of our time, Dylan Thomas, she does not grant "nobility"; in fact she attributes his crack-up to his not having written in Welsh, and she seems to blame that on the heavy weight of English hegemony. This is nonsense; he could have learned Welsh, his parents spoke it; he chose to write his poems in English. And until someone demonstrates otherwise, we shall presume that he knew better than Jan Morris why he so chose.

Miss Morris pretends to be amused at the compiling of Firsts by Welsh chauvinists, yet she dutifully restates the compilation. Is there not something desperate about informing us that in 1890 the Sealyham terrier was first bred by a John Owen Edwards in Dyfed, that it was intended for otter-hunting and was selectively evolved by pitting it against captive polecats? She backs and fills. Trying to sell herself, then us, on the grand tradition of Welsh medicine by relaying the practices of the famous (locally) Muddfoi School, she is compelled on second thought to confess that its doctrines were interfused with magic and impeded by ignorance. This would have been an appropriate moment for her to explain why Scotland is authentically famous for its medical achievements and why Welsh medicine is a compound of dilettantism and sorcery.

Her greatest critical failure in this book is her indifference to the usefulness, to the inevitability, of *comparison*. Since to begin with she does not acknowledge the appearance of National Romanticism everywhere in the West from the 1870s to World War I, she consequently over-inflates the rise and decline of Welsh consciousness as such in that period. Nowhere, on any one of her principal subjects—language, literature, religion, or political insurgence—does she venture a single fruitful comparison with their counterparts in Scotland or Ireland.

One of her most parenthetical summaries is all but her most damaging. "The Welsh have seldom been interested in food even when they could afford to be. Their habitual diet today consists of chips, potato crisps and miscellaneous convenience foods." I am shocked to hear it. A fastidious palate is the first premise of a civilized community. Well, God has punished them. According to Jan Morris, the Welsh have the highest rate of stomach cancer in the British Isles.

Upon coming to the end of *The Matter of Wales*, gratified as I was to have learned all I hadn't known about the Welsh, what I knew now failed to enlarge my affection for them. I couldn't help reflecting that perhaps for *this* small country an "epic view" was not, without tedium, feasible, and should have been confined to the austerity of Paul Wakefield's splendid photographs. □

TELLING RIGHT FROM WRONG: WHAT IS MORAL, WHAT IS IMMORAL, AND WHAT IS NEITHER ONE NOR THE OTHER

Timothy J. Cooney/Prometheus Books/$17.95

Ernest van den Haag

This book has an interesting history. Fearing (wrongly, as it turned out) that his manuscript had no chance of being read unless recommended by a philosophical heavyweight, Timothy Cooney forged a letter of praise from the philosophical heavyweight, Robert Nozick. Ironically the book was accepted by Random House on its merits before the letter was seen. However, when it was discovered that Cooney had faked the Nozick letter, Random House refused to publish his book although already in galleys.

The publisher's action seems odd. After all, Random House has unblinkingly published a book, by a convicted murderer, which had no other merit (*pace* Norman Mailer) than having been written by a convicted murderer. Why is a faker worse, particularly a comparatively harmless faker like Cooney? True, the author-murderer didn't murder anyone at Random House, whereas Cooney's faked letter was meant to affect Random House directly. Perhaps this explains the publisher's pique. But it is not morally relevant. Anyway, publication of a book ought to depend on its merits, wherefore all the business about the letter, or anything else about the author—be he an adulterer, a homosexual, a cannibal, counterfeiter, feminist, sexist, or murderer—should not have led Random House to reverse its decision to publish.

Fortunately other publishers are not so silly. The editors at Prometheus Books are to be congratulated on their common sense and their dedication to publishing books on their merits, rather than following whatever murky principles inspired Random House.

Does the book have enough merit to warrant publication? It is written in a clear and lively style and the author has something to say; it is certainly no worse than many books published by academics and by professional moralists. Indeed Mr. Cooney writes well enough to have earned the right to be taken seriously, wherefore I will point out his errors rather bluntly.

Mr. Cooney claims that his discoveries are original and correct. He is wrong on both counts. He is not original since many others have shared his mistakes, although he seems not to be fully aware of this. And he is just wrong on the important matters, although there are some nice incidental insights.

Cooney contends that we all share the desire not to have everything (the world, society) destroyed, and that morality derives from this desire. Everything that would, if tolerated, destroy society (e.g., murder) is immoral. Nothing else is. Hence a great number of issues that are often considered moral are not. An act is immoral only if it threatens to destroy society. One might infer that everything that helps society to survive is morally good, but Cooney does not deal with this inference: He seems interested only in determining what is morally wrong.

Now, granted that we all share the desire to continue the world (there are some nihilists, but let that go), why does this make the desire morally good? Cooney here simply confuses the universally desired with the universally desirable (the moral), and thus leaps from "is desired" to "should be desired" (is desirable).

Cooney is aware of this difficulty, but tries to overcome it by what I regard as an equivocation. He tells us that when we have a shared desire, "we go from is to ought all the time," and gives as an instance the decision "Jones *is* the wrong man for the job; he *ought* not to be hired" based on a) the empirical knowledge that Jones is an embezzler and b) the shared desire not to have an embezzler as an accountant. This is an equivocation because the "ought" in this decision merely is shorthand for "If we want honest accountants then Jones . . . "; which is like saying "If you want to go to Brooklyn you must [ought to] take the A train." The "ought" here is instrumental. It deals with the suitability of means, not with the justification

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of ends, which is what morality is concerned with. This "ought" has no moral relevance. The implied conditional merely tells you how to attain the end (moral or not) which you desire.

The issue with moral matters is not: "Are the means [hiring Jones, in this instance] consistent with and appropriate to our purpose?" but: "What should our purpose be, what should we desire?" If one hires an accountant, of course, the purpose is already implied. But the purpose must be decided on in many other situations, and the desire to avoid extinction does not settle the issue. It is not the highest goal always, and it does not settle many matters that are morally questionable. Why indeed should we select one purpose (e.g., survival) over another (e.g., justice)? Sure, without survival there can be no justice. But perhaps survival at the expense of justice is not morally justifiable. Would it be right to torture children if that were the way to survive? Cooney assumes it would be. But I find no argument for this assumption. The question is not answered by saying that whatever is universally desired, or useful, or without which life could not go on, is moral (and that nothing else is morally relevant). If, for instance, one were to show, as many believers in natural law have tried to do, that without belief in natural law society would collapse, one would have shown this belief to be useful, even indispensable—but neither true nor morally right. Mr. Cooney himself defines "morality" as the "ultimate guide to action, universal, timeless, not subject to compromise, truth (not opinion) [which] demands the punishment of the immoral." Well, the desire not to see everything extinct is (as desires usually are) neither true nor false. And from it no moral desirability or undesirability—as distinguished from undesiredness—can be derived, except in a purely instrumental, morally irrelevant sense.

Mr. Cooney thinks that the statement "murder is immoral" must be true because tolerance of murder would lead to the collapse of society, which we all desire to avoid. But murder would be immoral even if it didn't lead to the consequences Mr. Cooney assumes. Cooney here fails to distinguish between his (correct) explanation of the prohibition in terms of social survival, and the morality of the act prohibited. Or rather, he identifies one with the other, implicitly denying that there can be a morality independent of usefulness. This view (shared by utilitarians) requires an argument which Cooney does not offer. In any event, the argument could not be for morality, as he defines it, but for contingent usefulness.

Cooney's criterion, nonextinction, is narrower than the utilitarian criterion of happiness. He thinks being is better than not-being because it is desired by those who exist. This helps avoid some utilitarian pitfalls, but does not avoid the difficulty of explaining how we go from: "We all want the world to continue (or we all want to be happy)" to: "We *should* want to maximize continuance (or happiness)." What would Cooney do with someone who insisted *Fiat justitia pereat mundus*? John Rawls, for example, obviously thinks that justice is more important than social survival. One cannot accept Cooney's idea that survival is the supreme good without a better argument than he offers—that we all desire it.

His conviction leads Cooney to assert that it is a "fiction" that people in Eastern Europe are not free. Some fiction. Cooney thinks, apparently, that if we believe them unfree we might go to war endangering survival. *Non sequitur.* This shows that even apparently harmless philosophical mistakes can lead to political perversions. Is sticking to the truth not a moral matter for Cooney? →

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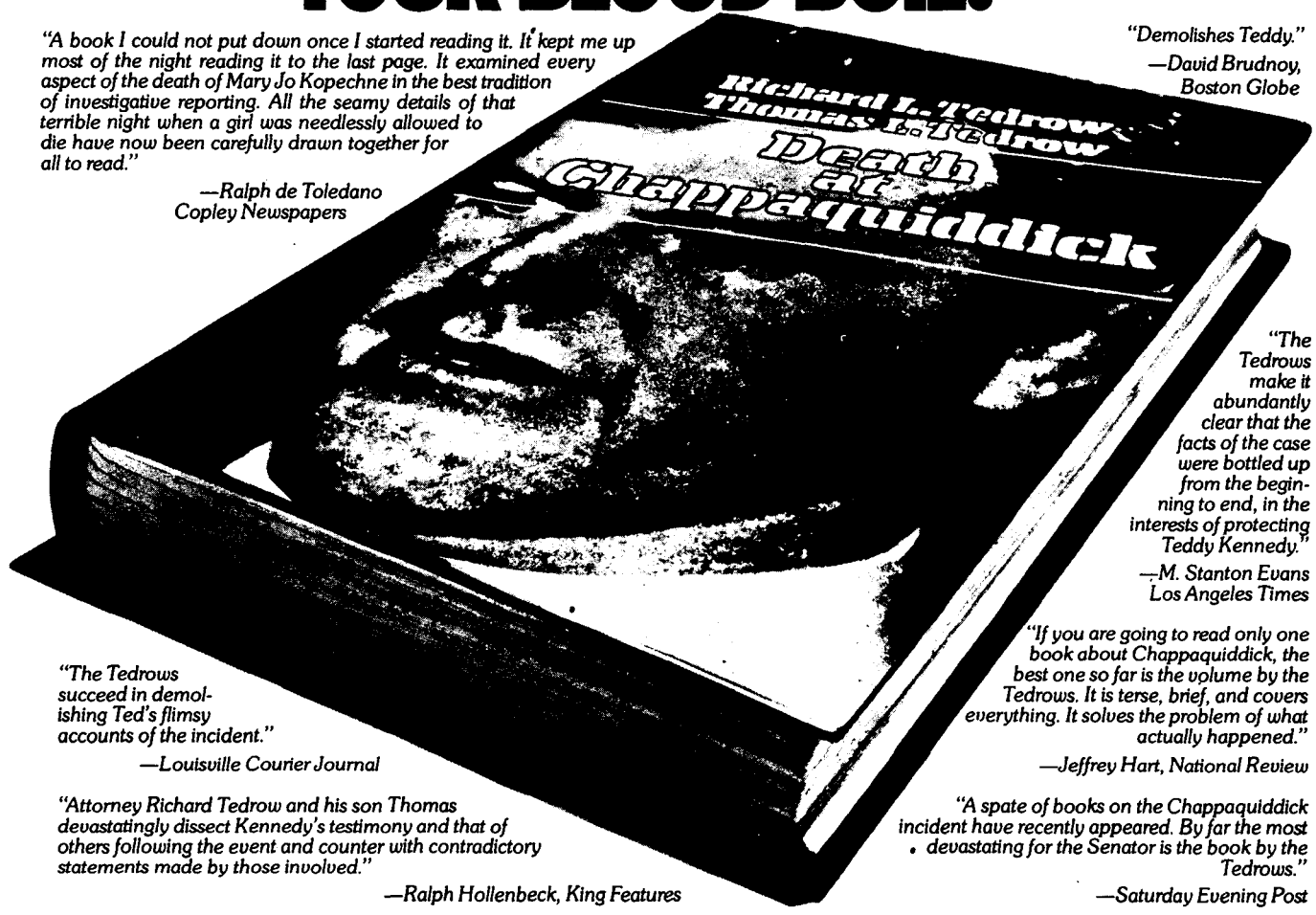

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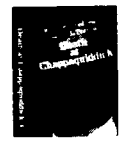

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In fuzzying up the distinction between ultimate ends and means and thus between what is morally right and what is useful for survival, Cooney has a lot in common with some pragmatists. Believers in natural law too derive morality from human nature (what we all desire). I mention the similarities not so much to deflate Cooney's claim to originality—he is original enough, even if not as original as he thinks—as to suggest that he is in plentiful company. He is no more wrong than the others, but wrong enough.

So far I have followed Cooney in his abstract explorations. But since he defines morality as "an ultimate guide to action" we may well be curious about applications.

Slavery, or ritualized rape, or human sacrifices, or torture for the pleasure of the torturer would be immoral only if and when they would lead to the destruction of everything. They don't usually, and therefore are not immoral according to Cooney. He deals quite unsatisfactorily with the important problem of institutionalized evil, which he illustrates with "the problem of redheads." It would be morally wrong to kill or mistreat a subgroup, he writes, for "if we wiped out all the redheads because we didn't like them" then "the reason [i.e., "not liking people"] could be used to wipe out people ad infinitum." This slippery slope argument is unpersuasive. One group can and has enslaved or killed another without any realistic fear that it (the first group) would in turn be oppressed or "wiped out." Slavery has existed for millennia. Mr. Cooney seems not to have heard of the Nazis and the Jews, or of Burundi and, generally, tribal warfare in Africa. The Soviets merrily murder much of their population in the Gulag without worrying about the destruction of everything. They are right in this. But this does not make Communism moral, although Cooney seems to think it does. The American Indians were nearly extinct. Spain did not treat the native South American very well. Cooney could not morally object to any of this, unless it threatens the destruction of the world. This is, to say the least, counterintuitive. I'm not even convinced that if any of these things were *necessary* to the survival of the world they would become moral. (Fortunately they are not.)

What Cooney has shown is simply that some of our moral principles are consistent with, or necessary to, the existence of society—some, not all. The point was made explicitly by H.L.A. Hart, who was quite modest about it in his *The Minimum Content of Natural Law.* But had Cooney claimed no more, he could not have claimed a great discovery, nor great originality. □

JUSTICE: THE MEMOIRS OF AN ATTORNEY GENERAL

Richard Kleindienst/Jameson Books/$16.95

Tim W. Ferguson

Richard Kleindienst has written the latest and perhaps last Watergate memoir, and his *Justice: The Memoirs of an Attorney General* is worth some note in that regard. But before gearing up for another trek through that muck, let's zero in on one timely element of the account: what this electoral warhorse has to suggest about Republican presidential prospects.

Recall that before Mr. Kleindienst was anything in Washington, he was a GOP delegate-counter without peer. It was largely he, in the trenches, who pieced together Barry Goldwater's nomination in 1964 and Richard Nixon's in 1968. Here is what he has to say early on in this political autobiography about one man who couldn't win the hearts and minds of his party:

> The presidential nomination of the Republican party always eluded Nelson Rockefeller. It did so, in my opinion, because of his great inherited wealth. Such a condition of life is not so disadvantageous in the Democratic party if the person becomes a sensitive liberal. It is, however, a handicap in the Republican party, the basic core of which is middle class. The middle class is a little leery about anybody who never had a mortgage on his house, who never had a debt, who never had to save for his retirement, or who never had to sacrifice to educate his children.
>
> The nomination eluded Rockefeller for another reason. Rocky was always able to secure the best political talent for his campaign organizations. If, however, the best is paid for, it probably isn't the best for political effectiveness. National candidates [sic] are won by an army of enthusiastic and dedicated volunteers who believe in a candidate personally and for what he stands.

Golly! Is there a message here for pragmatist-patrician George Bush? Politicians and pundits have until 1988 to chew on it. The delegate polls in Dallas last year showed the Vice President the preponderant favorite four years hence, Kleindienst's axiom or no. And that doesn't appear ascribable to an uncontested convention: No respected sampling has found much difference in outlook between the 1980 and 1984 GOP delegates. Who knows, the would-be "new majority party" may be transmogrifying into the sort of governing coalition, content with power and less fussy about principle, that kept the Democrats so well so long. Mr. Kleindienst could date himself with this work more than first appears.

Still, we can gain from the impressions of a man who, in his rise from a modest upbringing in Winslow, Arizona, to Harvard (undergraduate and law), reflected the struggle and success of the Republican mainstream. Likewise, though the recollections of his career leading up to and including four-plus years in the Nixon Justice Department are for the most part undocumented, they can add perspective to the countless other accounts of the period.

In his history, Mr. Kleindienst settles his share of scores, but is generally kind—not only to his onetime boss John Mitchell, to whom he remains fiercely loyal, but to most others who gained notoriety during Watergate. He even has nice words for Bob Haldeman. John Ehrlichman, his go-between to the President, and John Dean, his onetime aide, aren't so fortunate, however. Nor, on the other side, is Archibald Cox, the supreme ethicist who as special prosecutor leaked Kleindienst's confidential disclosures to Senators Edward Kennedy and Philip Hart and their staffers (and thus to the press), thereby poisoning the well of justice in his case.

Mr. Kleindienst maintains his book "is not a judgment of Richard Nixon," but in rather oblique fashion, it is. It stretches beyond the familiar Watergate deceits, all the way back to a telling anecdote about Walter Judd and the 1960 vice presidential nomination. In an account somewhat at variance with the accepted history of the episode, Mr. Kleindienst tells of being Barry Goldwater's surrogate among a handful of Republican elders gathered on the night of Mr. Nixon's nomination to confer with Nixon about a running mate. Mr. Nixon, this version has it, told the group he had narrowed the choice to three: Mr. Judd, the convention keynoter; Thruston Morton, the Kentucky senator, and Henry Cabot Lodge. Mr. Nixon not only had stacked the deck in Mr. Lodge's favor, the author writes, but precluded Mr. Judd before the discussion began by saying the fiery conservative congressman from Minnesota had ruled himself out for health reasons. Mr. Judd (who today is alive and well in Washington) told Mr. Kleindienst years later that he had done no such thing, and in fact had recommended himself to Mr. Nixon when the candidate pretended to seek his counsel.

This type of Nixonian duplicity forms a pattern as the years pass. Yet, just as it appears that Mr. Kleindienst, in his generous way, has reached the verdict on Mr. Nixon that so many other former supporters came to, he shifts the focus. The fatal flaw in the Nixon presidency, he finds, was that a complex and tortured man in the White House was poorly served by sycophantic lieutenants. Surely, there is evidence that good counsel, when offered and accepted, benefits a Commander-in-Chief and his nation. But is integrity the product of arduous discussion? The many sides of Mr. Nixon have been touchingly depicted before. They help us appreciate the man; they do not excuse the lies and betrayals.

A different sort of dissonance is evident in Mr. Kleindienst's picture of his own innocence. His conduct was unassailable during the actual Watergate cover-up (though Mr. Nixon forced his resignation along with Haldeman's and Ehrlichman's, forever branding him), but he did draw a minor fine and sentence (both suspended) for faulty testimony during his 1972 confirmation hearing to be attorney general. The subject was the ITT anti-

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trust case that became subsumed in the overall scandal, and the details are worth reviewing not only in assessing the author but for their applicability to present politics.

Mr. Ehrlichman, and then Mr. Nixon himself, had phoned Mr. Kleindienst in April 1971 to order that the ITT action, a test case for some conglomerate busters in the Justice Department, be dropped. Mr. Kleindienst, who was still deputy attorney general but was overseeing ITT matters because Attorney General Mitchell had a conflict of interest, dodged the order and his undisturbed subordinates eventually reached a settlement with the company. But Democrats on the Judiciary Committee thought pressure had been exerted (recall the purported Dita Beard memo on ITT funds for the 1972 GOP convention) to compromise, and Sen. Birch Bayh asked, "In the course of the whole business, did you ever talk to anybody at the White House staff, any advisers to the president, on the ITT matter?"

Mr. Kleindienst replied, "For me to say that no one in the White House with whom I might have talked would not have raised the ITT question, I would not be prepared to say that. So far as discussing with anybody on the staff of the White House what I was doing, what do you think I ought to do, what do you feel about it, what are your recommendations—no."

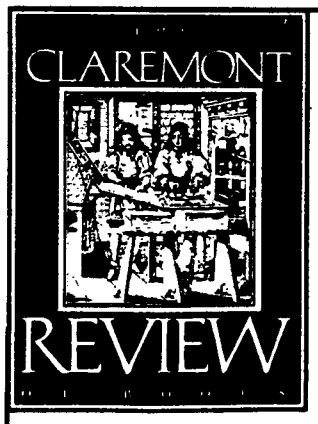
"No suggestions coming from the White House as to what action should be taken by Justice Department?"

"No sir."

Mr. Kleindienst makes clear that his answer was a considered one and that he doesn't see it as a lie. The purpose of the evasion clearly was to protect his President, whose call in any case hadn't made a difference. But the response was not the whole truth or anything near it. Mr. Kleindienst's confirmation hearing was one of the earliest of the now-familiar batterings of conservative appointees by congressional Democrats, and it fits the pattern. Lack of forthrightness in the face of ideological opposition has brought more political trouble than it has skirted. (After he left office, Mr. Kleindienst got into problems with testimony again, drawing a year's suspension from the Arizona Bar for a faulty account of conversations he had in 1976 with other lawyers in an insurance fraud involving a Teamsters (!) fund. Curiously, the nation's former top law-enforcement officer treats this incident not at all in his actual memoirs, but includes as an unreferenced appendix an exculpatory letter about it from his lawyer.)

He acquits himself better in a section on his handling of the 1971 May Day mob in Washington and other protests of the period. He calls himself "liberal on civil rights," and in his discussion of such episodes as the American Indian Movement's occupation of Wounded Knee the old conservative indeed appears mellowed. If only he hadn't been so relaxed about misspellings of bit players in the drama (Schultz, Flannigan, Bret Hume, Seymour Hersch) or indulgent in needless detail (more than 100 words on how one is wired to a polygraph machine).

This is not elegant writing, just as Mr. Kleindienst is not remembered around Washington as a particularly elegant fellow. But he does seem to have brought some uncalculated emotion and compassion to his duties and his diary. He has used this unlikely vehicle to salute virtuous souls pertinent to the story (each chapter is entitled after one or two). And he has used it to say thanks—the Acknowledgments, for friendship and support, go to scores of his acquaintances, including three Supreme Court justices (and George Shultz, spelled correctly). If Mr. Kleindienst has, in the process, offered truth and wisdom as well, his contribution shall have been worth the wait. □



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THE COMEDIANS

by Taki

Oh, dear. Rodney Dangerfield is no longer my favorite comedian. Since last June he's been replaced by one of my countrymen, a man who gets even less respect than poor old Rodney. The reason Constantine Tsimas is so funny is his title: Secretary General of Greece's Ministry of Public Order, and Coordinator of Anti-Terrorist Activities. In view of the fact that Athens harbors almost as many terrorists as Beirut, and has seen foreign diplomats murdered as regularly as demonstrators show up in front of the South African embassy in Washington, Tsimas's claiming to be the coordinator of Greek anti-terrorist activities is a bit like claiming to be the head dietitian of the senior senator from Chappaquiddick, or maybe the man who taught Teddy how to drive.

Tsimas's funniest line was the one he delivered immediately following the hijacking of the TWA flight last June. Performing at a press conference, Tsimas rose and in a deadpan voice said: "Mr. Atwa's capture is proof of the effectiveness of the Greek anti-terrorist force, and it constitutes a blow to terrorism internationally." Atwa, in case you forgot, is the Shiite who failed to get on the ill-fated flight, the swarthy, sweaty fellow who remained behind and loitered inside the airport in a manner that even Inspector Clouseau would have been hard pressed to overlook. Atwa in fact did more. He screamed pro-Shiite slogans, made threats, and finally prostrated himself on a grassy knoll inside the perimeter of the Athens airport and prayed his comrades would succeed in hijacking the unarmed airliner.

So if you think comedy is dead, think again. Or better yet, read on. When the Reagan Administration chided it over airport security, the government of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou accused the United States of a "defamatory campaign" against Greece. Two months before the hijacking, nearly forty airlines sent a telegram to Papandreou expressing deep concern about the total inadequacy of airport security at Athens. Papandreou, however, had other things on his mind. In fact, old Papadoc did the contrary. When the airlines set up their own security system he ordered it dismantled, on the grounds that it reflected unfavorably on the competence of the Greek police.

Now the world trade group of scheduled airlines has proclaimed itself satisfied with security in the Athens airport. An inspection team from the Federal Aviation Administration combed the airport and has also voiced approval (most likely because after the hijacking the Papandreou regime relented and now allows airlines to provide their own security). But this hardly means traveling to Greece is safe—for Americans, that is. (And believe me, I hate to write this, since my few remaining devalued drachmas come from the tourist industry, mostly provided by the long-suffering American tourist-innocent abroad.)

Shiites and others of that ilk do not take liberties with tourists and diplomats in Athens simply on a whim. Western intelligence sources believe that there is some tacit deal between the Greek government and various radical Arab groups, allowing them to use Athens as a staging post or base provided they do not attack Greek targets. (Americans? That will do nicely, thank you.) The hijacking could have easily been avoided if the Greeks had acted on the general alert issued throughout the Mediterranean three weeks before. They chose to ignore the warning, and once the hijacking took place, tried to get mileage out of it. Which just so happens to be the *modus operandi* of the head comedian himself, Andreas Papandreou, formerly of the economics department at the University of California at Berkeley, later on a Canadian denizen, at present the greatest anti-American west of Teheran.

Andreas was first elected in 1981 on an anti-American, pro-socialist ticket. He was re-elected last June on more of the same. The main feature of his domestic policies is the construction of a welfare state, at a time when the rest of Europe is trying to reduce not expand social services. Papadoc's appeal is easy to understand. In a country where all major utilities and industries belong to the state—and the few large companies which are still privately owned are in hock to state-owned banks—raising the minimum wage, increasing salaries and pensions for public workers, along with strident anti-Americanism and demagoguery, have made him a pretty popular guy. Especially with those who still move their lips when they read the yellowest and most anti-American press this side of Tripoli.

Why are Greeks so anti-American? Well, that question would take more space to explain than I, a poor little Greek boy, am allotted in this august organ. Suffice to say that Greeks have always blamed others for their self-induced disasters. In the past it was the gods. Now it's Uncle Sam. (Especially when, in a country that thrives on rumors and political intrigues, real or imagined, every politician, crooked or otherwise—and there are a few otherwises—has always found Uncle Sam's forbearance of slander a temp-

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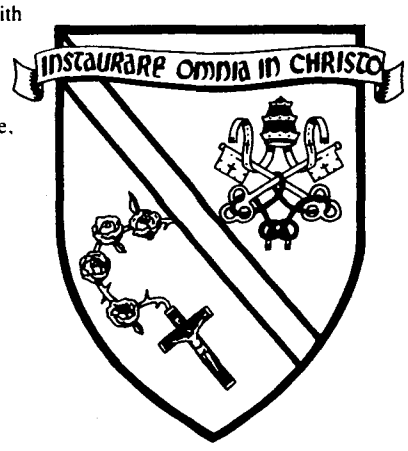

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tation impossible to resist. Thus they proclaim that the CIA plotted and ordered the Colonels' coup against Andreas's father in 1967, and ditto the Turkish invasion of Cyprus.)

Andreas's opponents have always suspected that Papandreou one day will dismantle the country's democratic institutions to perpetuate his rule. His latest shenanigans seem to confirm this suspicion. Just before the election (yes, at the time the airlines were clamoring for more security, which leads me to think that Papadoc wouldn't have minded a good hijacking to distract attention from his vote stealing) he brazenly went back on his word to support the re-election of the president and head of state, Constantine Karamanlis, and then manipulated parliament to produce his chosen man of straw in a manner that would have shamed Castro, or maybe even a Sandinista.

In the four years he's been in power he has not been idle in seeking to do legally what many before him have done through the use of tanks, i.e., become a *jefe* for life. By August of this year he had brought the country's institutions under his absolute control by weeding out anyone not loyal to the socialist party. (And with unemployment rising—it is already the highest in Europe—a recommendation for a job from the local branch office is essential.)

Papandreou's "reforms" of parliament, local government, the trade unions, industry, health, education, the police, the armed forces, and radio and TV are designed to strengthen the powers of the executive, i.e., of himself and of the merry men who believe in Dr. Marx. What is to be done? This is hard to say, especially as I'm a Greek and we are supposed to fear the Turks. But if Papadoc's *volte face* after President Reagan's call for a boycott of the Athens airport was any indication, the same kind of boycott—this time of arms and money— could be applied effectively if Andreas continues to take Greece toward one-party rule. Which he is doing as surely as some Greek newspaper will accuse me of being in the pay of the CIA once the Greek intellectuals read this.

But why blame Papandreou? Only one month after the murder of Robert Stethem, guess who landed on Greek soil, invited by the Greek government, and thereupon accused Reagan of using unnecessary force? Yes, Jimmy Carter himself, the man who saved the hostages and made America's enemies tremble with fear. Here is the man whose greatest achievement in the White House was to change the parting of his hair from the right side to the left: "I disagree with Ronald Reagan that there is an international conspiracy among nations or entire populations of countries concerning terrorism. I also disagree with some of the particular countries he chose to identify to the American Bar Association as supporting terrorism. Terrorism can be dealt with quietly."

One's favorite comedians change all the time. The Greeks have had a long history of making people laugh. In fact the first comedian, Aristophanes, was a Greek. Among many plays he wrote *Lysistrata*, the one that today's silly feminists get most of their silly ideas from. Alcibiades was another great Greek comedian. He first led the Athenians against the Spartans, then the Spartans against the Athenians, and finally the Persians against the Greeks. (Paid the price for it, too.) Papandreou is the latest great comedian of the land. But not far behind him come others who take him seriously and make excuses for him. James Earl Carter is the funniest of that lot. If I were CBS I'd give him one hour a week during prime time, co-starring with Andreas, Tsimas, and of course Rodney, who would have his work cut out for him. □

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

There is evidence that Americans are coming to their senses in terms of the practical outcomes of electoral politics, but where are the signs that they are fully prepared to roll back that immense range of relaxed standards introduced by the 1960s into every sphere of our lives from family to school to work place? The electorate may have abandoned the New Age liberal at the polls, but in the movie houses and on the television screens, the fantasies of New Age consciousness reign supreme. In consequence, one is tempted to doubt the depth of the conservative tide. Is there a New Age undertow just below the surface? . . .

—Lawrence Scrivani
Cupertino, California

RET's excellent book review for July closes with some lines which merit comment.

Yes, conservatives may become as self-absorbed as the liberals. And yes, they tend to live for the battles of the moment and the past. And yes, there is reason to doubt that, with a political era ended, they will step into the breach with confidence and useful proposals.

And it may well be that "too many flinch from showing the assurance and autonomy that are the characteristics of a governing party," and they feel inferior to some others. But permit me to suggest a slightly different focus.

The "sound and fury" you mention is, in a sense, expression of political/government theory, or ideology. In general, conservatives are big on government theory but short on government practice. Indeed, they are fundamentally uncomfortable with government and suspicious of the political process to the point of embarrassment. Too many have only a superficial grasp of either politics or government, and this being so, the timorousness RET mentions is inevitable. . . .

I salute Tyrrell's final point in calling for conservatives to show a largeness of spirit and imagination. Well put. The conservative challenge just now is probably greater than at any time in American history. It is now a matter of "put up or shut up": a sobering thought for a lot of folks who believe that with Reagan elected a second time the conservative cause is won. . . .

—Stan Langland
Belmont, California

Free Trade Follow-Up

I was appalled, though not surprised, at the attacks made against Anthony Harrigan by Louis Gasper and Bill Anderson over trade policy (Correspondence, *TAS*, May 1985). It seems that the long years when conservatives were in exile from the centers of power allowed too many economists to fall prey to the simple slogans of abstract theory at the expense of a realistic attitude towards industrial rivalry between nations. Reciting the errors of the Manchester School a century after its decline will hardly solve our current problems.

Gasper does not understand why foreign governments subsidize their industries. It never occurs to him that they may see something he has overlooked. Employment in the favored industry is part of the reason, but there is a multiplier effect which produces jobs in other sectors as those in high-pay/high-productivity firms spend their income. Classical theory underlying free trade assumed full employment, but no one can seriously accept that assumption, certainly not the U.S. which still suffers 7.2 percent unemployment despite a strong recovery. Gasper is concerned about consumers, but the unemployed make poor consumers.

In export industries, the aim is to expand the market beyond what could be reached domestically. A trade surplus is a stimulus to the entire economy and

Slaves To Equality?

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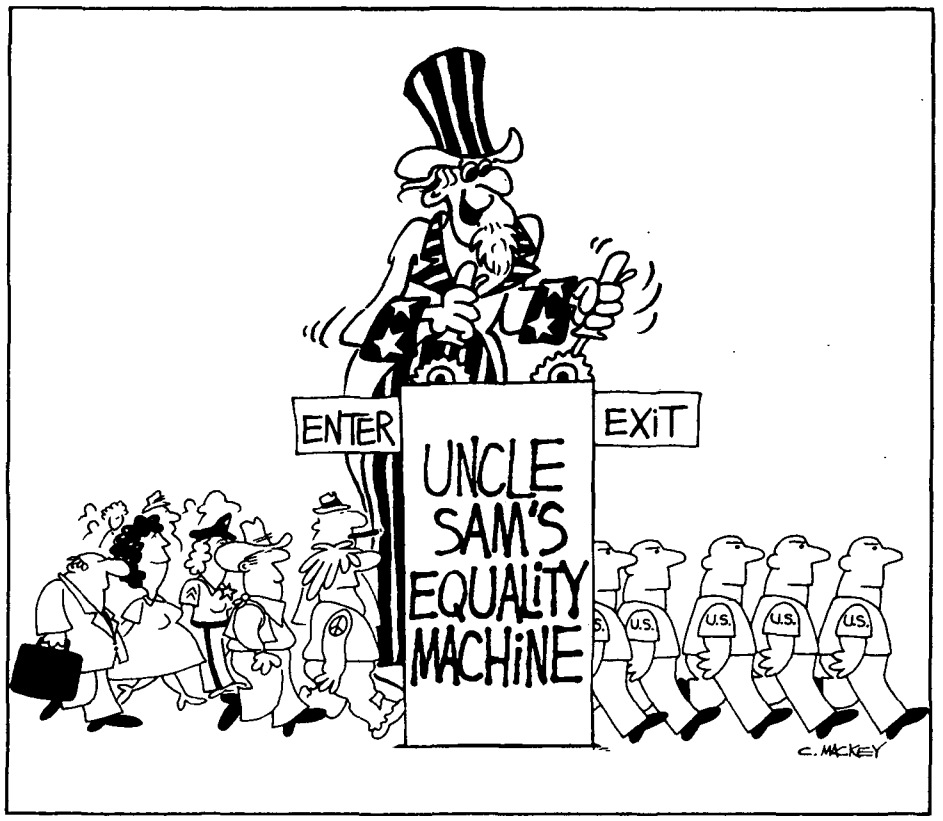

Our American forefathers believed this freedom was every man's right, equally. Sometimes actual practice or law did not meet this high standard of equality. But a bloody civil war and a series of civil rights laws now guarantee equal opportunity to all regardless of color, sex, religion or national origin.

But if by "equality" we mean, for instance, that the nation's wealth should be shared equally, then we cannot also be free. People are not all the same, even though they are equal before the law. We have different talents and desires. And we are free to make choices in life based on these differences. It is only natural, then, that different outcomes—whether of income, choice of dress, or place of residence—will result.

Consequently, any system of government which attempts to force equality of outcome must also deny freedom. And this loss of freedom is undesirable even to those of us who might benefit materially by the exchange. As it has been observed, "A government that cares is like a plantation owner who cares. Both promise bread in exchange for dependency."

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a trade deficit is a depressant. That is why in national income accounting, a deficit is subtracted from GNP and a surplus is added to it. The nations of East Asia which are cited as proof of the superiority of capitalism over socialism all use the trade surplus strategy to support high growth. And their governments have helped them do it both by subsidy and protection. Government-business cooperation is not socialism, it is realism.

Bill Anderson tried to disprove Japanese success by citing British failure, but that kind of apple and orange comparison will persuade no one. Britain's decline started after 1870 for reasons that were more cultural than economic. It should be noted, however, that Britain declined under free trade and was eclipsed before 1914 by the protectionist economies of Germany and the U.S. From Alexander Hamilton to Henry Cabot Lodge and beyond, industrial policy was a mainstay of conservative/Federalist/Republican policy as the U.S. became the most powerful economy in the world.

Neither critic mentioned the composition of trade and industry. The Japanese gain their surplus by exporting steel, autos, electronics, and other industrial goods. The U.S. sells Japan mainly agricultural and forestry products and raw materials like coal. The American position is similar to a Third World country. Expanding such exports will not help. The long-run replacement of high value-added industry by low value-added industry will undermine the American economic strength. Wealth and power ultimately rests on the power of production, not consumption. Gasper and Anderson would sacrifice the future to gain a few lower prices today. Such shortsightedness is the death of statesmanship.

—William R. Hawkins
Assistant Professor of Economics,
Radford University
Radford, Virginia

Gaitskell's Death

I was interested to see in your May issue the reference to Hugh Gaitskell [in John Train's review of Chapman Pincher's *Too Secret Too Long*].

Your reviewer is mistaken in saying that he died suddenly. I was doing postgraduate work in London at the time, and remember that his illness was a popular topic of conversation in hospital common rooms for some weeks.

However, the diagnosis was delayed for a long time by unusual clinical features and the absence from his blood of anti-nuclear factor, present in almost all cases of true systemic lupus erythematosus.

This suggests that Gaitskell's death may indeed have not been a natural one.

—W.R. Heeler
Manuka, Australia

Tax No Evil

It is unfortunate Melville J. Ulmer ("Open Secrets of the Deficit," *TAS*, July 1985) did not give us a breakdown of government outlays 1980-1985.

My guess is a substantial part of the increase was from the entitlement programs, such as Social Security. President Reagan recently rejected a Senate proposal for changing Social Security cost-of-living adjustments which would have reduced future increases in this area of expenditures. An act of monumental stupidity for a man who says he wants to cut federal spending and balance the budget.

Professor Ulmer makes me nervous, as do most conservative economists, in his implication that taxes are evil. I believe with O.W. Holmes that "taxes are what we pay for civilized society." I will grant taxes may be too high, but a blind rejection of taxes as unnecessary is absurd. . . .

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Perrysburg, Ohio

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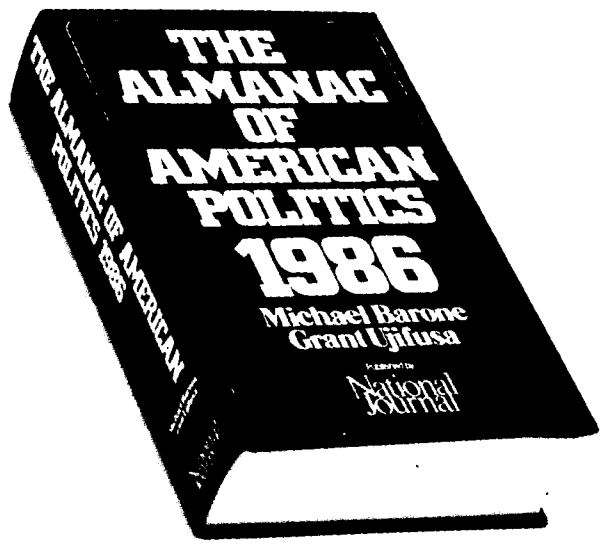

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BETHELL/SNYDER

(continued from page 11)

And certainly not this strange male flock chattering away with incongruous bravado at midnight outside the shelter entrance.

Larry, 35, a Washington, D.C. native, told me that he had stayed at the shelter since April. He said he was "from the middle class"—his father was a baker with Giant Food. Larry graduated from high school, was well spoken, sober, and seemingly responsible. "I work pretty regularly, but my pay is strictly commission," he said. "So I haven't been able to afford to put a roof over my head." He works for a street vendor on K Street N.W. Now the mayor has raised the license fee for vendors (from $15 to $606, Larry said), and this has duly driven many of them out of business (remember the Laffer Curve?). Some of these ex-vendors are now staying in the shelter. (The irony is that Larry is black and the mayor responded in part to local media huffing that too many of these vendors are Asian and not enough of them black.)

Larry said that he has a seven-year-old son but doesn't know where he, or his former wife, now live. Nor did he know whether his wife received welfare. "I met her," he said, "fell in love, got her pregnant, and married her, but it just didn't work out. Wasn't meant to. With a whole lot of men relationships don't work out—just fall apart." It was "fifty percent my fault," he said, and clearly hadn't considered apportioning any blame to the state.

That day some of his "measly possessions" had been stolen from under his bunk, which is in a tumbledown room with no door and eleven other bunks. "Security is definitely a problem," he said. "It could be lessened if the dorms were smaller." Nevertheless, he was a strong proponent of the shelter and its renovation. "It gives a person who has taken a fall a place to bunk and get himself back together," he said. He has known about thirty-five people to do so while he has been at the shelter, and he plans to be gone himself soon. "We're all God's children, and we all need a little help from time to time."

Mitch showed me around the shelter and told me that the thirty-five CCNV people who work there are unpaid. "No one should work for money," he said, adding that the community had to date spent about $200,000 in donations. (His Hollywood advance is likewise going toward shelter bills, another CCNV member told me.) The same services provided by government would have cost at least $10 million, Mitch said. "We threaten the charity providers." (Usually he calls them "poverty pimps.")

As we walked around the corridor-maze several men approached Snyder and either thanked him or asked his ad-

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vice, e.g., on qualifying for a library card or getting Food Stamps.

"The Reagan Administration professes opposition to the centralization of power," he said at one point. "We're trying to get them to live up to their principles. We have to preach conservatism to the Reagans."

Snyder's point is that if we all looked after one another—following the example set by CCNV—then we could dramatically shrink government and save "not millions but billions of dollars." Nevertheless, as he sees it the government does have a responsibility—the provision of buildings.

"Once the building is fixed up we have absolute responsibility for everything else. This is our shelter and we're running it. We pay the bills, including the electricity bills, and we're contributing our services. Government officials are free to come in and look at it because it's their building, but they are not free to run our programs because if they had the answers, we wouldn't be providing the solutions. We know the nature of the beast we are dealing with. That's why we are not tax-exempt. We are not going to be beholden to the U.S. government because it's a ridiculous structure: It's big, it's burdensome, and it's inefficient. It takes the place of citizens fulfilling their legitimate responsibilities, and I don't like it for all of those reasons."

I reminded Snyder that there was an obvious "Trojan Horse" problem. The government could yield today, providing buildings in all fifty states as he wished. But, after some time had passed, they could easily return to their buildings, thrusting aside all volunteer activity and embarking on a massive expansion of welfare programs. Snyder agreed this was a danger, but his attitude seemed to be that he wasn't going to think about it and would forge ahead regardless. The government's role was to provide buildings, a "one-time deal, a capital expenditure," he repeated, and anyone who said otherwise was "either immoral or an anarchist."

Someone came stalking down the hall with his clothes back to front and his legs spread-eagled as he walked.

"Before this place opened, he'd be on the streets," said Snyder. "Great country."

Many walls, either hardboard or cardboard, were smashed and on one was written "Put Koran in Public Schools." Twice I overheard disparaging conversations about Jews. Men and women occupy separate quarters and Snyder insists that they must remain separate in any model blueprint: an anomalous departure from the communitarian world view, and a case of reality prevailing over ideology.

Mitch showed me his room in the top-floor staff quarters: a rather monkish cell with a single bunk, an alarm clock, and a cat (he says he's a Leo, and in any event prefers cats to rats). Communitarianism (communeism) tends to be orgiastic or ascetic. Mitch is clearly in the latter camp. He takes a dim view of casual sex. On abortion he speaks like a politician ("I worship life, but I also don't like limiting people's choices"). He doesn't smoke, drink alcohol or coffee ("cash crops tend to be dangerous"), and he worries that he ingests "more protein than I am entitled to." He subscribes to an "era of limits" world view in which he uncharacteristically defers to "experts" who have decreed that the world can't easily support more than its current population.

I told Mitch that of course his collectivist ideas have been put into practice rather widely in the twentieth century, most particularly in the Soviet Union.

He was ready for that one. "They're political, we're religious," he said quickly. "The political approach results in broken, twisted models." (Of course Snyder's own *modus operandi* is wholly political, making full use of such institutions as the courts and the media; just as CCNV's highly effective food-scavenging operations are completely dependent on a market economy.) "The answer is only found in communities which acknowledge the oneness of one another, and that will only come about when the distance between human beings is reduced to nothingness"—here Mitch dives into his warm Utopian pond—"and when that happens the world will *instantly* become a better world. So the truth is that living in community is the only way we can make it."

Mitch claims that his approach is religious but like his father he despises "organized religion" (churches are nothing more than "corporations," he says) and his detailed plans for the model shelter omit religion completely. He laid out for me the "full range of services" that people and organizations have already offered to provide free of charge: "Medical, dental, mental health, job counseling, drug and alcohol rehabilitation, a non-profit employment agency, benefits counseling, and ongoing adult education, which means literacy training." It sounds a lot like the old HEW all over again. No mention of religion, and if he were to try to include it you can be sure the ACLU and People for the American Way would have Snyder in court before you could say "wall of separation."

"How you doing?" a man asked Mitch.

"Tired," he said.

"Don't you ever rest?"

"I'll rest when I'm dead," he said. "That will go on for a very long time."

I asked if he believed in an afterlife.

"I don't think in those terms," he said. "I believe in hell. I believe we're there right now. This is it. It couldn't possibly get any worse. What could be worse than this? Look around you. Look at where you are! What could be worse? To be dead?"

I asked if he meant life in general or the shelter in particular.

"No, the world," he said. "This earth. The limitations of the flesh. The struggle. Everybody struggles with the same infinitely stupid questions, because we're imperfect creatures. Because we're of the flesh. So we pay a price for that. But I don't put it in terms of an afterlife. There's a connection between everything that was, is, and will be. The bottom line is that all human beings are members of the same family, the human family is part of the whole creation, and we have to exist in harmony with it and we're not doing that because we're out of sync, because we're living unnaturally, and what's most unnatural is that we're not living collectively."

With that gnostic message he accompanied me to the door. "I want to find the kingdom," he said. "To bring the kingdom into existence. There's nothing to move on to. [I had raised the possibility.] It's with people like these, people I have lived with and worked with for ten years that I will find my salvation, and it's in the political arena that I will transform what I have seen and experienced into something that will touch other lives."

At the door the topic somehow returned to his Holy Trinity fast. He said that "a lot of people in powerful places in Washington have never forgiven us for that. And never will. That's good—they shouldn't. They were right. What we were doing there was very dangerous. And what we're doing here is very dangerous." □

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

Moral Equivalence, prettily put by the learned Jonathan Porritt—and remember if you will all those astonished Neoliberals who deny that such knavish arguments are ever propounded by humankind:

The Cold War is basically about itself. It has taken on a momentum all of its own; it is entirely self-reproducing. For the show to go on, there must of course be two adversaries, so that the hawks of NATO can feed off the hawks of the Warsaw Pact, and so on. Such a suggestion is not entirely irrational, for in a very interesting passage, E. P. Thompson goes on to consider the extent to which societies have always been bonded together by a threat from outside. Historically, the threat of an enemy, of the 'Other', has always provided a pretty useful means of reinforcing social discipline and cohesion; the greater the threat, the greater the bonding. The USA, with its fragmented, 'melting-pot' society, can ensure social discipline only as the 'leader of the Free World'. The Soviet Union, with its ramshackle empire of very different cultures, achieves the same only as the 'heartland of socialism'. In the West, dissidents are successfully relegated to the margins of politics by such a process; in the East they are ruthlessly persecuted and suppressed.

What makes the Cold War *entirely* irrational is that it has now become a permanent and necessary part of the internal politics of both sides. Moreover, such Cold War posturing, which could and in the past often did end in actual war, is still being acted out on the basis of the rival ideologies of the 1940s. With our present weapons this can only lead to disaster, for as the military establishments grow, the adversary postures become more irrational. The Church of England's report, *The Church and the Bomb*, put it this way: 'Mutually stimulated paranoia is blinding all concerned to the way their opponent is likely to behave. The prophecies of aggression are self-fulfilling prophecies.' So who then are the participants in this drama currently being acted out in the theatre of Europe—the directors, producers and cast? Though some prefer to stay in the wings, the others are easily recognizable, and if I base my review on what happens in the West, that's because I happen to be watching the show in the West, not because I think the Russians are necessarily any better. The whole point is that one side is the mirror image of the other.

from Seeing Green, *by Jonathan Porritt, Basil Blackwell, 1985]*

Utne Reader

One of the age's most momentous philosophical discoveries, observed by Rea D. Ward, shamelessly bilked out of 0 cents:

I am delighted that you devoted so much space to the area of Soviet-American relations (Feb./March 1985). It is an area so infected by misperceptions that "solutions" only lead to further misperceptions.

To a Russian Reading List, I would add: The Constitution of the USSR. It is a remarkable document adopted by popular referendum after two years of country-wide discussion and often heated debate. Note!!!! Not one word of this truly newsworthy event appeared in our "free" media!!! Copies are available at most Progressive bookstores. I paid 50 cents for mine.

—Rea D. Ward
Englewood, FL
[June/July 1985]

Journal of Psychohistory

For all New Age intellectualoids, must reading boomed in an advertisement for *JP*'s "Special Reagan issue"—crash, bam, tinkle:

The Nuclear Arms Race
Mary Coleman, M.D., looks at the collective irrationality behind the current nuclear weapons race. She shows how Reagan's apocalyptic fantasies shape—and are in turn shaped by—deeply repressed group wishes for sacrifice and the danger of collective suicide. . . .

The Man Behind The Face
In this psychobiography, Lloyd deMause lays bare the psychology of the person behind the presidential facade. He traces Reagan's personal agenda back to unhappiness (an alcoholic father and distancing mother) and deep-seated castration fears (*Where's the Rest of Me?*). This personal agenda, he argues, has been responsible for much of Reagan's economic policies and their punitive consequences. . . .

The Group Psychology Of AIDS
Psychiatrist Casper Schmidt breaks new ground in exploring the origins of AIDS. With the support of massive documentation, he argues that the disease is an integral part of the Reagan years and has all the earmarks of an outbreak of epidemic hysteria, whereby a scapegoat group has been chosen and is now suffering for America's imagined "sins." . . .

The KAL Shootdown
Focussing on the downing of KAL flight 007 last fall, psychiatrist George Luhrmann shows the many ways in which this event was unconsciously orchestrated. He carefully documents how—unlike many other shootdowns in the past—*this* one was used for current group-fantasy purposes . . . .

Psychobiographies, Review Essays, and much more will be yours when you subscribe to this Special Reagan issue now.

[subscription letter, 1985]

Washington Post

Homme de lettres Richard Cohen launches into another of his "We-as-a-people" pontifications, this time agglutinating the Nazis' extermination of the Jews with the American bombing of Hiroshima, and again demonstrates that his cerebrum is no more functional than his appendix:

It took time for the world to come to grips with these twin horrors. After all, it is only relatively recently that we have faced up to the Holocaust, only recently that names such as Mengele have become widely known and then, too late, the search for them launched.

We are only now beginning to assimilate these events because we are not talking about technical breakthroughs, intellectual achievements, gizmos in secret laboratories, but, instead, a new image of ourselves. Little wonder that we turned away from what we saw, from what the bomb and the Holocaust told us about ourselves. It was not a pretty picture.

Maybe our self-image is the last victim of World War II. The old romantic view of mankind, a vision of people as essentially good and on the path to getting better, has been vanquished by the data, by the number of victims and the reason for their deaths. In its place has been substituted a sickening reality. The smoke of Auschwitz and the smoke of Hiroshima, so different in their causes and their justifications, were nevertheless the smoke of mass murder. One speaks to the other.

[August 2, 1985]

Atlanta Journal-Constitution

Neoconservatism continues to make its mark on pop *kultur*:

Teenage sensation Nicholas Cage, now 21, on growing up: "A day for me used to be really into, like, health. I used to get up and spend all the time at the gym and eat well and all that stuff, and I got bored with that. Right now I'm in another stage, which is chili-burgers and cigarettes and tequila and the desert and old motel rooms with fans on the ceiling and just . . . stuff. Like dirt. Not healthy."

[August 3, 1985]

Common Cause

Dr. William Ury, seasoned director of Harvard's Nuclear Negotiation Project and author of *Getting to Yes: Negotiating Agreement Without Giving In*, makes some common sense observations *à propos* a couple of typical Russian snafus and Yankee efficiency:

The interesting thing about the Korean airliner (whatever its actual purpose in crossing the Soviet border) is the emotional outrage it generated in this country. And the quickness to judge—the assumption that the Soviets had done this completely in cold blood, that they knew that it was a civilian plane—was just tremendous. So just imagine what it would be like if a Soviet missile accidentally landed in San Francisco. We would be so quick to judge, the emotional reaction would be so huge, the public pressure to retaliate so immense, that unless we'd thought out beforehand with the Soviets how we were going to control a crisis like this, I don't know whether we'd have time to control it.

[July/August 1985]

Village Voice

Desperation on the Left: Dr. Jack Newfield, aging scrivener of the shanty intelligentsia, researches the legendary life of Generalissimo R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., only to discover that Tyrrell is but another "War Wimp," a non-peacenik who failed to serve in Vietnam. Well, it could have been worse. Dr. Newfield might have discovered that Tyrrell *did* serve in Vietnam, and with distinction:

So what did this jingoistic popinjay do during the Vietnam War? He ducked it. Born in 1943, Tyrrell graduated from the University of Indiana in 1965. Then he hid in graduate school libraries until he got his master's in American history in 1967. He acquired enough capital to start his own magazine the same year he departed grad school.

[July 23, 1985]

Albuquerque Tribune

A New Age Venus presses her knees together and intones patriotic gore:

You state in your "Independence Day" editorial that this is a country "explicitly dedicated to the liberty of its people."

I cannot concur with the arrogant simplicity of this statement; I urge you to reconsider your meaning of liberty. . . .

Liberty? I live in a culture in which I am labeled immoral, sick and disreputable because I am a woman who loves other women. I am legally discriminated against by employers and landlords, I am harassed by self-righteous bigots. I am condemned to a social ghetto of bars because I am a lesbian living in America in 1985. Are my representatives dedicated to my freedom to love and live as I choose?

I write this—appropriately, it seems—by the bottle-rocket's red glare: it is dusk on July 4th in suburban USA, where freedom is celebrated, en masse, by simulated bombings.

Perhaps the only meaningful acknowledgement of the freedoms we do have would be a close examination of a system that is so clearly not dedicated to the liberty of all its people.

Independence Day? Bah, humbug.

—Janet Jacobson
[July 15, 1985]

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

Rock critic Mikal Gilmour spots the kind of emotional and artistic growth that makes so many rock warblers potential suicides:

Don Henley, "Building the Perfect Beast" (Geffen)—Compelling and disarming for the singer's growth from the proud misogyny and misanthropy of his Eagles period into a hard-earned compassion and gentle melancholy. More important, the maturation transforms Henley's entire musical manner, infusing it with tender-but-rough vocal winces that are the pop equivalent of hard-boiled sadness.

[June 24, 1985]

New York Times

Old Faithful, James S. Reston, erupts again in Pecksniffian extravagance:

Still, there's a problem with this new Buchanan operation in the White House. He thinks there's an ideological answer to all our problems though it's clear that the ideology of Communism, socialism, and capitalism are all in trouble.

[June 19, 1985]

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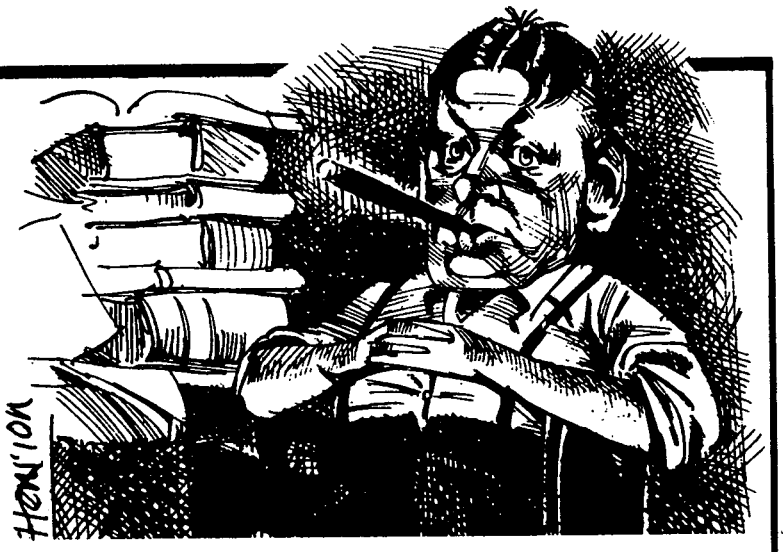
H.L. MENCKEN



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